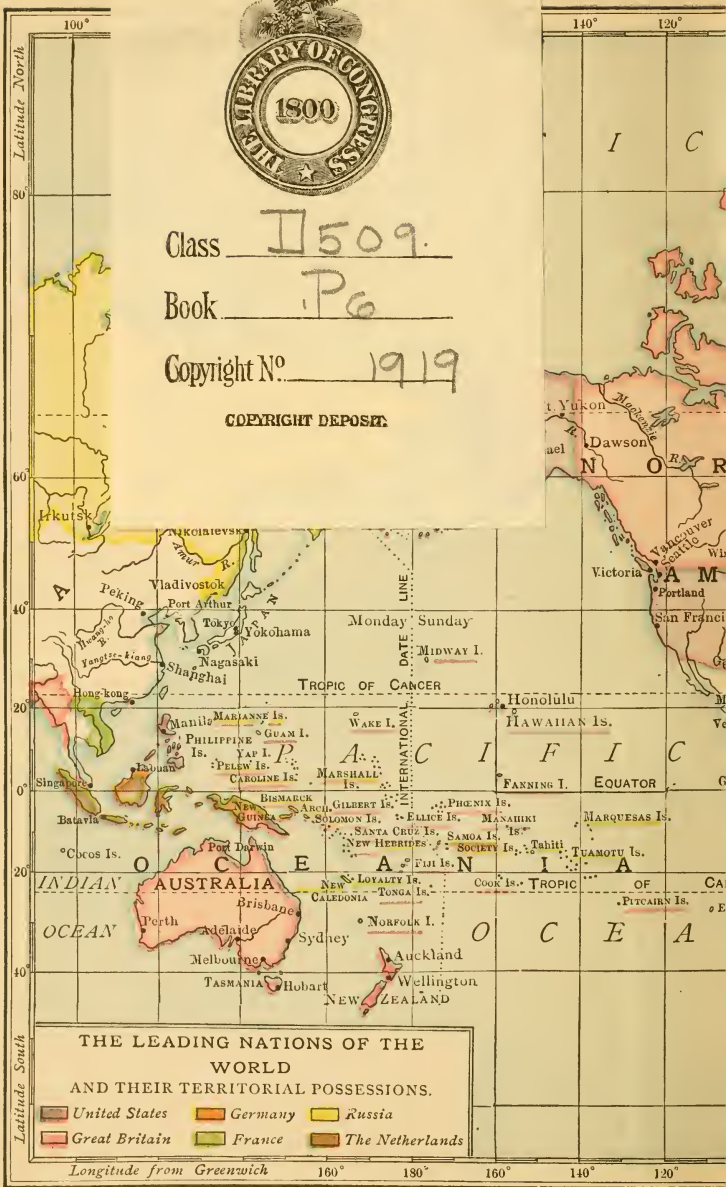
PATRIOTISM THROUGH LITERATURE

THE WORLD AND DEMOCRACY

LYMAN P. POWELL
CHARLES M. CURRY



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THE PREFACE

While the introductory chapters to the various sections of this book deal in detail with the selections chosen, the following very general statement may be of use in suggesting the plan of the work:

This book does not undertake to retell the history of the Great World War. Its object is to give a body of material so arranged as to furnish a suitable and interesting approach toward an appreciation of the convictions and ideals that led the free and peace-loving peoples of the world to unite in opposing the most powerful and aggressive military power ever developed in human history. Its entire aim is to lead to a sane, helpful, exalted patriotism.

The book differs in its plan from others in the same field by offering more avenues of approach to its central purpose. While it contains the important official pronouncements dealing with the causes of the war and the terms of peace, it recognizes the value of the popular responses to the call for patriotic service. Hence the use of letters, poems, stories, descriptive sketches, drama, familiar address, and essay.

With a few exceptions all the material in the book has been called out by the war. The exceptions only make it clear that the ideals for which we have fought are the ideals which have always been at the heart of democracy.

The selections are grouped under six headings. Part I is planned to reflect the American view of democracy through a group of selections from President Wilson's addresses and a large number of selections from other American spokesmen. Part II reflects the spirit and

ideals of the allied nations through their leading statesmen and writers. Part III allows us to look at things as they are seen by the man in the service, reflected through the medium of his letters. Part IV is made up of poetry called forth by the war, by American and English writers. Part V is made up of a group of stories and sketches. Part VI comprises a one-act drama and a song program arranged for dramatic presentation.

A group of maps has been included to cover all the important geographical features of the war and to illustrate the more prominent of the issues involved in the peace discussions.

The editorial work in the way of introductory chapters, notes, etc., is intended to help the reader to a clearer understanding of, and appreciation of, the text. As the book will no doubt often be used where ready access to extended books of reference is difficult, the brief annotations may serve to satisfy some of the more immediate needs of the student.

L. P. P.
C. M. C.

PART I

FOUNDATIONS OF DEMOCRACY: THE AMERICAN VIEW

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

—*From* THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THE WORLD AND DEMOCRACY

PART I

INTRODUCTORY

The object of this book is to help the reader to a high and reasonable patriotism. The greatest of all wars is now, it would seem, so far as fighting is concerned, a matter of history. The world must now turn to the formidable task of making a peace that shall be so secure that wars and rumors of wars shall no longer disturb the nations. Devastated countries must, as far as possible, be restored to their former fruitfulness. A whole world in arms must be transformed into a world of peaceful farm and workshop. Accumulated injustices handed down from the past must be righted. These are tasks worthy of man's supreme effort.

It is true, of course, that the outrages and indignities wrought upon human life by this world war can never be compensated for. The heritage of personal suffering, the ruined and broken lives—no peace council can estimate the value of these and assess the responsibility for them. The millions of young men who lie on the far-flung battlefields of Europe, of Asia, and of Africa, and beneath the waters of the Seven Seas, can live again only in the light of heroic memory. The other millions of innocent non-combatants — the men, women, and

children—ruthlessly destroyed, will long haunt the heart of mankind with images of horror.

As citizens of a great nation which has had the honor of being associated with other free nations of the world in crushing the strongholds of autocracy and in taking the first great steps toward making the world safe for democracy, we shall do well to take stock of the ideals that have nerved the Allied Armies as crusaders. No merely material interests could have brought about such unity of spirit. In the speeches of statesmen, in the discussions by essayists and historians, in stories and plays, in letters and poems from men and women in the service or from civilians at home—in all these there is the constant impression that the speaker feels himself the instrument of a great righteous force. The foundations of such a faith—democracy, self-government, rights of man, whatever the name used—are the bases of justified patriotism.

"Democracy is not a mere form of government. It does not depend on ballot boxes or franchise laws or any constitutional machinery. These are but its trappings. Democracy is a spirit and an atmosphere, and its essence is trust in the moral instincts of the people. A tyrant is not a democrat, for he believes in government by force; neither is a demagogue a democrat, for he believes in government by flattery. A democratic country is a country where the government has confidence in the people and the people in the government and in itself, and where all are united in the faith that the cause of their country is not a mere matter of individual or national self-interest, but is in harmony with the great moral forces which rule the destinies of mankind. No form of government is so feeble as a democracy without faith. But a democracy armed with faith is not merely strong:

it is invincible; for its cause will live on, in defeat and disaster, in the breast of every one of its citizens."[1]

The group of selections in Part I is chosen to reflect, from many different points of view, the faith that forms the substance of America's interpretation of democracy. This faith cannot be completely summed up in any one brief statement. Like a rich jewel of many facets, its beauty and full significance become more apparent when approached one after another from many directions.

"Americanism" takes four great historical documents and analyzes them as expressions of the political faith of America. The growing and widening import of the meaning of "all men" since that expression was used in the great Declaration, the profound "complexification" of the doctrine of "rights"—these are traced on through Monroe's message, through Lincoln's memorial address at Gettysburg, through President Wilson's War Message, thus bringing the record down to our own day. What the nation believes in to-day is shown to be a natural development from its starting point. "The American Tradition," likewise, following the course of our history, points out that our one supreme tradition is the right of man to oppose injustice. But there is a wide distinction drawn between tradition as a mere form that kills and as a spirit that makes alive. In the latter sense it becomes the beaten trail for humanity, to be modified here and there by the vision and energy of wise leaders in order that man may have "a swifter and safer way to the Valley of Heart's Desire." In "The Meaning of the Declaration of Independence," we are told that patriotism consists of more than mere profession. It consists of some very practical things—even commonplace things.

[1] Alfred E. Zimmern, Introduction to *The War and Democracy* (London: Macmillan).

It involves such things as the duty that lies nearest to our hand, the facing of facts with candor, the unselfish inclusion of the world in benefits sought, honesty and courage without fear of consequences, and the placing of human rights above all other rights.

The selections from President Wilson's addresses have been chosen to reflect as fully as possible, within the limits, the official attitude of the United States in the Great War. They constitute a tremendous indictment of the aims and methods of the militaristic government of Germany. In the "War Message" itself are set forth the reasons that made it impossible for the United States longer to remain neutral when the most sacred rights of humanity were in the balance. In the "Flag Day Address," the special iniquities of the German Government directed toward us and toward the people of the various territories held as "pawns" receive a righteously indignant emphasis. Through the midst of these indictments runs the thread of a magnificent dream of peace based on such stable foundations that no autocratic power shall ever be able to shake them. The principles of such a peace and the actual terms upon which it may be built are outlined in detail in "Program of the World's Peace," "The Mount Vernon Address," and "The Issues of the War." In "Righteous and Triumphant Force" Germany's arrogant threats and pretensions are met by the assertion of democracy's acceptance of the challenge "till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear."

In the selection from Lowell's "Democracy," we have an attempt to define the American conception of representative democracy as distinguished from "democracy

strictly defined." Here are emphasized, also, the fallacy of attempting a complete break with the past and the importance of purifying the quality of the public opinion from which governments derive their prosperity. This latter point is the topic discussed in "The Problem of Democracy" which follows, while in "Autocracy against Democracy" the spirit and methods of the two antagonistic theories of government which have divided the world into two hostile camps are set in vivid contrast over against each other.

But all manifestations of so-called patriotism are not of equal value. In the discussion of "The Moral Value of Patriotism," the qualities that constitute worthy patriotism are set forth. To make these points clear the author finds it necessary to look into the past to discover how the present ideals of nations have come to be what they are. As a result he concludes that "This is the patriotism of the future, a loyalty to a nation which by its own morality and purpose seeks, not only to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe for the world." In "The Law of High, Resolute Endeavor," there is a statement of what the attitude of American citizens should be toward the problems, both foreign and domestic, that confront the nation. While this statement was made long before many people believed in the possibility of a great world war, its significance is no less apparent and no less valuable now. It constitutes a sort of confession of faith of one of our most vigorously active public men.

In the three selections that follow we are brought face to face with some of the intangible things that are present in the experience which we name patriotism. Love of the soil and the traditional heroism of fortitude that comes to us from the great figures of our past history are

emphasized in "Some Things Men Fight For." Two of the qualities that help make up American character, "to make hard places easy" and the "desire to help the world," are concretely illustrated in "The Spirit of America." In "My Debt to My Country" is set forth what one of our loyal foreign-born citizens feels he owes to the inspiration and the opportunity which the United States has made possible for him. The clear distinctions between the effects of autocratic limitations and democratic possibilities are illustrated in an individual career.

Finally, there is the problem of the future as it concerns the young. War is a terrible absorber of energy. It is easy to lose sight of the fact that even while a crisis exists we ought to remember that the fruits to come of sacrifice must be carefully prepared for. The necessity of never relaxing educational effort is the burden of "A Message from France." In "The Hope of the World," an appeal is made directly to the young people themselves to see to it that they do not lose their heritage. Especially worthy attention is the appeal for the development of a "tradition of public service." The perpetuity and success of a democracy depend entirely upon the presence of such a tradition. And with this stirring appeal to the future citizens of our country the selections suggesting the American view of the foundations of democracy may fitly close.

AMERICANISM

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER

[The author of this essay is the professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska. He makes clear that our present position in the affairs of the world is due to the natural and necessary development of American ideals of liberty and democracy. The United States did not take part in the World War primarily to gain some selfish end, but to make the world a safe place for liberty-loving people. Americanism and world-democracy must stand or fall together.]

Four great historical documents, marking progressive epochs in our national history, give the essential definition of Americanism in politics. First is the Declaration of Independence, signed July 4, 1776, proclaiming the principles by which the United States justify their independence of European domination. Second is President Monroe's message to Congress, of December 2, 1823, announcing the right of the peoples of the western hemisphere to pursue their political destinies without interference from Old World powers. Third is Lincoln's memorial address at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863, in which the rights of Americans to their own continents are affirmed to be inalienably democratical, and without democracy to be forfeit. Fourth is the message delivered by President Wilson at the joint session of the two Houses of Congress, April 2, 1917, asserting the value of the democratical polity to the whole territorial world and the right to it of the entire human race.

These documents are not themselves causes of political conduct in any primary sense. Rather, each is a summary of contemporary political conviction—from which fact arises the height of their significance as expression of the political faith of America. It is certainly true that this faith has been clarified and invigorated by the fine

intelligence of the expression; for, more than to any other form of state, public intelligence is necessary to democracy. Nevertheless, as in every other form of state, the final sanction of government is the faith of the citizen; which is the impulse for that conduct whereof, in democracies, intelligence alone can set the pattern. The patterns of Americanism are its public utterances, with the four that have been mentioned in the stations of preeminence.

Out of each of these documents may be chosen phrases which serve as texts of their fuller meaning. "All men are created equal . . . . unalienable rights . . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness": this is the core of the Declaration of Independence, voicing in eighteenth century speech that belief of democrats in men's right to the self-responsible making of their own laws which is fundamental in our polity. It is true that this formal meaning of the pronouncement has received many material alterations in the course of a century of history (though none, certainly, that weaken the strength of the form); and among them, not the least, a vast extension of the meaning of "all men" and a profound complexification of the doctrine of "rights." The men who signed the Declaration, though their minds were broad with the morning, were yet but conscious rebels. What they felt was less the tyranny of the Old World than the independence of the New, and what they demanded was the right of free experimentation in lands unspoiled. The true foundation of the rights of man as they knew them was their own self-confidence in their own political sagacity. The beginning of American liberty was the commanding acceptance of responsibility.

The Declaration proclaimed America's right to try out democracy; the Monroe Doctrine proclaimed both the

success of the experiment and the belligerent intention to broaden its territorial marches. "*The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain,* are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers." The italicized phrase is the important one: it proclaims again the acceptance of responsibility, no longer for experiment, but for huge expansion. The Monroe Doctrine, in effect, established a greater Mason and Dixon's line, having the natural seas for its delineations. Unless history shall show greater consequences from President Wilson's War Message, it is the most ambitious political proclamation ever made effective. In its own consciousness the United States was no longer, as De Tocqueville and other sympathetic Europeans regarded it, merely an unexpectedly fruitful trial of precarious political theory; it was now confident and aggressive, with ambitions outpassing the grandiosities of emperors—and incidentally and immediately, defying emperors and their ambitions; for the direct occasion of Monroe's message was the threat of the Holy Alliance for the resubjection of South America and the Russian threat of expansion in North America.

The truly arrogant pretentiousness of the Monroe Doctrine is best realized when we contrast the sparseness of the human population in the western hemisphere with the relatively crowded condition of the eastern: virtually, since the democratic faith was but meagerly represented in the Old World at that time, it was a demand from an insignificant minority among men that they be possessed of a third of the world. Certainly, such a demand could never have received any general recognition had it not been coupled with a free invitation to all European peoples to colonize America in every sense save the political;

the convincing corollary to the Monroe Doctrine was the open door to immigrants. It may be remarked that the situation is not greatly changed to-day. The Americas are still the most sparsely populated of the great habitable areas of our globe; the Monroe Doctrine is still in force. But the test of its strength is to come not from Europe but from Asia. The real issue, before Americans and Europeans alike, is now whether, in the interests of political independence, the western hemisphere must not, and in fairness, open the doors of immigration to the Oriental. Can the Caucasian west preëmpt this virginal domain to the lasting exclusion of the congested east? What is the meaning of "all men," in our Declaration?

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address represents cognizance of the same fundamental problem from the angle of internal organization; it is, as it were, the conscious self-measurement of the New World polity in the glass of its own ideals. The speech looks back to the nation's beginnings, and, in a sense, it is a final reaffirmation of what Monroe had before affirmed: that the experimental stage of American democracy was passed, and that thenceforth, bulwarked by America, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people" should not perish from the earth. It affirmed this, not in view of external threat, but in the presence of internal; in effect stating that America could not tolerate from any group of its own people the formation and perpetuation of an oligarchical or other form of anti-democratical state, that democracy alone should be free to develop in the western hemisphere, for the very reason that democracy is imperiled by non-democratical neighbors. The address was, in short, an apostolic profession that democracy is convinced of its own righteousness, and is intolerant of all dangerous rivals.

Supporting this profession there was a profounder meaning than the ostensible one of territorial union and political unity. The meaning of "all men" still called for definition, and Lincoln could not use the word "people" in any cant sense. He had long before proclaimed that the nation could not endure half slave and half free; he well knew that the crux of the war was the slave question; and no man could have been wiselier conscious than he of the fact that the settlement of that question for freedom must mean ultimately a redefinition of "people" and a new conception of American citizenship. The United States had liberally welcomed Europeans of many tongues and complexions, who should be the making of its people; now it was ready to take into the body politic millions of that race which is most antipodal to the European. The enfranchisement of the American blacks is the most heroic act of political faith in history. True, the problem of readjustment has none of the simplicity which the idealists of that time dreamed it to have; it is a problem that now is and will long continue with us. But the faith that was in the Declaration and that forms the heart of Americanism to-day, faith in the civic nobility and therefore in the civic rights of all nature which we can call human, received in the enfranchisement of the Negroes its extreme attestation. From that time forward Americans could face the world, conscious that they had made themselves clean with their first profession. Race questions and class questions—as distinguished from questions of formal politics—will long continue to vex us, and eventually the Mongol problem will be huger than the Negro; but by implication all of these were settled, and not only for us, but for all democratical peoples, when our Civil War came to its issue. The civic man is henceforth of no preferred complexion and

of no recognized caste—at least, this is now a fixed article in our American faith in a "government of the people": Americanism cannot be for "all men" in any lesser sense than for "men of all kindreds."

The Revolutionary War established the privilege of democracy in the New World. A mature generation later that privilege was converted into an aggressive right, balking the ambitious pretensions of the Cæsars of that day in respect to the two western continents. Another generation matured, and the Civil War marked the purification of democracy in its own house, and a final clear-conscious recognition of the utterhost intention of the term democracy. Now a third generation has matured and passed, and in a war outmeasuring all those that men have fought the United States is called once more, not only to stand for its political faith, but to expand the meaning of that faith. The stand and the expansion have both been made, and (true to the genius of his nation) the President has given their meaning in a penetrating phrase. "The world must be made safe for democracy; its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political liberty." *The World!* Here, indeed, is expansion; our globe has shrunk too small for democratic and autocratic states to subsist together, nor can Ocean herself constrain them in separation. Democracy has issued her final defiance to all the citadels of absolutism, proclaiming no longer her right to independence, nor merely her right to her own free field, but now her purposed supremacy in all fields and over all polities. Here is arrogance of pretension outmatching Monroe's, whose broad-limned compromise breaks futile, like the old compromises of North and South. Democracy is now claiming for herself no lesser thing than the world.

The new declaration is fittingly accompanied by a reaffirmation of the old. The "tested foundations of political liberty" refer us once again to the trial which our national history has given to our national faith, proudly asserting that we have passed the trial with triumph, and that the high self-confidence of the authors of the Declaration has been justified to their sons' sons. But more than this, the new declaration, like those which have preceded it, adds new meaning to the whole national faith. Our fight, said the President, is for the liberation of the world's peoples, "the German people included,"— therein asserting the right of democracy to a kind of spiritual colonization, even in antagonistic lands. The assertion of such a right, unless it were the deepest of convictions, could only be the most incredible effrontery; and if conviction, it can have for its meaning naught save a new definition of "all men." Henceforth, the word "people" must include not merely men of all external complexions, but men of all internal complexions, not merely men of all classes, but men of all polities— and for the reason that there is but one true form of the truly human polity, and that is the democratical form. The faith that underlies such an assumption is prodigious; and it is in that faith that we are fighting, for it is the core of Americanism. Fighting, and at the same time watching and listening with an eager and amazing confidence for the first signs of response from the German people; for the President spoke only what all Americans in their hearts believe, when he said that our war is with institutions and not people.

Americanism has received its definition in four great documents. Three of these have been issued upon the occasion of great wars, and the fourth, for near a century, has been as distinctly belligerent in character as the

mailed fist or the jangling sabre. Americanism is, obviously, no pacifist faith. But it is, none the less, a faith. It is a faith vast in its pretensions beyond all dreams of autocrats; and it is a faith, despite its century of trial, little justified by what has transpired in human history. Yet in the face of autocrats and of history, it is inwardly unshaken and serene, religious in its confidence, miraculous in its hopes. Its foundation is something more constraining than experience and far more compelling than reason; for its foundation is an inner light, which for us is like a revelation, showing as in an apocalypse the common humanity of "all men." Americanism is a faith that men have died for, and that men are dying for to-day—whether it be a madness or divinity that hath touched them with it.

AMERICAN TRADITION

FRANKLIN K. LANE

[The author is Secretary of the Interior. Before becoming a member of the Cabinet, he was prominent in public life as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission and as a most eloquent speaker in the expression of our national ideals. While this address was made more than two years before the war began, it states in the most convincing fashion the traditional presence in our national consciousness of the ideal that it is the right and the duty of man to oppose injustice. Such an ideal is "not a mere group of words or a well-fashioned bit of governmental machinery." When the great crisis finally arrived, the unity of the nation in supporting the war showed that this ideal was a real and an active principle in our lives.]

It has not been an easy task for me to decide upon a theme for discussion to-day. I know that I can tell you little of Washington that would be new, and the thought has come to me that perhaps you would be interested in what might be called a western view of American tradition, for I come from the other side of this continent where all of our traditions are as yet articles of

transcontinental traffic, and you are here in the very heart of tradition, the sacred seat of our noblest memories.

No doubt you sometimes think that we are reckless of the wisdom of our forebears; while we at times have been heard to say that you live too securely in that passion for the past which makes men mellow but unmodern.

When you see the West adopting or urging such measures as presidential primaries, the election of United States Senators by popular vote, the initiative, the referendum and the recall as means supplementary to representative government, you shudder in your dignified way, no doubt, at the audacity and irreverence of your crude countrymen. They must be in your eyes as far from grace as that American who visited one of the ancient temples of India. After a long journey through winding corridors of marble, he was brought to a single flickering light set in a jeweled recess in the wall. "And what is this?" said the tourist. "That, sir," replied the guide, "is the sacred fire which was lighted 2,000 years ago and never has been out." "Never been out? What nonsense! Poof! Well, the blamed thing's out now." This wild Westerner doubtless typifies those who without heed and in their hot-headed and fanatical worship of change would destroy the very light of our civilization. But let me remind you that all fanticism is not radical. There is a fanaticism that is conservative, a reverence for things as they are that is no less destructive. Some years ago I visited a fishing village in Canada peopled by Scotchmen who had immigrated in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was a place named Ingonish in Cape Breton, a rugged spot that looks directly upon the Atlantic at its cruelest point. One day I fell into talk with a fisherman—a very model of a tawny-haired viking. He told me that from his fishing and his

farming he made some $300 a year. "Why not come over into my country," I said, "where you may make that in a month?" There came over his face a look of humiliation as he replied, "No, I could not." "Why not?" I asked. "Because," said he, brushing his hand across his sun-burnt beard, "because I can neither read nor write." "And why," said I, "haven't you learned? There are schools here." "Yes, there are schools, but my father could not read or write, and I would have felt that I was putting a shame upon the old man if I had learned to do something he could not do." Splendid, was n't it? He would not do what his father could not do. Fine! Fine as the spirit of any man with a sentiment which holds him back from leading a full, rich life. Yet can you conceive a nation of such men — idolizing what has been, blind to the great vision of the future, fettered by the chains of the past, gripped and held fast in the hand of the dead, a nation of traditionalists, unable to meet the needs of a new day, serene, no doubt self-sufficient, but coming how far short of realizing that ideal of those who praise their God for that they serve his world!

I have given the two extremes; now let us return to our point of departure, and the first question to be asked is, "What are the traditions of our people?"

What are the traditions of our people? This nation is not as it was one hundred and thirty-odd years ago when we asserted the traditional right of Anglo-Saxons to rebel against injustice. We have traveled centuries and centuries since then — measured in events, in achievements, in depth of insight into the secrets of nature, in breadth of view, in sweep of sympathy, and in the rise of ennobling hope. Physically we are to-day nearer to China than we were then to Ohio. Socially, industrially, commercially, the wide world is almost a unit. And these thirteen states

have spread across a continent to which have been gathered the peoples of the earth. We are the "heirs of all the ages." Our inheritance of tradition is greater than that of any other people, for we trace back not alone to King John signing the Magna Charta in that little stone hut by the river side, but to Brutus standing beside the slain Cæsar, to Charles Martel with his battle ax raised against the advancing horde of an old-world civilization, to Martin Luther declaring his square-jawed policy of religious liberty, to Columbus in the prow of his boat crying to his disheartened crew, "Sail on, sail on, and on!" Irishman, Greek, Slav, and Sicilian—all the nations of the world have poured their hopes and their history into this great melting pot, and the product will be—in fact, is—a civilization that is new in the sense that it is the blend of many, and yet is as old as the Egyptians.

Surely the real tradition of such a people is not any one way of doing a certain thing; certainly not any set and unalterable plan of procedure in affairs, nor even any fixed phrase expressive of a general philosophy unless it comes from the universal heart of this strange new people. Why are we here? What is our purpose? These questions will give you the tradition of the American people, our supreme tradition—the one into which all others fall, and a part of which they are—the right of man to oppose injustice. There follow from this the right of man to govern himself, the right of property and to personal liberty, the right to freedom of speech, the right to make of himself all that nature will permit, the right to be one of many in creating a national life that will realize those hopes which singly could not be achieved.

Is there any other tradition so sacred as this—so much a part of ourselves—this hatred of injustice? It carries in its bosom all the past that inspires our people. Their

spirit of unrest under wrong has lighted the way for the nations of the world. It is not seen alone in Kansas and in California, but in England, where a liberal ministry has made a beginning at the restoration of the land to the people; in Germany, where the citizen is fighting his way up to power; in Portugal, where a university professor sits in the chair a king so lately occupied; in Russia, emerging from the Middle Ages, with her groping Douma; in Persia, from which young Shuster was so recently driven for trying to give to a people a sense of national self-respect; in India, where an emperor moves a national capital to pacify submerged discontent; and even in far Cathay, the mystery land of Marco Polo, immobile, phlegmatic, individualistic China, men have been waging war for the philosophy incorporated in the first ten lines of our Declaration of Independence.

Here is the effect of a tradition that is real, not a mere group of words or a well-fashioned bit of governmental machinery—real because it is ours; it has come out of our life; for the only real traditions a people have are those beliefs that have become a part of them, like the good manners of a gentleman. They are really our sympathies—sympathies born of experience. Subjectively they give standpoint; objectively they furnish background—a rich, deep background like that of some master of light and shade, some Rembrandt, whose picture is one great glowing mystery of darkness save in a central spot of radiant light where stands a single figure or group which holds the eye and enchants the imagination. History may give to us the one bright face to look upon, but in the deep mystery of the background the real story is told; for therein, to those who can see, are the groping multitudes feeling their way blindly toward the light of self-expression. . . . .

There are no grown-ups in this new world of democracy. We are trying an experiment such as the world has never seen. Here we are, so many million people at work making a living as best we can; 90,000,000 people covering half a continent—rich, respected, feared. Is that all we are? Is that why we are? To be rich, respected, feared? Or have we some part to play in working out the problems of this world? Why should one man have so much and many so little? How may the many secure a larger share in the wealth which they create without destroying individual initiative or blasting individual capacity and imagination? It was inevitable that these questions should be asked when this republic was established. Man has been struggling to have the right to ask these questions for four thousand years; and now that he has the right to ask *any* questions, surely we may not with reason expect him to be silent. It is no answer to make that men were not asking these questions a hundred years ago. So great has been our physical endowment that until the most recent years we have been indifferent as to the share which each received of the wealth produced. We could then accept cheerfully the coldest and most logical of economic theories. But now men are wondering as to the future. There may be much of envy and more of malice in current thought; but underneath it all there is the feeling that if a nation is to have a full life it must devise methods by which its citizens shall be insured against monopoly of opportunity. This is the meaning of many policies the full philosophy of which is not generally grasped—the regulation of railroads and other public service corporations, the conservation of natural resources, the leasing of public lands and water powers, the control of great combinations of wealth. How these movements will eventually express themselves none can foretell, but

in the process there will be some who will dogmatically contend that "Whatever is, is right," and others who will march under the red flag of revenge and exspoliation. And in that day we must look for men to meet the false cry of both sides—"gentlemen unafraid" who will neither be the money-hired butlers of the rich nor power-loving panderers to the poor.

Assume the right of self-government, and society becomes the scene of an heroic struggle for the realization of justice. Take from the one strong man the right to rule and make others serve, the right to take all and hold all, the power to grant or to withhold, and you have set all men to asking, "What should I have, and what should my children have?" And with this come all the perils of innovation and the hazards of revolution.

To meet such a situation the traditionalist who believes that the last word in politics or in economics was uttered a century ago is as far from the truth as he who holds that the temporary emotion of the public is the stone-carved word from Sinai.

A railroad people are not to be controlled by ox-team theories, declaims the young enthusiast for change. An age that dares to tell of what the stars are made; that weighs the very suns in its balances; that mocks the birds in their flight through the air, and the fish in their dart through the sea; that transforms the falling stream into fire, light, and music; that embalms upon a piece of plate the tenderest tones of the human voice; that treats disease with disease; that supplies a new ear with the same facility with which it replaces a blown-out tire; that reaches into the very grave itself and starts again the silent heart—surely such an age may be allowed to think for itself somewhat upon questions of politics.

Yet with all our searchings and our probings, who

knows more of the human heart to-day than the old Psalmist? And what is the problem of government but one of human nature? . . . . The foundation of government is man—changing, inert, impulsive, limited, sympathetic, selfish man. His institutions, whether social or political, must come out of his wants and out of his capacities. The problem of government, therefore, is not always what should be done but what can be done. We may not follow the supreme tradition of the race to create a newer, sweeter world unless we give heed to its complementary tradition that man's experience cautions him to make a new trail with care. He must curb courage with common-sense. He may lay his first bricks upon the twentieth story, but not until he has made sure of the solidity of the frame below. The real tradition of our people permits the mason to place brick upon brick wherever he finds it most convenient, safest, and most economical; but he must not mistake thin air for structural steel.

Let me illustrate the thought that I would leave with you by the description of one of our western railroads. Your train sweeps across the desert like some bold knight in a joust, and when about to drive recklessly into a sheer cliff it turns a graceful curve and follows up the wild meanderings of a stream until it reaches a ridge along which it finds its flinty way for many miles. At length you come face to face with a great gulf, a canyon—yawning, resounding and purple in its depths. Before you lies a path, zigzagging down the canyon's side to the very bottom, and away beyond another, slighter trail climbs up upon the opposite side. Which is our way? Shall we follow the old trail? The answer comes as the train shoots out across a bridge and into a tunnel on the opposite side, coming out again upon the highlands and

looking into the Valley of Heart's Desire where the wistful Rasselas might have lived.

When you or I look upon that stretch of steel, we wonder at the daring of its builders. Great men they were who boldly built that road—great in imagination, greater in their deeds—for they were men so great that they did not build upon a line that was without tradition. The route they followed was made by the buffalo and the elk ten thousand years ago. The bear and the deer followed it generation after generation, and after them came the trapper, and then the pioneer. It was already a trail when the railroad engineer came with transit and chain seeking a path for the great black stallion of steel.

Up beside the stream and along the ridge the track was laid. But there was no thought of following the old trail downward into the canyon. Then the spirit of the new age broke through tradition, the canyon was leaped and the mountain's heart pierced, that man might have a swifter and safer way to the Valley of Heart's Desire.

THE MEANING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WOODROW WILSON

[This selection comprises the major part of President Wilson's address delivered at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, July 4, 1914. While it antedates the beginning of the war by a month, it emphasizes the same conceptions of patriotism, the same passion for high ideals in public life that have animated his later messages and addresses. No doubt we have fallen into the habit of taking the Declaration of Independence for granted without inquiring very closely into what its principles and methods would mean if translated into terms of present-day life. The address points the way of such an interpretation and urges the need of a renewed dedication to the spirit of the great Declaration. When the final paragraphs are read in the light of the events of the last four years, they seem prophetic in their suggestion of the proud part our nation has been and is now playing in the most amazing and stupendous drama of the world's history.]

Have you ever read the Declaration of Independence or attended with close comprehension to the real character of it when you have heard it read? If you have, you will know that it is not a Fourth of July oration. The Declaration of Independence was a document preliminary to war. It was a vital piece of practical business, not a piece of rhetoric; and if you will pass beyond those preliminary passages which we are accustomed to quote about the rights of men and read into the heart of the document, you will see that it is very express and detailed, that it consists of a series of definite specifications concerning actual public business of the day. Not the business of our day, for the matter with which it deals is past, but the business of that first revolution by which the Nation was set up, the business of 1776. Its general statements, its general declarations, cannot mean anything to us unless we append to it a similar specific body of particulars as to what we consider the essential business of our own day.

Liberty does not consist, my fellow citizens, in mere general declarations of the rights of man. It consists in the translation of those declarations into definite action. Therefore, standing here where the Declaration was adopted, reading its businesslike sentences, we ought to ask ourselves what there is in it for us. There is nothing in it for us unless we can translate it into the terms of our own conditions and of our own lives. We must reduce it to what the lawyers call a bill of particulars. It contains a bill of particulars, but the bill of particulars of 1776. If we would keep it alive, we must fill it with a bill of particulars of the year 1914.

The task to which we have constantly to readdress ourselves is the task of proving that we are worthy of the men who drew this great declaration and know what

they would have done in our circumstances. Patriotism consists in some very practical things—practical in that they belong to the life of every day, that they wear no extraordinary distinction about them, that they are connected with commonplace duty. The way to be patriotic in America is not only to love America, but to love the duty that lies nearest to our hand and know that in performing it we are serving our country. There are some gentlemen in Washington, for example, at this very moment who are showing themselves very patriotic in a way which does not attract wide attention but seems to belong to mere everyday obligations. The members of the House and Senate who stay in hot Washington to maintain a quorum of the Houses and transact the all-important business of the Nation are doing an act of patriotism. I honor them for it, and I am glad to stay there and stick by them until the work is done.

It is patriotic, also, to learn what the facts of our national life are and to face them with candor. I have heard a great many facts stated about the present business condition of this country, for example—a great many allegations of fact, at any rate, but the allegations do not tally with one another. And yet I know that truth always matches with truth; and when I find some insisting that everything is going wrong and others insisting that everything is going right, and when I know from a wide observation of the general circumstances of the country taken as a whole that things are going extremely well, I wonder what those who are crying out that things are wrong are trying to do. Are they trying to serve the country, or are they trying to serve something smaller than the country? Are they trying to put hope into the hearts of the men who work and toil every day, or are they trying to plant discouragement and despair

in those hearts? And why do they cry that everything is wrong and yet do nothing to set it right? If they love America and anything is wrong amongst us, it is their business to put their hand with ours to the task of setting it right. When the facts are known and acknowledged, the duty of all patriotic men is to accept them in candor and to address themselves hopefully and confidently to the common counsel which is necessary to act upon them wisely and in universal concert. . . . .

A patriotic American is a man who is not niggardly and selfish in the things that he enjoys that make for human liberty and the rights of man. He wants to share them with the whole world, and he is never so proud of the great flag under which he lives as when it comes to mean to other people as well as to himself a symbol of hope and liberty. I should be ashamed of this flag if it did anything outside America that we would not permit it to do inside of America.

The world is becoming more complicated every day, my fellow citizens. No man ought to be foolish enough to think that he understands it all. And, therefore, I am glad that there are some simple things in the world. One of the simple things is principle. Honesty is a perfectly simple thing. It is hard for me to believe that in most circumstances when a man has a choice of ways he does not know which is the right way and which is the wrong way. No man who has chosen the wrong way ought even to come into Independence Square; it is holy ground which he ought not to tread upon. He ought not to come where immortal voices have uttered the great sentences of such a document as this Declaration of Independence upon which rests the liberty of a whole nation. . . . .

The most patriotic man, ladies and gentlemen, is

sometimes the man who goes in the direction that he thinks right even when he sees half the world against him. It is the dictate of patriotism to sacrifice yourself if you think that that is the path of honor and of duty. Do not blame others if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. Those were grim days, the days of 1776. Those gentlemen did not attach their names to the Declaration of Independence on this table expecting a holiday on the next day, and that Fourth of July was not itself a holiday. They attached their signatures to that significant document knowing that if they failed it was certain that every one of them would hang for the failure. They were committing treason in the interest of the liberty of three million people in America. All the rest of the world was against them and smiled with cynical incredulity at the audacious undertaking. Do you think that if they could see this great Nation now they would regret anything that they then did to draw the gaze of a hostile world upon them? Every idea must be started by somebody, and it is a lonely thing to start anything. Yet if it is in you, you must start it if you have a man's blood in you and if you love the country that you profess to be working for.

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and His final verdict. If I did not believe that, I should not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I should not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the

moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment, in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. But I do believe these things, and, therefore, I earnestly believe in the democracy not only of America but of every awakened people that wishes and intends to govern and control its own affairs.

It is very inspiring, my friends, to come to this that may be called the original fountain of independence and liberty in America and here drink draughts of patriotic feeling which seem to renew the very blood in one's veins. Down in Washington sometimes when the days are hot and the business presses intolerably and there are so many things to do that it does not seem possible to do anything in the way it ought to be done, it is always possible to lift one's thought above the task of the moment and, as it were, to realize that great thing of which we are all parts, the great body of American feeling and American principle. No man could do the work that has to be done in Washington if he allowed himself to be separated from that body of principle. He must make himself feel that he is a part of the people of the United States, that he is trying to think not only for them, but with them, and then he cannot feel lonely. He not only cannot feel lonely, but he cannot feel afraid of anything.

My dream is that as the years go on and the world knows more and more of America it will also drink at these fountains of youth and renewal; that it also will turn to America for those moral inspirations which lie at the basis of all freedom; that the world will never fear America unless it feels that it is engaged in some enterprise which is inconsistent with the rights of humanity; and that America will come into the full light of the day when all shall know that she puts human rights

above all other rights and that her flag is the flag not only of America but of humanity.

What other great people has devoted itself to this exalted ideal? To what other nation in the world can all eyes look for an instant sympathy that thrills the whole body politic when men anywhere are fighting for their rights? I do not know that there will ever be a declaration of independence and of grievances for mankind, but I believe that if any such document is ever drawn it will be drawn in the spirit of the American Declaration of Independence, and that America has lifted high the light which will shine unto all generations and guide the feet of mankind to the goal of justice and liberty and peace.

THE WAR MESSAGE

WOODROW WILSON

[The War Message was delivered before a joint session of the two houses of Congress on the evening of April 2, 1917. Solemnly, with a full sense of the tremendous responsibility involved in leading a great, peace-loving nation into the most terrible of all wars, the President set forth the acts of the Imperial German Government which showed it to be the "natural foe to liberty." The phrasing of the message was at once felt to express adequately and eloquently the attitude which practically the entire nation had come to hold regarding the inner meaning of the titanic struggle which had been going on in Europe for two and a half years, as well as the special indignation felt at the growing series of outrages perpetrated against the well-defined rights of the United States and its citizens. Some of these phrases at once became popular catchwords repeated over and over by speakers and writers from one end of the country to the other. The British Prime Minister, Lloyd George, in a message to the American people, spoke of these "glowing phrases" as illuminating the horizon and making "clearer than ever the goal we are striving to reach." "There are three phrases," he continued, "which will stand out forever in the story of this crusade. The first is that 'The world must be made safe for democracy.' The next, 'The menace to peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic Governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will and not by the will of their people,' and the crowning phrase is that in which he declares that

'A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by the partnership of democratic nations.' " Without doubt, President Wilson's power of precipitating in language what was struggling for utterance in the minds of the people had much to do in securing and maintaining the splendid unity of purpose and action displayed throughout our participation in the war.]

Gentlemen of the Congress:

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the 3d of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk, and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy where no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats.

The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning, and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would, in fact, be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion, and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view at least of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity, and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton

and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate.

Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be.

The present German warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a Nation. We must put excited feeling away.

Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the Nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the 26th of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea.

It is common prudence in such circumstances—grim necessity, indeed—to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be.

Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents.

There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our Nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs: they reach out to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough

state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action with the Governments now at war with Germany, and as incident to that the extension to those Governments of the most liberal financial credits in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs.

It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the Nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible.

It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines.

It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation. I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed.

It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships

and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the Nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the Nation has been altered or clouded by them.

I have exactly the same thing in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the 22d of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the 3d of February and on the 26th of February.

Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against

selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic Governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.

We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their Governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.

It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions.

Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression,

carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic Government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away, the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia?

Russia was known by those who know it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life.

Autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, in character or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added, in all their native majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that have served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of Government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of council, our peace within and without, our industries, and our commerce.

Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began, and it is, unhappily, not a matter of conjecture, but a fact proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction, of official agents of the Imperial German Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in

the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic Governments of the world.

We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the Governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor.

The Austro-Hungarian Government has indeed avowed its unqualified indorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austro-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna.

We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship,— exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and

native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are, in fact, loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

FLAG DAY ADDRESS

WOODROW WILSON

[This address was delivered in Washington, June 14, 1917. Two months had elapsed since the declaration of war against Germany. The day set apart for the celebration of the national emblem was an especially appropriate occasion to set forth once more the aims which the United States proposed to accomplish, and to present again the clear case of the country in the face of Germany's far-reaching plans. These schemes of aggrandizement with reference to the Balkans and the farther East, the whole sinister Middle-Europe plan, based upon the further crushing of many down-trodden nationalities, with other Pan-German aspirations, are all mercilessly exposed. As in the War Message, President Wilson is careful to emphasize the fact that our opposition is directed toward the "military masters" of Germany and not toward the German people. The German people "did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it." He even prophesies that they will one day see that "we are fighting their cause, ... as well as our own."]

We meet to celebrate Flag Day because this flag which we honor and under which we serve is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation. It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute those choices, whether in peace or in war. And yet, though silent, it speaks to us,—speaks to us of the past, of the men and women who went before us and of the records they wrote upon it. We celebrate the day of its birth; and from its birth until now it has witnessed a great history, has floated on high the symbol of great events, of a great plan of life worked out by a great people. We are about to carry it into battle, to lift it where it will draw the fire of our enemies. We are about to bid thousands, hundreds of thousands, it may be millions, of our men, the young, the strong, the capable men of the nation, to go forth and die beneath it on fields of blood far away—for what? For some unaccustomed thing? For something for which it has never sought the

fire before? American armies were never before sent across the seas. Why are they sent now? For some new purpose for which this great flag has never been carried before, or for some old, familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen men, its own men, die on every battle-field upon which Americans have borne arms since the Revolution?

These are questions which must be answered. We are Americans. We in our turn serve America, and can serve her with no private purpose. We must use her flag as she has always used it. We are accountable at the bar of history and must plead in utter frankness what purpose it is we seek to serve.

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. When they found that they could not do that, their agents diligently spread sedition amongst us and sought to draw our own citizens from their allegiance—and some of those agents were men connected with the official Embassy of the German Government itself here in our own Capital. They sought by violence to destroy our industries and arrest our commerce. They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into a hostile alliance with her,—and that, not by indirection, but by direct suggestion from the Foreign Office in Berlin. They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of

our people who ventured to approach the coasts of Europe. And many of our own people were corrupted. Men began to look upon their own neighbors with suspicion and to wonder in their hot resentment and surprise whether there was any community in which hostile intrigue did not lurk. What great nation in such circumstances would not have taken up arms? Much as we had desired peace, it was denied us, and not of our own choice. This flag under which we serve would have been dishonored had we withheld our hand.

But that is only part of the story. We know now as clearly as we knew before we were ourselves engaged that we are not the enemies of the German people and that they are not our enemies. They did not originate or desire this hideous war or wish that we should be drawn into it; and we are vaguely conscious that we are fighting their cause, as they will some day see it, as well as our own. They are themselves in the grip of the same sinister power that has now at last stretched its ugly talons out and drawn blood from us. The whole world is at war because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free.

The war was begun by the military masters of Germany, who proved to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. These men have never regarded nations as peoples, men, women, and children of like blood and frame as themselves, for whom governments existed and in whom governments had their life. They have regarded them merely as serviceable organizations which they could by force or intrigue bend or corrupt to their own purpose. They have regarded the smaller states, in particular, and the peoples who could be overwhelmed

by force, as their natural tools and instruments of domination. Their purpose has long been avowed. The statesmen of other nations, to whom that purpose was incredible, paid little attention; regarded what German professors expounded in their classrooms and German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs, as preposterous private conceptions of German destiny, than as the actual plans of responsible rulers; but the rulers of Germany themselves knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues, lay back of what the professors and the writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested, filling the thrones of Balkan states with German princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey to drill her armies and make interest with her government, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt, setting their fires in Persia. The demands made by Austria upon Serbia were a mere single step in a plan which compassed Europe and Asia, from Berlin to Bagdad. They hoped those demands might not arouse Europe, but they meant to press them whether they did or not, for they thought themselves ready for the final issue of arms.

Their plan was to throw a broad belt of German military power and political control across the very center of Europe and beyond the Mediterranean into the heart of Asia; and Austria-Hungary was to be as much their tool and pawn as Serbia or Bulgaria or Turkey or the ponderous states of the East. Austria-Hungary, indeed, was to become part of the central German Empire, absorbed and dominated by the same forces and influences that had originally cemented the German states themselves. The dream had its heart at Berlin. It could

have had a heart nowhere else! It rejected the idea of solidarity of race entirely. The choice of peoples played no part in it at all. It contemplated binding together racial and political units which could be kept together only by force,— Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Rumanians, Turks, Armenians,—the proud states of Bohemia and Hungary, the stout little commonwealths of the Balkans, the indomitable Turks, the subtle peoples of the East. These peoples did not wish to be united. They ardently desired to direct their own affairs, would be satisfied only by undisputed independence. They could be kept quiet only by the presence or the constant threat of armed men. They would live under a common power only by sheer compulsion and await the day of revolution.

But the German military statesmen had reckoned with all that and were ready to deal with it in their own way.

And they have actually carried the greater part of that amazing plan into execution! Look how things stand. Austria is at their mercy. It has acted, not upon its own initiative or upon the choice of its own people, but at Berlin's dictation ever since the war began. Its people now desire peace, but cannot have it until leave is granted from Berlin. The so-called Central Powers are in fact but a single Power. Serbia is at its mercy, should its hands be but for a moment freed. Bulgaria has consented to its will, and Rumania is overrun. The Turkish armies, which Germans trained, are serving Germany, certainly not themselves, and the guns of German warships lying in the harbor at Constantinople remind Turkish statesmen every day that they have no choice but to take their orders from Berlin. From Hamburg to the Persian Gulf the net is spread.

Is it not easy to understand the eagerness for peace that has been manifested from Berlin ever since the snare was set and sprung? Peace, peace, peace has been the talk of her Foreign Office for now a year and more; not peace upon her own initiative, but upon the initiative of the nations over which she now deems herself to hold the advantage. A little of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me, and in all sorts of guises, but never with the terms disclosed which the German Government would be willing to accept.

That Government has other valuable pawns in its hands besides those I have mentioned. It still holds a valuable part of France, though with slowly relaxing grasp, and practically the whole of Belgium. Its armies press close upon Russia and overrun Poland at their will. It cannot go further; it dare not go back. It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand.

The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point Fate has brought them. If they fall back or are forced back an inch, their power both abroad and at home will fall to pieces like a house of cards. It is their power at home they are thinking about now more than their power abroad. It is that power which is trembling under their very feet; and deep fear has entered their hearts. They have but one chance to perpetuate their military power or even their controlling political influence. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people; they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it: an immense expansion of German power, an

immense enlargement of German industrial and commercial opportunities. Their prestige will be secure, and with their prestige their political power. If they fail, their people will thrust them aside; a government accountable to the people themselves will be set up in Germany as it has been in England, in the United States, in France, and in all the great countries of the modern time except Germany. If they succeed, they are safe, and Germany and the world are undone; if they fail, Germany is saved and the world will be at peace. If they succeed, America will fall within the menace. We and all the rest of the world must remain armed, as they will remain, and must make ready for the next step in their aggression; if they fail, the world may unite for peace and Germany may be of the union.

Do you not now understand the new intrigue, the intrigue for peace, and why the masters of Germany do not hesitate to use any agency that promises to effect their purpose, the deceit of the nations? Their present particular aim is to deceive all those who throughout the world stand for the rights of peoples and the self-government of nations; for they see what immense strength the forces of justice and of liberalism are gathering out of this war. They are employing liberals in their enterprise. They are using men, in Germany and without, as their spokesmen whom they have hitherto despised and oppressed, using them for their own destruction—Socialists, the leaders of labor, the thinkers they have hitherto sought to silence. Let them once succeed, and these men, now their tools, will be ground to powder beneath the weight of the great military empire they will have set up; the revolutionists in Russia will be cut off from all succor or coöperation in western Europe and a counter-revolution fostered and supported; Germany

herself will lose her chance of freedom; and all Europe will arm for the next, the final, struggle.

The sinister intrigue is being no less actively conducted in this country than in Russia and in every country in Europe to which the agents and dupes of the Imperial German Government can get access. That Government has many spokesmen here, in places high and low. They have learned discretion. They keep within the law. It is opinion they utter now, not sedition. They proclaim the liberal purposes of their masters; declare this a foreign war which can touch America with no danger to either her lands or her institutions; set England at the center of the stage and talk of her ambition to assert economic dominion throughout the world; appeal to our ancient tradition of isolation in the politics of the nations; and seek to undermine the Government with false professions of loyalty to its principles.

But they will make no headway. The false betray themselves always in every accent. It is only friends and partisans of the German Government whom we have already identified who utter these thinly disguised disloyalties. The facts are patent to all the world, and nowhere are they more plainly seen than in the United States, where we are accustomed to deal with facts and not with sophistries; and the great fact that stands out above all the rest is that this is a People's War, a war for freedom and justice and self-government amongst all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included; and that with us rests the choice to break through all these hypocrisies and patent cheats and masks of brute force and help set the world free, or else stand aside and let it be dominated a long age through by sheer weight of arms and

the arbitrary choices of self-constituted masters, by the nation which can maintain the biggest armies and the most irresistible armaments—a power to which the world has afforded no parallel and in the face of which political freedom must wither and perish.

For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new luster. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.

PROGRAM OF THE WORLD'S PEACE

WOODROW WILSON

[This passage stating the famous "fourteen points" as a basis for peace is part of an address before Congress delivered on January 8, 1918. It was, as we can now clearly see, one of the most important diplomatic moves of the entire war. When Germany signed the drastic terms of an armistice on the morning of November 11, 1918, it did so having fully acknowledged a willingness to accept President Wilson's "fourteen points." Two modifications had been made by the Allies. They reserved freedom in the interpretation of the second point because of the different senses in which "absolute freedom of navigation" has been used. The tenth point was no longer to apply because the Czecho-Slovaks, one of the peoples of Austria-Hungary, had in the meantime declared their independence and had been recognized by the allied nations as an independent state.]

We entered this war because violations of right had occurred which touched us to the quick and made the life of our own people impossible unless they were corrected and the world secured once for all against their recurrence. What we demand in this war, therefore, is nothing peculiar to ourselves. It is that the world be made fit and safe to live in; and particularly that it be

made safe for every peace-loving nation which, like our own, wishes to live its own life, determine its own institutions, be assured of justice and fair dealing by the other peoples of the world as against force and selfish aggression. All the peoples of the world are, in effect, partners in this interest, and for our own part we see very clearly that unless justice be done to others it will not be done to us. The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program; and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

I. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at; after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

II. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

III. The removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

IV. Adequate guaranties given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

V. A free, open-minded, and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

VI. The evacuation of all Russian territory, and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy, and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing; and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests, and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

VII. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

VIII. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored; and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

IX. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

X. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish to see safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

XI. Rumania, Serbia, and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guaranties of the political and economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

XII. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

XIII. An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea, and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

XIV. A general association of nations must be formed, under specific covenants, for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.

In regard to these essential rectifications of wrong and assertions of right we feel ourselves to be intimate partners of all the Governments and peoples associated together against the imperialists. We cannot be separated in interest or divided in purpose. We stand together until the end.

For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight, and to continue to fight, until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace, such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this program does remove. We have no jealousy of German greatness, and there is nothing in this program that impairs it. We grudge her no achievement or distinction of learning or of specific enterprise, such as have made her record very bright and very enviable. We do not wish to injure her or to block in any way her legitimate influence or power. We do not wish to fight her either with arms or with hostile arrangements of trade, if she is willing to associate herself with us and the other peace-loving nations of the world in covenants of justice and law and fair dealing. We wish her only to accept a place of equality among the peoples of the world—the new world in which we now live—instead of a place of mastery.

Neither do we presume to suggest to her any alteration or modification of her institutions. But it is necessary, we must frankly say, and necessary as a preliminary

to any intelligent dealings with her on our part, that we should know whom her spokesmen speak for when they speak to us, whether for the Reichstag majority or for the military party and the men whose creed is imperial domination.

We have spoken now, surely, in terms too concrete to admit of any further doubt or question. An evident principle runs through the whole program I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle; and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything that they possess. The moral climax of this the culminating and final war for human liberty has come, and they are ready to put their own strength, their own highest purpose, their own integrity and devotion, to the test.

RIGHTEOUS AND TRIUMPHANT FORCE

WOODROW WILSON

[This selection is the main portion of an address delivered at Baltimore, April 6, 1918, on the opening of the Third Liberty Loan campaign. Between the date of the statement of the fourteen peace terms and the date of this address, Germany had taken advantage of the weakness of the Russian people following their successful revolution to impose upon them the humiliating terms of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. For the moment Germany was in the ascendant and was sending forth blustering threats that the nations that longer stood in her way might judge from Russia's case what would befall them. President Wilson gives America's answer in this speech. The whole nation was thrilled by its spirit, feeling that there was, indeed, "but one response possible for us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and

triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust." It is very significant in the light of this speech that one of the articles of the armistice that closed the fighting was an agreement by Germany immediately to abandon the Brest-Litovsk Treaty.]

Fellow Citizens:

This is the anniversary of our acceptance of Germany's challenge to fight for our right to live and be free, and for the sacred rights of freemen everywhere. The nation is awake. There is no need to call to it. We know what the war must cost, our utmost sacrifice, the lives of our fittest men, and, if need be, all that we possess.

The reasons for this great war, the reason why it had to come, the need to fight it through, and the issues that hang upon its outcome are more clearly disclosed now than ever before. The man who knows least can now see plainly how the cause of justice stands. Men in America may be more sure than they ever were before that the cause is their own, and that, if it should be lost, their own great nation's place and mission in the world would be lost with it.

I should be ashamed in the presence of affairs so grave, so fraught with the destinies of mankind throughout all the world, to speak with truculence, to use the weak language of hatred or vindictive purpose. We must judge as we would be judged. I have sought to learn the objects Germany has in this war from the mouths of her own spokesmen, and to deal as frankly with them as I wished them to deal with me. I have laid bare our own ideals, our own purposes, without reserve or doubtful phrase, and have asked them to say as plainly what it is that they seek.

We have ourselves proposed no injustice, no aggression. We are ready, whenever the final reckoning is made, to be just to the German people, deal fairly with

the German power, as with all others. There can be no difference between peoples in the final judgment, if it is indeed to be a righteous judgment. To propose anything but justice, even-handed and dispassionate justice, to Germany at any time, whatever the outcome of the war, would be to renounce and dishonor our own cause, for we ask nothing that we are not willing to accord.

It has been with this thought that I have sought to learn from those who spoke for Germany whether it was justice or dominion and the execution of their own will upon the other nations of the world that the German leaders were seeking. They have answered—answered in unmistakable terms. They have avowed that it was not justice, but dominion and the unhindered execution of their own will. The avowal has not come from Germany's statesmen. It has came from her military leaders, who are her real rulers. Her statesmen have said that they wished peace, and were ready to discuss its terms whenever their opponents were willing to sit down at the conference table with them. Her present Chancellor has said—in indefinite and uncertain terms, indeed, and in phrases that often seem to deny their own meaning, but with as much plainness as he thought prudent—that he believed that peace should be based upon the principles which we had declared would be our own in the final settlement.

At Brest-Litovsk her civilian delegates spoke in similar terms; professed their desire to conclude a fair peace and accord to the peoples with whose fortunes they were dealing the right to choose their own allegiances. But action accompanied and followed the profession. Their military masters, the men who act for Germany and exhibit her purpose in execution, proclaimed a very

different conclusion. We cannot mistake what they have done—in Russia, in Finland, in the Ukraine, in Rumania. The real test of their justice and fair play has come. From this we may judge the rest.

They are enjoying in Russia a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lies for the time at their mercy. Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the peoples of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion!

Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same things at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies whom even their countless divisions cannot overcome? If, when they have felt their check to be final, they should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium and France and Italy, could they blame us if we concluded that they did so only to assure themselves of a free hand in Russia and the East?

Their purpose is, undoubtedly, to make all the Slavic peoples, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic Peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition, and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy that they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India, and the peoples of the Far East.

In such a program our ideals, the ideals of justice and humanity and liberty, the principle of the free self-determination of nations, upon which all the modern

world insists, can play no part. They are rejected for the ideals of power, for the principle that the strong must rule the weak, that trade must follow the flag whether those to whom it is taken welcome it or not, that the peoples of the world are to be made subject to the patronage and overlordship of those who have the power to enforce it.

That program once carried out, America and all who care or dare to stand with her must arm and prepare themselves to contest the mastery of the world—a mastery in which the rights of common men, the rights of women and of all who are weak, must for the time being be trodden underfoot and disregarded and the old, age-long struggle for freedom and right begin again at its beginning. Everything that America has lived for and loved and grown great to vindicate and bring to a glorious realization will have fallen in utter ruin and the gates of mercy once more pitilessly shut upon mankind!

The thing is preposterous and impossible; and yet is not that what the whole course and action of the German armies has meant wherever they have moved? I do not wish, even in this moment of utter disillusionment, to judge harshly or unrighteously. I judge only what the German arms have accomplished with unpitying thoroughness throughout every fair region they have touched.

What, then, are we to do? For myself, I am ready, ready still, ready even now, to discuss a fair and just and honest peace at any time that it is sincerely purposed—a peace in which the strong and the weak shall fare alike. But the answer, when I proposed such a peace, came from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer.

I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know that you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of all that we do. Let everything that we say, my fellow countrymen, everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear.

Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men, whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she conceives it shall determine the destinies of mankind. There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust.

THE MOUNT VERNON ADDRESS

WOODROW WILSON

[On the Fourth of July, 1918, the President of the United States, members of the Cabinet and of the diplomatic corps, representatives of foreign-born citizens, and a great concourse of other officials and civilians made a pious pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. The ceremonies were unusually impressive. President Wilson delivered the following brief address in which he stated the four far-reaching principles which the free nations associated together in war must insist upon as a basis of a righteous and durable peace.]

I am happy to draw apart with you to this quiet place of old counsel in order to speak a little of the meaning of this day of our nation's independence. The place seems

very still and remote. It is as serene and untouched by the hurry of the world as it was in those great days long ago when General Washington was here and held leisurely conference with the men who were to be associated with him in the creation of a nation. From these gentle slopes they looked out upon the world and saw it whole, saw it with the light of the future upon it, saw it with modern eyes that turned away from a past which men of liberated spirits could no longer endure. It is for that reason that we cannot feel, even here, in the immediate presence of this sacred tomb, that this is a place of death. It was a place of achievement. A great promise that was meant for all mankind was here given plan and reality. The associations by which we are here surrounded are the inspiriting associations of that noble death which is only a glorious consummation. From this green hillside we also ought to be able to see with comprehending eyes the world that lies around us and conceive anew the purpose that must set men free.

It is significant—significant of their own character and purpose and of the influences they were setting afoot—that Washington and his associates, like the Barons at Runnymede, spoke and acted, not for a class, but for a people. It has been left for us to see to it that it shall be understood that they spoke and acted, not for a single people only, but for all mankind. They were thinking, not of themselves and of the material interests which centered in the little groups of landholders and merchants and men of affairs with whom they were accustomed to act, in Virginia and the colonies to the north and south of her, but of a people which wished to be done with classes and special interests and the authority of men whom they had not themselves chosen to rule over them. They entertained no private purpose, desired no

peculiar privilege. They were consciously planning that men of every class should be free and America a place to which men out of every nation might resort who wished to share with them the rights and privileges of free men. And we take our cue from them—do we not? We intend what they intended. We here in America believe our participation in this present war to be only the fruitage of what they planted. Our case differs from theirs only in this, that it is our inestimable privilege to concert with men out of every nation who shall make not only the liberties of America secure but the liberties of every other people as well. We are happy in the thought that we are permitted to do what they would have done had they been in our place. There must now be settled, once for all, what was settled for America in the great age upon whose inspiration we draw to-day. This is surely a fitting place from which calmly to look out upon our task, that we may fortify our spirits for its accomplishment. And this is the appropriate place from which to avow, alike to the friends who look on and to the friends with whom we have the happiness to be associated in action, the faith and purpose with which we act.

This, then, is our conception of the great struggle in which we are engaged. The plot is written plain upon every scene and every act of the supreme tragedy. On the one hand stand the peoples of the world—not only the peoples actually engaged, but many others, also, who suffer under mastery but cannot act; peoples of many races and in every part of the world—the people of stricken Russia still, among the rest, though they are for the moment unorganized and helpless. Opposed to them, masters of many armies, stand an isolated, friendless group of Governments, who speak no common purpose, but only selfish ambitions of their own, by which none

can profit but themselves, and whose peoples are fuel in their hands; Governments which fear their people, and yet are for the time being sovereign lords, making every choice for them and disposing of their lives and fortunes as they will, as well as of the lives and fortunes of every people who fall under their power—Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own. The Past and the Present are in deadly grapple, and the peoples of the world are being done to death between them.

There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There can be no compromise. No halfway decision would be tolerable. No halfway decision is conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:

I. The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least its reduction to virtual impotence.

II. The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

III. The consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and of respect for the common

law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states in their relations with one another; to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

IV. The establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right and serve to make peace and justice the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit and by which every international readjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

These great objects can be put into a single sentence. What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind.

These great ends cannot be achieved by debating and seeking to reconcile and accommodate what statesmen may wish with their projects for balances of power and of national opportunity. They can be realized only by the determination of what the thinking peoples of the world desire, with their longing hope for justice and for social freedom and opportunity.

I can fancy that the air of this place carries the accents of such principles with a peculiar kindness. Here were started forces which the great nation against which they were primarily directed at first regarded as a revolt against its rightful authority, but which it has long since seen to have been a step in the liberation of its own people

as well as of the people of the United States; and I stand here now to speak—speak proudly and with confident hope—of the spread of this revolt, this liberation, to the great stage of the world itself! The blinded rulers of Prussia have roused forces they know little of—forces which, once roused, can never be crushed to earth again; for they have at their heart an inspiration and a purpose which are deathless and of the very stuff of triumph!

THE ISSUES OF THE WAR

WOODROW WILSON

[This address was delivered at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, September 27, 1918, on the occasion of the opening of the campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan. One of the ideals that President Wilson has often expressed is that of finding a method which will make it impossible for any nation to plunge the world into a terrible war or to impose unreasonably its will upon a weaker neighbor. The schemes that have been proposed from various sources for accomplishing this object have come to be known under the general name of a "League of Nations." It would be a sort of international union, and would, according to the ideas of its advocates, do away with militarism and provide methods of judicially settling all sorts of misunderstandings among the nations. Undoubtedly the attempt to form such a League of Nations will occupy a prominent place in the proceedings of the Peace Council. President Wilson points out in detail what he considers some of the practical items in the working program of this possible league.]

At every turn of the war, we gain a fresh consciousness of what we mean to accomplish by it. When our hope and expectation are most excited, we think more definitely than before of the issues that hang upon it and of the purposes which must be realized by means of it. For it has positive and well-defined purposes which we did not determine, and which we cannot alter. No statesman or assembly created them; no statesman or assembly can alter them. They have arisen out of the very nature and circumstances of the war. The most that statesmen or assemblies can do is to carry them out or be false to them.

They were, perhaps, not clear at the outset; but they are clear now. The war has lasted long enough to draw the whole world into it. The common will of mankind has been substituted for the particular purposes of individual states. Individual statesmen may have started the conflict, but neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please. It has become a peoples' war, and peoples of all sorts and races, of every degree of power and variety of fortune, are involved in its sweeping processes of change and settlement. We came into it when its character had become fully defined and it was plain that no nation could stand apart or be indifferent to its outcome. Its challenge drove to the heart of everything we cared for and lived for. The voice of the war had become clear and gripped our hearts. Our brothers from many lands, as well as our own murdered dead under the sea, were calling to us, and we responded, fiercely and of course.

The air was clear about us. We saw things in their full, convincing proportions as they were; and we have seen them with steady eyes and unchanging comprehension ever since. We accepted the issues of the war as facts, not as any group of men either here or elsewhere had defined them, and we can accept no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. Those issues are these:

Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the rule of force?

Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?

Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force, or by their own will and choice?

Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?

No man, no group of men, chose these to be the issues of the struggle. They are the issues of it; and they must be settled — by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest.

This is what we mean when we speak of a permanent peace, if we speak sincerely, intelligently, and with a real knowledge and comprehension of the matter we deal with.

We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other Governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They observe no covenants, accept no law but force and their own interest. We cannot "come to terms" with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must, by this time, be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

It is of capital importance that we should also be explicitly agreed that no peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as the principles for which we are fighting. There should exist no doubt about it. I am, therefore,

going to take the liberty of speaking with the utmost frankness about the practical implications that are involved in it.

If it be in deed and in truth the common object of the Governments associated against Germany, and of the nations whom they govern, as I believe it to be, to achieve, by the coming settlements, a secure and lasting peace, it will be necessary that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure it; and ready and willing, also, to create, in some virile fashion, the only instrumentality by which it can be made certain that the agreements of the peace will be honored and fulfilled.

That price is impartial justice in every item of the settlement, no matter whose interest is crossed; and not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with. That indispensable instrumentality is a League of Nations formed under covenants that will be efficacious. Without such an instrumentality, by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest, in part, upon the word of outlaws and only upon that word. For Germany will have to redeem her character, not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows.

And, as I see it, the constitution of that League of Nations and the clear definition of its objects must be a part, is in a sense the most essential part, of the peace settlement itself. It cannot be formed now. If formed now, it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy. It is not likely that it could be formed after the settlement. It is necessary to guarantee the peace; and the peace cannot be guaranteed as an afterthought. The reason, to speak in plain terms again, why it must be guaranteed is that there

will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement itself to remove that source of insecurity. It would be folly to leave the guaranty to the subsequent voluntary action of the Governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Rumania.

But these general terms do not disclose the whole matter. Some details are needed to make them sound less like a thesis and more like a practical program. These, then, are some of the particulars, and I state them with the greater confidence because I can state them authoritatively as representing this Government's interpretation of its own duty with regard to peace:

First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned.

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all.

Third, there can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations.

Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control.

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Special alliances and economic rivalries and hostilities have been the prolific source, in the modern world, of the plans and passions that produce war. It would be an insincere as well as an insecure peace that did not exclude them in definite and binding terms.

The confidence with which I venture to speak for our people in these matters does not spring from our traditions, merely, and the well-known principles of international action which we have always professed and followed. In the same sentence in which I say that the United States will enter into no special arrangements or understandings with particular nations, let me say also that the United States is prepared to assume its full share of responsibility for the maintenance of the common covenants and understandings upon which peace must henceforth rest. We still read Washington's immortal warning against "entangling alliances," with full comprehension and an answering purpose. But only special and limited alliances entangle; and we recognize and accept the duty of a new day in which we are permitted to hope for a general alliance which will avoid entanglements and clear the air of the world for common understandings and the maintenance of common rights.

I have made this analysis of the international situation which the war has created, not, of course, because I doubted whether the leaders of the great nations and peoples with whom we are associated were of the same mind and entertained a like purpose, but because the air, every now and again, gets darkened by mists and groundless doubtings and mischievous perversions of counsel, and it is necessary, once and again, to sweep all the irresponsible talk about peace intrigues and weakening morale and doubtful purpose on the part of those in authority utterly, and if need be unceremoniously, aside,

and say things in the plainest words that can be found, even when it is only to say over again what has been said before, quite as plainly, if in less unvarnished terms.

As I have said, neither I nor any other man in governmental authority created or gave form to the issues of this war. I have simply responded to them with such vision as I could command. But I have responded gladly and with a resolution that has grown warmer and more confident as the issues have grown clearer and clearer. It is now plain that they are issues which no man can pervert unless it be wilfully. I am bound to fight for them, and happy to fight for them, as time and circumstances have revealed them to me as to all the world. Our enthusiasm for them grows more and more irresistible as they stand out in more and more vivid and unmistakable outline.

And the forces that fight for them draw into closer and closer array, organize their millions into more and more unconquerable might, as they become more and more distinct to the thought and purpose of the peoples engaged. It is the peculiarity of this great war that while statesmen have seemed to cast about for definitions of their purpose, and have sometimes seemed to shift their ground and their point of view, the thought of the mass of men, whom statesmen are supposed to instruct and lead, has grown more and more unclouded, more and more certain of what it is that they are fighting for. National purposes have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place. The counsels of plain men have become, on all hands, more simple and straightforward and more unified than the counsels of sophisticated men of affairs, who still retain the impression that they are playing a game of power and playing for high

stakes. That is why I have said that this is a peoples' war, not a statesmen's. Statesmen must follow the clarified common thought or be broken.

I took that to be the significance of the fact that assemblies and associations of many kinds made up of plain workaday people have demanded, almost every time they came together, and are still demanding that the leaders of their Governments declare to them plainly what it is, exactly what it is, that they were seeking in this war, and what they think the items of the final settlement should be. They are not yet satisfied with what they have been told. They still seem to fear that they are getting what they ask for only in statesmen's terms—only in the terms of territorial arrangements and divisions of power, and not in terms of broad-visioned justice and mercy and peace and the satisfaction of those deep-seated longings of oppressed and distracted men and women and enslaved peoples that seem to them the only things worth fighting a war for that engulfs the world. Perhaps statesmen have not always recognized this changed aspect of the whole world of policy and action. Perhaps they have not always spoken in direct reply to the questions asked because they did not know how searching these questions were and what sort of answers they demanded.

But I, for one, am glad to attempt the answer again and again, in the hope that I may make it clearer and clearer that my one thought is to satisfy those who struggle in the ranks and are, perhaps above all others, entitled to a reply whose meaning no one can have any excuse for misunderstanding, if he understands the language in which it is spoken or can get someone to translate it correctly into his own. And I believe that the leaders of the Governments with which we are associated

will speak, as they have occasion as plainly as I have tried to speak. I hope that they will feel free to say whether they think that I am in any degree mistaken in my interpretation of the issues involved or in my purpose with regard to the means by which a satisfactory settlement of these issues may be obtained. Unity of purpose and of counsel are as imperatively necessary in this war as was unity of command in the battlefield; and with perfect unity of purpose and counsel will come assurance of complete victory.

It can be had in no other way. "Peace drives" can be effectively neutralized and silenced only by showing that every victory of the nations associated against Germany brings the nations nearer the sort of peace which will bring security and reassurance to all peoples and make the recurrence of another such struggle of pitiless force and bloodshed forever impossible, and that nothing else can. Germany is constantly intimating the "terms" she will accept; and always finds that the world does not want terms. It wishes the final triumph of justice and fair dealing.

DEMOCRACY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[James Russell Lowell was the American ambassador to Great Britain from 1880 to 1885. He played a great part in cultivating the good understanding between England and the United States which has been so important in recent years. He was always in demand as a speaker and always said the fitting thing at the right moment. In 1884 he delivered an address on "Democracy" at Birmingham, from which our extracts are taken. No longer ago than that it seemed necessary to defend the American ideal of democracy in England. The Civil War in our own country and the excesses of the Paris Commune in 1871 following the close of the war between France and Germany had made Europeans, especially Englishmen, skeptical about the practical success of democratic ideals. Lowell was particularly successful in making clear the attitude of mind which constitutes democracy.]

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with specters and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people by the people for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.'" And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' and he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee'; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked 'Who is there?' and

he said 'It is thyself'; and the door was opened to him." But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal.

It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of a democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy; it is not necessary, nor indeed, in most cases, practicable. Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority reside in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy. This generation has seen a democracy with an imperial figurehead, and in all that have ever existed the body politic has never embraced all the inhabitants included within its territory, the right to share in the direction of affairs has been confined to citizens, and citizenship has been further restricted by various limitations, sometimes of property, sometimes of nativity, and always of age and sex.

The framers of the American Constitution were far from wishing or intending to found a democracy in the strict sense of the word, though, as was inevitable, every expansion of the scheme of government they elaborated has been in a democratical direction. But this has been generally the slow result of growth, and not the sudden innovation of theory; in fact, they had a profound disbelief in theory, and knew better than to commit the folly

of breaking with the past. They were not seduced by the French fallacy that a new system of government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes. They would as soon have thought of ordering a new suit of flesh and skin. It is only on the roaring loom of time that the stuff is woven for such a vesture of their thought and experience as they were meditating. They recognized fully the value of tradition and habit as the great allies of permanence and stability. They all had that distaste for innovation which belonged to their race, and many of them a distrust of human nature derived from their creed. The day of sentiment was over, and no dithyrambic affirmations or fine-drawn analyses of the Rights of Man would serve their present turn. This was a practical question, and they addressed themselves to it as men of knowledge and judgment should. Their problem was how to adapt English principles and precedents to the new conditions of American life, and they solved it with singular discretion. They put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim. With few exceptions they probably admitted the logic of the then accepted syllogism,—democracy, anarchy, despotism. But this formula was framed upon the experience of small cities shut up to stew within their narrow walls where the number of citizens made but an inconsiderable fraction of the inhabitants, where every passion was reverberated from house to house and from man to man with gathering rumor till every impulse became gregarious and therefore inconsiderate, and every popular assembly needed but an infusion of eloquent sophistry to turn it into a mob, all the more dangerous because sanctified with the formality of law.

Fortunately their case was wholly different. They were to legislate for a widely scattered population and for States already practiced in the discipline of a partial independence. They had an unequaled opportunity and enormous advantages. The material they had to work upon was already democratical by instinct and habitude. It was tempered to their hands by more than a century's schooling in self-government. They had but to give permanent and conservative form to a ductile mass. In giving impulse and direction to their new institutions, especially in supplying them with checks and balances, they had a great help and safeguard in their federal organization. The different, sometimes conflicting, interests and social systems of the several States made existence as a Union and coalescence into a nation conditional on a constant practice of moderation and compromise. . . . .

All free governments, whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends. It is, therefore, their first duty to purify the element from which they draw the breath of life. With the growth of democracy grows also the fear, if not the danger, that this atmosphere may be corrupted with poisonous exhalations from lower and more malarious levels, and the question of sanitation becomes more instant and pressing. Democracy in its best sense is merely the letting in of light and air. Lord Sherbrooke, with his usual epigrammatic terseness, bids you educate your future rulers. But would this alone be a sufficient safeguard? To educate the intelligence is to enlarge the horizon of its desires and wants. And it is well that this should be so. But the enterprise must go deeper and prepare the way for satisfying those desires and wants in so far as they are legitimate.

THE PROBLEM OF DEMOCRACY

FREDERIC C. MOREHOUSE

[In this discussion the author turns aside from the many problems of democracy to set forth one problem that seems to him more vital than any other. It is an old objection to putting power in the hands of the people, that the people are not prepared to use it. The claim of greater efficiency has always been advanced for autocratic and tyrannical government. Mr. Morehouse takes the position that it is not a question of democracy vs. kingship, not a question of governmental form merely, but a question of educating the people until they can display the same efficiency in handling their own affairs that we associate with the efficiency of the so-called privileged or trained ruling classes.]

We are not now thinking of the "problems" of democracy. There are many of them, and probably always will be. Much more fundamental is that which is in our thoughts for this consideration: the *Problem* of democracy.

For we have learned much of that problem since our fathers essayed their experiment in democracy nearly a century and a half ago. We have learned that neither the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution of the United States exhausted the subject. We are learning that we may well be a little reticent in promulgating our theories. Apart entirely from our own problems in the United States, democracy has so far failed in several of the republics south of us that the occupation of the United States has been required for their own protection quite as truly as for the protection of the rights of Americans and of foreigners; and, where American occupation has been impossible, such examples of misgovernment as Mexico and Venezuela show that republican forms of government do not necessarily imply good government. We see China and then Russia suddenly seize upon the forms and perhaps the ideal of democracy and then lapse into anarchy. Indeed, we look about among

ourselves and see the inequalities that undoubtedly prevail in the United States, and recognize that, a hundred and forty-two years after the Declaration of Independence was written, our democracy has not yet succeeded in giving *equal* chances to all our own people. Back of the manifold problems of the day lies the Problem of democracy.

Democracy implies the composite ideals, the composite attainments, of a whole people. Given an illiterate people, an ignoble democracy alone can be effected. Our fathers recognized this, and established the public school as the very foundation of democracy; but yet subsequent generations seem to have forgotten it, for the endowment of the whole Negro race with the ballot after the Civil War would have been impossible had this been recognized, and the failure of such Latin-American republics as have permitted their peoples to remain illiterate would have caused no disappointment. So, also, were this firmly recognized, we should not have held out to China and Russia the hope that they could safely build republics in their respective lands until they had first built up at least a semi-educated citizenry. At most an oligarchy—a government by the educated minority instead of by all the people—is the nearest approach to democracy that can be hoped for with any likelihood of obtaining reasonably good government in a land in which the great bulk of the people are illiterate. The American people ought frankly to recognize this fact, which has been so thoroughly demonstrated during the past century and a half, and, so, to guide unprepared nations to a gradual approach to democracy rather than to a sudden leap—which has involved so many national catastrophes in our own day.

Thus far, most people will probably agree with us,

though it does not accord with our old-time Fourth of July oratory. Happily, we are well past the spread-eagle phase of that oratory, nor do we longer enjoy pulling the lion's tail. Englishmen, on the other hand, at last appreciate why George Washington and his associates could not abide their German kings—and wonder that their own fathers did not revolt at the same time. Those kings, trained in the school of Frederick the Great (grandson of George I of England), were as repellent to the spirit of America in the eighteenth century as their descendant of Potsdam is to the England of the twentieth century, and for very much the same reason. This war, therefore, is the vindication of the American Revolution, and, just a little belated, Field Marshal Haig and his men have taken up the cause and the sword of George Washington. The reigning house of England has thoroughly outgrown the Prussianism of its forebears, but the fight of 1776 and the fight of 1918 are the beginning and the end of the popular revolt of the Anglo-Saxon against one and the same thing. Englishmen to-day are fighting for democracy quite as truly as were the Americans of 1776. To the quip that General Pershing arrived in France three years late, it is easy to retort that General Haig was a hundred and forty years late.

So democracy is not the reverse of kingship. Nations have abolished kings and substituted anarchy or degradation instead of democracy for them, and nations have retained kings and accepted the spirit of democracy. The Problem of democracy is not the problem of getting rid of kings. It is the problem of clothing the *whole people* with the elements of kingship. To make kings and queens out of a hundred million people: That is the Problem of American democracy.

AUTOCRACY AGAINST DEMOCRACY

FREDERICK D. BRAMHALL

[The author of these paragraphs is an instructor in political science in the University of Chicago. The passage is taken from a discussion called "Democracy the Basis for World-Order," in which the writer indicates "in what sense it is true that Germany stands as the chief enemy of democracy; how it is impossible for her, so long as that enmity lasts, to be a good neighbor in the world, and how that is the chief obstacle to our American hope for peace and world-order." General terms, such as "democracy" and "autocracy," are used by most people in a vague way. This extract is a successful attempt to sum up the real significance back of the words themselves. It makes it clear that these two words imply two distinct and opposing faiths and methods in human affairs. They are utterly irreconcilable.]

What do we mean when we say that Germany stands for autocracy against the democracies of the world? We do not mean anything so shallow as that her institutions of government are badly planned and should be amended. I suppose that may be said of the United States without treason, even in war time; and if this were a war to force Germany to adopt the United States Constitution, several of us might feel strongly inclined to be conscientious objectors. Such institutions are rather the manifestations and symptoms of something more fundamental —of an attitude toward life and of settled principles of public conduct. Democracy is not a set of devices, a form of machinery of suffrage, of representation, of elections, of relations of executive and legislature, and the like, though they may all have something to do with it. It is not a thing to be enacted, not a goal to be attained and enjoyed. If it were that, and if we had attained it, why then the sooner we found something more important to talk about the better. No! Democracy is a method of progress. It is a faith—unproved like other faiths, but with heartening gleams of promise—a faith in a

common humanity; a belief that men are essentially the same kind of stuff; that in this long pilgrimage of history all travel a common road, and that only by the coöperation of all, by the recognition of all as common partners in the enterprise, with the common dignity of membership, the common experience of failure and achievement, can any sound and permanent advance, any progress worth fighting for, be attained. It denies then that there can be such a thing as a governing class. To attempt to set aside any such class is in the first place an intolerable waste of human spiritual resources; and in the second place it thwarts the hope of civilization. The progress of organized society is the progress of justice between men, and the fruitful ideas of social justice are not handed down from above, but forced up from below. Democracy holds that only by raising the whole people to higher levels can any part of that nation ultimately prosper, and that only as participating and coöperating members can the whole people be raised. It stands for the appeal to reason.

And what, by contrast, is autocracy? It is the appeal to authority as such, to prescription, to the method of power. It denies the righteousness and the profit of general coöperation. It believes in the management of many wills by the competent few. Where democracy holds that men are in general such that they will respond to opportunity and turn toward the light, autocracy holds that they must in general be managed for their own good and that of the state by a will that is not their own. Democracy invites the ranging human spirit to experiment with life. Autocracy proposes to order and regiment it. Democracy respects intrinsic human life with a respect touched with humility; autocracy distrusts and suppresses it.

THE MORAL VALUE OF PATRIOTISM[1]

SHAILER MATHEWS

[In these passages from a longer discussion with the same title, Dr. Mathews gives some definite meaning to terms that are often used vaguely, such as "nation," "nationality," and "patriotism." Patriotism may be a "menace" or an "evangel of peace and justice." The conditions under which patriotism is a blessing are set forth in the clearest terms. "This is the patriotism of the future," he says, "a loyalty to a nation which by its own morality and purpose seeks, not only to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe for the world."]

I

A nation is more than a group of people living under a government and occupying a certain area. Of this we are sure. Yet just how to define the word lies beyond our power. Nationality is as shy of definition as life itself. In many cases it seems to express a common descent and inheritance of the same customs; but some who share these inheritances, like the Slavs, have no political unity. Sometimes, as in the United States, it is the expression of political unity, where there is no community of origin. Sometimes political history, origin, and community of cultural inheritances go to make up national feeling, as in the case of France, England, and Japan, although even in these countries each population may be traced back to different ethnic stocks. Modern nations have their history, but they themselves are more than history. In them all there is the plus element of what for lack of a better term may be called a national spirit. As President Faunce has so well said, "Nationality is a collective memory and a collective hope." Yet when we undertake to analyze and describe this spirit we find ourselves again involved in a maze of forces crossing and recrossing one another, by no means easy to combine either in logic or in fact.

From *Patriotism and Religion*, copyright 1919, by the Macmillan Company.

In treating of a nation we thus have to deal with an entity which is more or less logically arbitrary, but virtually real. France, for example, for centuries slowly evolved from a group of feudal states at last to find a unity in a constitution. But France to the Frenchman—and nowadays to the world—stands for something vastly more than a political unity. It has a place and a mission in the world to which its government is almost incidental. Similarly in the case of Germany. The German Empire as a political unity is vastly less important than *das Deutschtum*.

So it comes to pass that loyalty to one's nation is vastly more inclusive than loyalty to one's government. True, when as in the case of Germany a government is set forth as the state and makes its own ambitions and policies the guiding forces within the group which it rules, it becomes the object of loyalty. But the nation, whatever may be its constitutional aspect, is more than its government. Loyalty to one's nation—or when government is imperfect or lacking, one's people—which is the only workable definition of patriotism, is on the one side a sort of property right in a social inheritance, and on the other side an idealistic devotion to the mission which its citizens believe is the duty of a state to perform.

It follows, therefore, that patriotism gets its highest moral value not from itself as a state of soul. Patriotism no more than sincerity is a guaranty of wisdom. Its moral values are derived from the significance of the nation. If this significance be morally indefensible, patriotism becomes a menace. If the political, economic, and international policies of a nation are those which are morally justifiable, patriotism is an evangel of peace and justice.

II

Unless history is about to reverse its tendencies it is the nation upon which we must build the future. Universal human welfare will result from coöperative nationalism. Great empires have not been possible since the rise of nations. The Roman Empire was able to produce an extraordinarily efficient type of internal organization and to continue through centuries of warfare because it did not have to face the problems of creative nations. The peoples it controlled had no further contribution to make to history, no traditions for which their citizens were ready to die. It was better for them to enjoy the Roman peace as subjects than to attempt revolt, for they had no national ideals worth fighting for. Only in the case of the little Jewish state was the Roman Empire threatened by a serious revolt. That is to say, there was no worthful patriotism because the nations had ceased to have the power to make contributions to human progress.

When one compares the Roman Empire with the modern world a difference is at once apparent. It was threatened by no violated nationalism. Napoleon at one time controlled practically the entire Continent of Europe. But he was attempting to control national powers. His empire was short-lived because the inner forces of national life were expansive and yearly increased the strain upon the military unity and control which he imposed. National life was sooner or later bound to express itself in national explosions.

The same thing is even more emphatically true now. If it were conceivable that the German people could establish a military empire like that of Napoleon, the rise of national patriotisms would sooner or later inaugurate a period of rebellion, war, and the reëmergence of national units. We can already see this in the case of the

Austro-Hungarian Empire, where the Poles, Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs are striving steadily for larger national self-existence. They can, of course, within certain limits be restrained and coerced, for they have no national organization to give direction to ethnic loyalty. But an empire composed of conquered nations would compress national spirit to the point where violent disintegration would certainly appear. Militarism can maintain supremacy in a modern world only as long as its masters are outside the pale of the inevitable development of popular rights. The modern democracies are anti-militaristic, hostile to wars of conquest, and increasingly mindful of international justice. A German world-state would fall like any social anachronism.

Admitting, therefore, that there are dangers in patriotism and that nations are as yet undoubtedly competitive groups, we are all the more concerned with the purposes and ideals of nations. The danger of patriotism to the world-order lies, not in nationality and patriotism, but in the sort of national policies which they represent. If nationality and patriotism are to be identified with German theories of the state, a German national loyalty will result. Nationality and patriotism are then undoubted evils which ought to be remedied. But a nation composed of persons who regard national welfare as consistent with the welfare of other nations is not a curse. Patriotism that prompts a nation to protect weaker nations from their stronger neighbors and seeks to lead in coöperative effort for the welfare of humanity is the promise of a new and better world-order.

Can patriotism thus be made a coöperative rather than a belligerent virtue? Or in the age which is to come after the war must we expect a development of militaristic patriotism? Will the defeat of Germany mean what

the success of Germany would mean? Is the world to become a group of mutually antagonistic political units each seeking its own advantage at the expense of others? Evidently these questions strike through economics and politics into the substratum of moral character of the nations themselves. On the answer given largely hangs our faith in the future.

III

Only in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, and in Turkey has the old type of patriotism, which consists in loyalty to a divinely established, irresponsible monarchy bent on the conquest, persisted without serious modifications.

It is not of liberty that the German patriot boasts, but of his *Kultur*, defended and enforced by arms. And when *Kultur* is described by its evangelists it is seen to be a patriotism centering about a state relying upon military power rather than regard for personal rights.

Thus in our day there appear two types of patriotism, that of democracy and that of autocracy. By their morals as by their history shall they be judged!

The patriotism of the democratic powers has never been militaristic and has taken up the present conflict with loathing. The patriotism of the German is essentially militaristic and regards war as an integral part of a foreign policy. The patriotism of democracy has never demanded that its government should conquer lands possessed of settled national life. It has respected the rights of organized nations and has increasingly recognized the fact that loyalty to one's country involves the recognition of the rights of other nations. The patriotism of Germany has excluded all such recognition and has centered itself vigorously upon aggressive conquest and an immoral disregard of other nations' well-being. Justice, its leaders declare, is a civic virtue. "It is

foolish," says Karl Peters (1915), "to talk of the rights of others; it is foolish to speak of a justice that should hinder us from doing to others what we ourselves do not wish to suffer from them." The supreme demand of such a patriotism has been for the extension of national boundaries, the appropriation of other nations' territory, the laying of crushing indemnities. The patriotism of democracy has sought to extend constitutional rights even to those less organized peoples over whom its power has extended. The patriotism of autocracy has subordinated personal rights to the power of a state, deriving its authority from no other source than inheritance given sanction by an appeal to a German God. When the democratic patriotism has turned to God, it is to the God who rules over other nations, who is the God of law and justice. When the patriotism of Germany has turned to God, it has been to a national god whose chief aim is to inspire the courage of those who draw the flashing sword and give comfort to those who have perished in the extension of national power and the brutal imposition upon other countries of its own national civilization.

Their conception of national obligation and mission has further given to the patriotism of free peoples the conviction that the relations of nations must ultimately be based upon mutual recognition of national rights and national individuality.

IV

We may then challenge any man who claims to be a patriot to answer this question: For what does your nation stand? Does it stand for the imposition of a national civilization upon nations whose inhabitants have been killed and starved and deported? Does it stand for the elevation of force into a religion and the organization for war as a legitimate and inevitable method of national

expansion? Or does it stand for liberty and opportunity for the individual, the right of weak nations to maintain their independence and their national traditions, the submission of international disputes to arbitration, and the hatred of war as a curse?

When we as Americans face such questions as this there need be no hesitation in our answer. It is time that we repudiated the slander which Germany has sedulously championed and propagated, that the United States is materialistic and dollar-mad. What nation in all the world has been more scrupulous in its regard of the rights of other nations? We have made mistakes. We have had our early period when we believed with other nations that it was right to conquer. But for seventy years we have dared follow ideals which are worthy of a Christian people. A war for four terrible years removed slavery from our constitutional life. We fought a war with Spain that Cuba might be free. And when we came into possession of the Philippines we not only paid an indemnity for our victory, but deliberately undertook to educate the Filipinos in the ways of democracy and self-government. We gave back an indemnity to Japan and refused to take a punitive indemnity from China. We have preserved the Western Hemisphere from European spoliation, and we have helped our neighboring weaker republics into financial health and international safety. We have refused to intervene in Mexico at the behest of concessionaires. We are at this moment fighting a war entailing unmeasured sacrifice, not only that we may be free from the terror that intrigues by day and arms by night, but that the whole world may share in the same freedom.

The citizen of the United States need not be blind to the crudities, the blunders, and the national shortcomings

of his nation. Criticism is not tabooed by patriotism. We have done some things we ought not to have done and we have left undone some of the things we ought to have done; but by the grace of God there is health in us! We may whole-heartedly declare that we stand for a nation that has a mission; that dares to help other nations who are in distress and is determined to right wrongs it may have done. This is the patriotism of the future, a loyalty to a nation which by its own morality and purpose seeks, not only to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe for the world. The millions of fathers and mothers who see their sons swept into the maelstrom of war have no conflict with their consciences. These sons are not the creatures of the will to power, but of the will to serve. Our patriotism dares glory in its outlook and its hopes because it knows that the triumph of our land is the triumph of the cause of a better humanity. And because of this vicarious nationalism it dares pray a God of justice to give it victory in battle.

THE LAW OF HIGH, RESOLUTE ENDEAVOR

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[This address was delivered at Milwaukee in the presidential campaign of 1901. Mr. Roosevelt was at that time a candidate for the vice-presidency. He had come into very great prominence in the Spanish-American War as the colonel of the "Rough Riders," and later as governor of New York. In this carefully prepared address he states the general features of the theory of life and citizenship which his career after that time as president and as private citizen put into practice. The general vigor and earnestness of his views about America's place among the nations and about the duties of American citizens at home make the speech worthy of study as a statement of strenuous American ideals.]

In his admirable series of studies of twentieth-century problems Dr. Lyman Abbott has pointed out that we are a nation of pioneers; that the first colonists to our shores

were pioneers, and that pioneers selected out from among the descendants of these early pioneers, mingled with others selected afresh from the Old World, pushed westward into the wilderness, and laid the foundations for new commonwealths. They were men of hope and expectation, of enterprise and energy; for the men of dull content or more dull despair had no part in the great movement into and across the New World. Our country has been populated by pioneers, and therefore it has in it more energy, more enterprise, more expansive power than any other in the wide world.

You whom I am now addressing stand, for the most part, but one generation removed from these pioneers. You are typical Americans, for you have done the great, the characteristic, the typical work of our American life. In making homes and carving out careers for yourselves and your children, you have built up this State; throughout our history the success of the home-maker has been but another name for the upbuilding of the nation. The men who with axe in the forest, and pick in the mountains, and plough on the prairies, pushed to completion the dominion of our people over the American wilderness have given the definite shape to our nation. They have shown the qualities of daring, endurance, and farsightedness, of eager desire for victory and stubborn refusal to accept defeat, which go to make up the essential manliness of the American character. Above all they have recognized in practical form the fundamental law of success in American life — the law of worthy work, the law of high, resolute endeavor. We have but little room among our people for the timid, the irresolute, and the idle, and it is no less true that there is scant room in the world at large for the nation with mighty thews that dares not to be great.

Surely in speaking to the sons of men who actually did the rough and hard and infinitely glorious work of making the great Northwest what it now is, I need not insist upon the righteousness of this doctrine. In your own vigorous lives you show by every act how scant is your patience with those who do not see in the life of effort the life supremely worth living. Sometimes we hear those who do not work spoken of with envy. Surely the wilfully idle need arouse in the breast of a healthy man no emotion stronger than that of contempt—at the outside, no emotion stronger than that of angry contempt.

The feeling of envy would have in it an admission of inferiority on our part, to which the men who know not the sterner joys of life are not entitled. Poverty is a bitter thing, but it is not as bitter as the existence of restless vacuity and physical, moral, and intellectual flabbiness to which those doom themselves who elect to spend all their years in that vainest of all vain pursuits, the pursuit of mere pleasure as a sufficient end in itself. The wilfully idle man, like the wilfully barren woman, has no place in a sane, healthy, and vigorous community. Moreover, the gross and hideous selfishness for which each stands defeats even its own miserable aims. Exactly as infinitely the happiest woman is she who has borne and brought up many healthy children—so infinitely the happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work. The work may be done in a thousand different ways; with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done and well worth doing, that is all we have a right to ask. Every father and mother here, if they are wise, will bring up their children not to shirk difficulties, but to meet them and overcome them; not to strive after a life of ignoble ease, but to strive to do their duty, first to

themselves and their families and then to the whole State; and this duty must inevitably take the shape of work in some form or other. You, the sons of pioneers, if you are true to your ancestry, must make your lives as worthy as they made theirs. They sought for true success, and therefore they did not seek ease. They knew that success comes only to those who lead the life of endeavor.

It seems to me that the simple acceptance of this fundamental fact of American life, this acknowledgment that the law of work is the fundamental law of our being, will help us to start aright in facing not a few of the problems that confront us from without and from within. As regards internal affairs, it should teach us the prime need of remembering that after all has been said and done, the chief factor in any man's success or failure must be his own character; that is, the sum of his common-sense, his courage, his virile energy and capacity. Nothing can take the place of this individual factor.

I do not for a moment mean that much cannot be done to supplement it. Besides each of us working individually, all of us have got to work together. We cannot possibly do our best work as a nation unless all of us know how to act in combination as well as how to act each individually for himself. The acting in combination can take many forms, but, of course, its most effective form must be when it comes in the shape of law; that is, of action by the community as a whole through the law-making body.

But it is not possible ever to insure prosperity merely by law. Something for good can be done by law, and a bad law can do an infinity of mischief; but, after all, the best law can only prevent wrong and injustice, and give to the thrifty, the far-seeing, and the hard-working a chance to exercise to the best advantage their special and

peculiar abilities. No hard and fast rule can be laid down as to where our legislation shall stop in interfering between man and man, between interest and interest. All that can be said is that it is highly undesirable, on the one hand, to weaken individual initiative, and on the other hand, that in a constantly increasing number of cases we shall find it necessary in the future to shackle cunning as in the past we have shackled force.

It is not only highly desirable, but necessary, that there should be legislation which shall carefully shield the interests of wage-workers, and which shall discriminate in favor of the honest and humane employer by removing the disadvantages under which he stands when compared with unscrupulous competitors who have no conscience, and will do right only under fear of punishment.

Nor can legislation stop only with what are termed labor questions. The vast individual and corporate fortunes, the vast combinations of capital, which have marked the development of our industrial system, create new conditions, and necessitate a change from the old attitude of the state and the nation towards property.

It is probably true that the large majority of the fortunes that now exist in this country have been amassed not by injuring our people, but as an incident to the conferring of great benefits upon the community; and this, no matter what may have been the conscious purpose of those amassing them. There is but the scantiest justification for most of the outcry against the men of wealth as such, and it ought be to unnecessary to state that any appeal which directly or indirectly leads to suspicion and hatred among ourselves, which tends to limit opportunity, and therefore to shut the door of success against poor men of talent, and, finally, which entails the possibility of lawlessness and violence, is an

attack upon the fundamental properties of American citizenship. Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or down together. Yet more and more it is evident that the state, and if necessary the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control, as regards the great corporations which are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations, which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency. The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint; but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises.

So much for our duties, each to himself and each to his neighbor, within the limits of our own country. But our country, as it strides forward with ever-increasing rapidity to a foremost place among the world powers, must necessarily find, more and more, that it has world duties also. There are excellent people who believe that we can shirk these duties, and yet retain our self-respect; but these good people are in error. Other people seek to deter us from treading the path of hard but lofty duty by bidding us remember that all nations that have achieved greatness, that have expanded and played their part as world powers, have in the end passed away. So they have, and so have all others.

The weak and the stationary have vanished as surely as, and more rapidly than, those whose citizens felt within them the life that impels generous souls to great and noble effort. This is another way of stating the universal law of death, which is itself part of the universal law of life. The man who works, the man who does great deeds, in the end dies as surely as the veriest idler who cumbers the earth's surface; but he leaves behind him the great fact that he has done his work well. So it is with nations. While the nation that has dared to be

great, that has had the will and the power to change the destiny of the ages, in the end must die, yet no less surely the nation that has played the part of the weakling must also die; and whereas the nation that has done nothing leaves nothing behind it, the nation that has done a great work really continues, though in changed form, forevermore. The Roman has passed away, exactly as all nations of antiquity which did not expand when he expanded have passed away; but their very memory has vanished, while he himself is still a living force throughout the wide world in our entire civilization of to-day, and will so continue through countless generations, through untold ages.

It is because we believe with all our heart and soul in the greatness of this country, because we feel the thrill of hardy life in our veins, and are confident that to us is given the privilege of playing a leading part in the century that has just opened that we hail with eager delight the opportunity to do whatever task Providence may allot us. We admit with all sincerity that our first duty is within our own household; that we must not merely talk, but act, in favor of cleanliness and decency and righteousness, in all political, social, and civic matters. No prosperity and no glory can save a nation that is rotten at heart. We must ever keep the core of our national being sound, and see to it that not only our citizens in private life, but, above all, our statesmen in public life, practice the old commonplace virtues which from time immemorial have lain at the root of all true national well-being.

Yet, while this is our first duty, it is not our whole duty. Exactly as each man, while doing first his duty to his wife and the children within his home, must yet, if he hopes to amount to much, strive mightily in the

world outside his home; so our nation, while first of all seeing to its own domestic well-being, must not shrink from playing its part among the great nations without.

Our duty may take many forms in the future as it has taken many forms in the past. Nor is it possible to lay down a hard and fast rule for all cases. We must ever face the fact of our shifting national needs, of the always-changing opportunities that present themselves. But we may be certain of one thing: whether we wish it or not, we cannot avoid hereafter having duties to do in the face of other nations. All that we can do is to settle whether we shall perform these duties well or ill.

Right here let me make as vigorous a plea as I know how in favor of saying nothing that we do not mean, and of acting without hesitation up to whatever we say. A good many of you are probably acquainted with the old proverb, "Speak softly and carry a big stick—you will go far." If a man continually blusters, if he lacks civility, a big stick will not save him from trouble, and neither will speaking softly avail, if back of the softness there does not lie strength, power. In private life there are few things more obnoxious than the man who is always loudly boasting, and if the boaster is not prepared to back up his words, his position becomes absolutely contemptible. So it is with the nation. It is both foolish and undignified to indulge in undue self-glorification, and, above all, in loose-tongued denunciation of other peoples. Whenever on any point we come in contact with a foreign power, I hope that we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power. Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done to us in return. Let us further make it evident that we use no words

which we are not prepared to back up with deeds, and that while our speech is always moderate we are ready and willing to make it good. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guarantee of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people.

This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe Doctrine. There is not the least need of bluster-ing about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American state. But, most emphatically, we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the old American position. Indeed, it is hard to under-stand how any man can take any other position now that we are all looking forward to the building of the isthmian canal. The Monroe Doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be.

All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent; and the Spanish-American states should, in their own interests, champion it as strongly as we do. We do not by this doctrine intend to sanction any policy of aggres-sion by one American commonwealth at the expense of any other, nor any policy of commercial discrimination against any foreign power whatsoever. Commercially, as far as this doctrine is concerned, all we wish is a fair field and no favor; but if we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatsoever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement on American soil by any European power, and this, no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take.

We most earnestly hope and believe that the chance of our having any hostile military complication with any foreign power is very small. But that there will come a

strain, a jar here and there, from commercial and agricultural—that is, industrial—competition, is almost inevitable. Here again we have got to remember that our first duty is to our own people; and yet that we can best get justice by doing justice. We must continue that policy that has been so brilliantly successful in the past, and so shape our economic system as to give every advantage to the skill, energy, and intelligence of our farmers, merchants, manufacturers, and wage-workers; and yet we must also remember in dealing with other nations that benefits must be given where benefits are sought. It is not possible to dogmatize as to the exact way of attaining this end; for the exact conditions cannot be foretold. In the long run one of our prime needs is stability and continuity of economic policy; and yet, through treaty or by direct legislation, it may, at least in certain cases, become advantageous to supplement our present policy by a system of reciprocal benefit and obligation.

Throughout a large part of our national career our history has been one of expansion, the expansion being of different kinds at different times. This explanation is not a matter of regret, but of price. It is vain to tell a people as masterful as ours that the spirit of enterprise is not safe. The true American has never feared to run risks when the prize to be won was of sufficient value. No nation capable of self-government and of developing by its own efforts a sane and orderly civilization, no matter how small it may be, has anything to fear from us.

Our dealings with Cuba illustrate this, and should be forever a subject of just national pride. We speak in no spirit of arrogance when we state as a simple historic fact that never in recent times has any great nation acted with such disinterestedness as we have shown in Cuba. We freed the island from the Spanish yoke. We then

earnestly did our best to help the Cubans in the establishment of free education, of law and order, of material prosperity, of the cleanliness necessary to sanitary well-being in their great cities. We did all this at great expense of treasure, at some expense of life, and now we are establishing them in a free and independent commonwealth, and have asked in return nothing whatever save that at no time shall their independence be prostituted to the advantage of some foreign rival of ours, or so as to menace our well-being. To have failed to ask this would have amounted to national stultification on our part.

In the Philippines we have brought peace, and we are at this moment giving them such freedom and self-government as they could never under any conceivable conditions have obtained had we turned them loose to sink into a welter of blood and confusion, or to become the prey of some strong tyranny without or within. The bare recital of the facts is sufficient to show that we did our duty, and what prouder title to honor can a nation have than to have done its duty? We have done our duty to ourselves, and we have done the higher duty of promoting the civilization of mankind.

The first essential of civilization is law. Anarchy is simply the handmaiden and forerunner of tyranny and despotism. Law and order enforced by justice and by strength lie at the foundation of civilization. Law must be based upon justice, else it cannot stand, and it must be enforced with resolute firmness, because weakness in enforcing it means in the end that there is no justice and no law, nothing but the rule of disorderly and unscrupulous strength. Without the habit of orderly obedience to the law, without the stern enforcement of the laws at the expense of those who defiantly resist them, there can be no possible progress, moral or material, in civilization.

There can be no weakening of the law-abiding spirit at home if we are permanently to succeed, and just as little can we afford to show weakness abroad. Lawlessness and anarchy were put down in the Philippines as a prerequisite to inducing the reign of justice.

Barbarism has and can have no place in a civilized world. It is our duty toward the people living in barbarism to see that they are freed from their chains, and we can only free them by destroying barbarism itself. The missionary, the merchant, and the soldier may each have to play a part in this destruction, and in the consequent uplifting of the people. Exactly as it is the duty of a civilized power scrupulously to respect the rights of all weaker civilized powers and gladly to help those who are struggling toward civilization, so it is its duty to put down savagery and barbarism. As in such a work human instruments must be used, and as human instruments are imperfect, this means that at times there will be injustices; that at times merchant, or soldier, or even missionary may do wrong.

Let us instantly condemn and rectify such wrong when it occurs, and if possible punish the wrong-doer. But shame, thrice shame, to us, if we are so foolish as to make such occasional wrong-doing an excuse for failing to perform a great and righteous task. Not only in our own land, but throughout the world, throughout all history, the advance of civilization has been of incalculable benefit to mankind, and those through whom it has advanced deserve the highest honor. All honor to the missionary, all honor to the soldier, all honor to the merchant who now in our own day have done so much to bring light into the world's dark places.

Let me insist again, for fear of possible misconstruction, upon the fact that our duty is twofold, and that we

must raise others while we are benefiting ourselves. In bringing order to the Philippines, our soldiers added a new page to the honor-roll of American history, and they incalculably benefited the islanders themselves. Under the wise administration of Governor Taft the islands now enjoy a peace and liberty of which they have hitherto never even dreamed. But this peace and liberty under the law must be supplemented by material, by industrial, development. Every encouragement should be given to their commercial development, to the introduction of American industries and products; not merely because this will be a good thing for our people, but infinitely more because it will be of incalculable benefit to the people of the Philippines.

We shall make mistakes; and if we let these mistakes frighten us from work, we shall show ourselves weaklings. Half a century ago Minnesota and the two Dakotas were Indian hunting-grounds. We committed plenty of blunders, and now and then worse than blunders, in our dealings with the Indians. But who does not admit at the present day that we were right in wresting from barbarism and adding to civilization the territory out of which we have made these beautiful States? And now we are civilizing the Indian and putting him on a level to which he could never have attained under the old conditions.

In the Philippines let us remember that the spirit and not the mere form of government is the essential matter. The Tagalogs have a hundredfold the freedom under us that they would have if we had abandoned the islands. We are not trying to subjugate a people; we are trying to develop them, and make them a law-abiding, industrious, and educated people, and we hope, ultimately, a self-governing people. In short, in the work we have done, we are but carrying out the true principles of our

democracy. We work in a spirit of self-respect for ourselves and of good-will toward others; in a spirit of love for and of infinite faith in mankind. We do not blindly refuse to face the evils that exist, or the shortcomings inherent in humanity; but across blunderings and shirking, across selfishness and meanness of motive, across shortsightedness and cowardice, we gaze steadfastly toward the far horizon of golden triumph.

If you will study our past history as a nation you will see we have made many blunders and have been guilty of many shortcomings, and yet that we have always in the end come out victorious because we have refused to be daunted by blunders and defeats—have recognized them, but have persevered in spite of them. So it must be in the future. We gird up our loins as a nation with the stern purpose to play our part manfully in winning the ultimate triumph, and, therefore, we turn scornfully aside from the paths of mere ease and idleness, and with unfaltering steps tread the rough road of endeavor, smiting down the wrong and battling for the right as Greatheart smote and battled in Bunyan's immortal story.

SOME THINGS MEN FIGHT FOR[1]

FREDERICK PALMER

[The author, now on General Pershing's staff, was from the beginning of the Great War the official American representative of the Associated Press with the allied armies on the Western front. He writes most fluent, graceful, and stirring prose. When the United States entered the war, Mr. Palmer wrote a little book called *With Our Faces to the Light*. "Now the struggle," he says, "that I had seen begun with the young Belgian King's call of his country to arms; that I had seen continued in Belgium's living death under German rule, in a Paris holding its breath while it waited word from the Marne, in the glad pursuit of the Germans to the Aisne, in all the processes of trench vigils and attacks and counter attacks on the Western front, had become our struggle. It meant Virginia and Maine and California as well as Flanders and France; it meant

[1] From *With Our Faces in the Light*, copyright 1917, by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

you and me." The passages that follow tell us what our action meant as "patriotism of the soil" and as the "patriotism of tradition." To understand the mention of Virginia in an early paragraph, keep in mind that the author was traveling across his native state as the ideas of the chapter took form in his mind.]

I

War opens the national ledger, puts the stethoscope on the national heart, sounds the national character. Had we grown soft, as some people said? Were we only an agglomeration of races and not a nation? What spirit did we bring to our task? How deep and how true was our patriotism?

I had had many lessons in patriotism from association with those men whose courage was a wall in France between us and the Germans. One of indelible simplicity I had from Francis Grenfell who saved the guns at Mons, when he was convalescing from his second wound.

"That is what we are fighting for," he said, as we were strolling above the valley of the Thames and he swept his hand toward the carpet of hedge and field.

Later, on the same afternoon, he asked me if I should like to see the diary which he had kept through the retreat from Mons and the first battle of Ypres. We sat in the silent library of the house while I read his brief, soldierly, unaffected account. Frequently there were only a few lines of entry, but many times the last words of the day were, "For England!" written out of the heart in the secrecy of a private journal. Again he wrote, "I am glad to do this for England," after the fighting had been particularly hard and his part very active.

"When I go back I suppose that I shall get it," he said, as a matter of course. "Not that one wants to die. Who does?" and he looked fondly out of the window across the sweep of lawn toward the banks of his beloved Thames — which he was not to see again.

"Isn't that worth fighting for?" I thought, as I looked out at the Virginia fields.

Then I was back in thought in a captured German trench, and a Frenchman, speaking of what France meant to him, took up a handful of soil:

"This is France!" he said. "I have France in my hand!"

His roots were in the earth. His ancestors were in France when Cæsar came with his conquering legions. He had not to reason about the causes of the war. His cause was under his feet in the inheritance of countless generations of Frenchmen, holding fast to their tongue, their literature, their France.

Where he had only a country from the Mediterranean to the North Sea and Grenfell only a country from Land's End to John o' Groat's, I had a country extending from Canada to the Rio Grande and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Long periods of absence had taught me to envisage it as a whole. Sheer legal titles to real estate aside, I had a claim on the whole. Where Grenfell and the Frenchman were poor in acres I was rich.

As either man spoke I was not seeing the valley of the Somme or the Thames, but the New England hills and the factory towns beside the winding streams; the valley of the Hudson, which you may enjoy for the taking of a train; the rich, black acres of the Middle West turned under the plow; the cotton fields in bloom; the Mississippi with the immensity of its eternal flow calling to the imagination as a unifying power to all the States and towns which it passed on its way to the Gulf; the irrigation farms in the midst of the desert; the Rockies in massive grandeur outdoing imagination; and the orange groves and all the world beyond the Rockies looking out toward the Pacific — all was America, where I was at

home in the great, widespread American family. I could take up the soil of any part of it in my hand and say that it was mine.

"When I think what England has done for me, this is the least that I can do for England," said Grenfell.

To him it was simply a matter of paying a debt; a debt which in this instance was paid with his life to the land that had given him life.

I recalled a dedicatory ceremony in a small town at home. A man who had gone from the small town to the city when he was young and accumulated a fortune had given to his native place a recreation park. All of the speech-making was about the honor that he had brought to the community by being born there. No one mentioned what the community had done for him; even he overlooked the thought, which would have brought the light into his face if it had occurred to him. He was only paying his debt to the mother earth of his rootage with his gold, a debt which some have to pay with their lives. For the time comes to every nation when it must pay its debt to its parent soil.

How much America has done for us! How much we owe to this new land, fallow to our rootage, pliant to our shaping! Some parts of it have beauty of scene and richness of loam together; others, monotonous distances and hard tillage. Nothing looks better to me when I return from enforced absence abroad than a stone wall running over the knoll of a Connecticut farm. The Tiber is a commonplace river, but it was the mother river to the Romans who set the mistress city of the world on its bank. The Greeks immortalized in sculpture the marble ridges of their sterile land which they loved because it was theirs. There is no true patriotism without the patriotism of the soil.

II

There is the patriotism of tradition, too. It is a hollow form unless you live up to it; the excuse of inertia, the proxy of courage and sacrifice for a dying people in their degeneration. Need one ask if we had it when one was in Virginia? George Washington was a Virginian.

The European thinks of us as young. We are and, let us hope, ever shall be young, and ever with our faces in the light. Yet we are old—the oldest of the great republics. Our tradition is one hundred and forty-one years young or old, as you please. It began with the winning of freedom and the shaping of it. Where other nations take their tradition from kings who built for themselves unlimited monarchies, we take ours from an elected President. We had freedom when England still sent prison ships to Australia and parliamentary institutions were not yet born in France, which does not ensure that we shall retain it or prove that Americans are freer than Englishmen and Frenchmen to-day. Such a guarantee rests with the present generation, and with every present generation in all the ages to come.

Those of us who have felt the racial pull in this war had best remember that Washington fought his race for a principle. We have been neglecting Washington of late years, perhaps. He is of sterner stuff than some of the dispensations of an irresolute democracy favor. We shall revert to him more and more as we come to sterner times. He made the nation. Others have had only to hold it together.

To the average American of to-day he is a kind of autocrat, this greatest of republicans; a dim, shadowy figure in the garb of the age of aristocracy; but I envisage him as near, human and real as he mounted his horse to ride away to take command at Cambridge in the

prime of manhood. Never did mortal set out with a finer light in his face, or on a braver mission, or on one which meant more to the world. Never had a people a finer tradition in leadership.

Those Australians and Canadians who are fighting in France, more than they realize, owe the heritage of their freedom to the lesson that Washington's sword taught; and all kings of the German breed, whether set on home or on foreign thrones to-day or in '76, owe him eternal hate. But for him and his tattered regiments there might have been no allied cause and the invasion of Belgium would not have shocked the sensibilities of civilized conscience.

The richest man in America may take a lesson from him who was the richest man of his time in Virginia. With all to lose, he risked all. His wealth and family position assuring aristocracy's favor if he chose it, he might naturally have inclined to be a loyalist; and if he had George III of Hanover would have won. He faced the odium of rebellion, of personal ruin, when precedent did not augur the success of rebellion against the intrenched monarchism of Europe. Yet with his broken, ill-fed troops in retreat, harassed by intrigue, his resolution never faltered. No matter what the distress of his cause he fought cleanly—and how cleanly compared to the way that Prussian monarchism has fought! Without munitions he stuck it as the British and the French stuck it at Ypres, for he was the sticking kind.

Valley Forge, not Gettysburg or Lexington, should be the shrine of our patriotic pilgrimages. Lexington was the flash of patriotic impulse which might have been merely the abortive uprising of some farmers if the rebellion had not become a revolution. Valley Forge was the test of democracy in arms; the trying out of the

manhood of the country. In that winter camp came the decision whether or not we were worthy of winning a heritage, as again and again our worthiness to preserve it must be proven.

The relics of the old headquarters at Valley Forge, which I visited after the Somme battle, were only the symbols which helped me in these days of luxury to visualize that stalwart republican seated at the table, going over his papers with the exactitude of the thrifty planter, the considerate employer that he was; holding his temper under great stress and letting it flash out humanly over cowardice or incompetency; or stooping in his height to pass out of the door to make the rounds of the log huts, reprimanding a malingerer, heartening a sentry in a storm with a kindly word, bringing the light into the faces of his ill-clad, half-famished men when the world thought that his cause was lost.

I should be small-minded indeed not to be proud of ancestors who had shared such hardships, and smaller-minded still if I thought that the latest immigrant to arrive at Ellis Island might not be as good a citizen as I. It is well to repeat these obvious things lest we forget them; well to remember the fortitude which made us a nation when fortitude is required of us again.

Washington had no gift for speeches or infectious catch phrases which use tradition as the mask for a play of words. He made tradition. He wrought with deeds. If he had chosen he might have been dictator, even king; but this was the thing he fought against. The spirit that sent him into retirement as a citizen when his work was finished—that is the spirit which is arming a civilized world more than a century later against the usurpation of power. He had no thought of being an

indispensable man; therefore he was the indispensable man. His was the patriotism of character; Valley Forge the patriotism of fortitude.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

FRANKLIN K. LANE

[This is the second half of Secretary Lane's address at the commencement exercises at Brown University, June 21, 1916. It brings vividly before us a favorite thought of Americans that the essence of Americanism rests in the capacity to surmount obstacles by the inspiring force of a worthy ideal. Since this address was delivered, Mr. Hoover has become our national food administrator. He has had in his charge the tremendous problems of conservation and distribution of food supplies so that our own people at home, our armies abroad, the allied nations, and the neutral nations might all be fed.]

A spirit is intangible. It defies definition or limitation. It can only be made comprehensible by acts. So let me illustrate my idea of the spirit of America by naming two men—both Californians—Theodore Judah and Herbert Hoover.

All have heard of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins, and Crocker, the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad. The real builder of that road was a young Connecticut engineer named Judah. He had the vision, he made the surveys. He found the way across the mountains. Then he found Stanford the grocer and Huntington the hardware man and told his dream and showed his plans. They caught fire. Judah convinced them that Congress could be made to supply the money. He came to Washington, became the clerk of the Senate Committee on Pacific Railroads, then the clerk of the House Committee, wrote both reports; the bill was passed, and going home in triumph he died upon the Isthmus of Panama. The spirit of young Judah has been the making of America.

The next man I name to you is Herbert Hoover, mining engineer—Hoover of California, Hoover of Siberia, Hoover of Russia, Hoover of England, Hoover of Belgium, Hoover of the world, the head of the Belgian Relief Committee. That young man comes to this country unnoticed and leaves unnoticed. But his administrative mind has made possible the feeding of a nation. He has organized the financial system for Belgium. Through him the heart of the world has spoken to those suffering people.

This young man is only a mining engineer from Stanford University who has drifted all round the world, and when the war broke out was living in England, managing a great industrial and mining property in the Ural Mountains. A hundred thousand men were at work for him, and all the genius that he had was at once put to work to succor the unfortunate Belgians. I shall never forget the simple way in which he told me of his adventure in going to France and asking for help. He went to the Premier and said: "I have got to have some money for the relief of the Belgians," and the Premier said: "But we have a war ourselves, we have destitute people of our own. How much do you think you should have from us?" "And I said, 'Well, I think we should have twenty-two million francs a month from you until the war is over.' And the Premier said, 'Oh, my, we have not the money, but I will see the banks, I will see what can be done.' And I went back to London with my heart sick. But the next day there came a letter saying, 'Dear Mr. Hoover, please find check for twenty-two million francs. I beg you will acknowledge it,' signed by the Premier of France." And each month the same check has come and no question has ever been asked as to how it was spent.

He said to me with a glow: "Do not believe that the American flag is not respected abroad. If anyone ever

tells you that, tell him to go to Brussels and stand in front of the United States legation and see the Belgian as he passes take off his hat to the Stars and Stripes; no English flag, no French flag, no Russian flag, no Spanish flag, no Japanese flag, no Chinese flag, but the Stars and Stripes, which never have been hauled down in Belgium, and from sunrise in the morning until sunset at night the Belgian peasants and Belgian artisans pass that house, and as each passes takes his hat off to that flag."

Judah the incarnation of the spirit of American ambition to make hard places easy. Hoover the incarnation of the spirit of American desire to help the world. Let us stand beside the Belgian peasant before that flag over in Brussels and take heart.

MY DEBT TO MY COUNTRY

FREDERICK G. MUTTERER

[One of the striking facts about foreign-born citizens of the United States is their loyalty to their adopted country. The statement that follows has been chosen as fairly representative of this loyal class. Very simply the speaker tells us the main points in his spiritual autobiography. As a poor boy he came to America, worked his way to an education, and became the head of the department of German language and literature in an institution for higher learning. There is no hesitation when the test comes as to whether he will stand by the country of his birth or by the country which gave him his chance and with which he had cast his lot. It is of course inevitable that he should feel keenly the tragedy of the old Germany of ideals lost in the later Germany of autocratic militarism.]

I am perhaps the only one among this present assembly whose cradle stood on the enemy's soil, and whose playmates and those nearest in blood have become the bitter enemies of his own country, and whose aged mother—if she still lives—is forced to pray to God that He may help to defeat the cause for which her son's country is fighting. I have been teaching the German language and German literature in this institution for a number of years. I

have taught my classes to esteem the works of Germany's great spiritual heroes. I hold in high regard Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and many, many others who have made invaluable contributions to the world's permanent spiritual possessions and have brought repute to the German race. Of course many of you know this, and I can't blame you, in these times of peril, when every one of us should not only valiantly defend, but also jealously guard, the safety of this Nation and its institutions, if you have wondered whether in my case the call of blood is not stronger than the feeling of right and gratitude and duty. I am not ashamed of my German name nor of my German blood, but I feel deeply aggrieved against the German militaristic party, the German Imperial Government, Prussianism, and the unholy German arrogance which made good blood and a good name "a challenge to the world" and which have discredited the spiritual contributions of old Germany. I believe that the great majority of the Americans of German descent feel the same intense grievance towards this dire power.

Personally, I feel no obligation to either the Imperial German Government or the government of the particular state in which I was born. The meager educational and social opportunities it provided for that community in which I spent the first fifteen years of my life were, as I see it now, more calculated to make of me a contented, harmless subject than a good citizen and valuable man. Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing were not in our course of study, but many a patriotic song, and many a poem of loyalty to princes and of heroism in the battlefield; much Bible reading, especially of the Old Testament; much dogmatic interpretation of biblical passages and catechism, and much church history since the time of Luther. The possessions of real value to me personally,

which I acquired during those childhood days, the school authorities of that community did not intentionally put within my reach; other forces and other men and women helped me to them. The governmental system gave little to that small community and wanted much from it. It wanted high taxes, to maintain royally its royal house, to pay the salaries of its thousands of high and petty officials, to pay for its church, which was most generous in its consolation and admonitions but most miserly in its comfort and inspiration; it wanted in those days for three years every able-bodied son who had reached his twentieth year for the army; it offered in return starvation wages and frequently there was not even enough work for the willing ones to earn even that.

The strong impulse within me to make something of myself facing the futility to do so under the described conditions, and the natural repugnance for militarism as I saw it and its consequences in that little community, in that beautiful wooded valley of the Black Forest mountains, sent me, a boy of fifteen years, away from the home I loved, sent this boy, alone, thousands of miles across the sea to a people whose language he did not know, but to the land of his youthful hopes. One of the happiest days of my boyhood was that day when I held in my hands the government passport permitting me to leave Germany for this country. I can truthfully confess that never for a single moment have I regretted that step, and can gratefully avow that this country gave me more freedom, and its people and institutions greater opportunity for self-development, than I had anticipated in my boyhood speculation. To me my adopted country has been most generous. Can you doubt where my heart is in this struggle? Can you question to which government I am loyal? I renounced and abjured in deed all

allegiance and fidelity to the Imperial German Government when, at eighteen, I refused to obey the formal governmental summons to return to Germany and register for military service at the court house of my native county. I "renounced and abjured" by verbal oath and by my signature before the judge of the county court of Christian County, Illinois, "all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and more particularly all allegiance which I especially owe to William II, Emperor of Germany," when I was twenty-two years old, as early as in my case circumstances permitted. I am very proud of the document which the clerk of the court put into my hands on that day, and ever since then I really have felt myself a full-fledged citizen of the United States and an American. Even if my tongue at times betrays the German blood that flows in my veins, my head thinks as loyally and my heart beats as sincerely for the good of this country as any man's can, whether his ancestors landed on Plymouth Rock or built their first hut on the banks of the James River.

As a loyal citizen of this country, I, with other Americans of German blood, have all the grievances against the Imperial German Government which you native-born Americans have, but we have in addition other very serious grievances also, which you need not have. As Mr. Otto H. Kahn of New York puts it in his Milwaukee address, "In the gloomy and accusing procession of infinite sorrow and pain which was started on that thrice-accursed day of July, 1914, the hurt inflicted on Americans of German descent takes its tragically rightful place. The iron has entered our souls.

"We have been wantonly robbed of invaluable possessions which have come down to us through the centuries.

We have been rendered ashamed of that in which we took pride. We have been made enemies to those of our own blood. Our very names carry the sound of a challenge to the world. Surely we have all too valid a title to rank among those most bitterly aggrieved by Prussianism and to align ourselves in the very forefront of those who in word and in deed are fighting to rid the world forever of that malignant growth."

To support my presumption in stating so frankly and so much of my own personal case, I quote further from Mr. Kahn's address: "I believe that we should speak out, we Americans of German birth, because we have been misrepresented to our fellow citizens and to the world by a small minority of professional spokesmen and agitators, by no means all of German birth. We must protect the German name as far as it is in our keeping in America. Alas, we can't protect it elsewhere. It has always, and rightly, been an honored name here, and those who bore it have ever done their full share in the common weal, in the works of peace no less than in every crisis of the nation's history. Let us do what in us lies to preserve the names we bear in honor and good standing amongst our fellow citizens. . . . . I believe that we should speak out to convince our native fellow citizens that our fundamental conceptions of right and wrong are like theirs, and that the taint of Germany is not in the blood, but in the system of rulership; that we are with them and of them whole-heartedly, single-mindedly, and unreservedly because if we failed in conveying to them that conviction in the hour of our common country's stress and trial, there would ensue a calamity of a spiritual, if not actual, break between them and us which it would take generations to heal."

We are now in this great war. I for one cannot separate

myself from the common great cause of this country's mission, as it was announced by our great, humanly generous, and firm President in his last two messages to Congress. What is in me to do I shall do when my country calls. Whatever it be, I shall not consider it a sacrifice, only a duty that I owe and a righteous debt which I want to pay.

A MESSAGE FROM FRANCE

JOHN H. FINLEY

[The turning of the energies of a great nation to the one supreme purpose of winning a war necessarily disturbs many of the ordinary lines of activity. Such a centering of the attention may even keep us from realizing that now, more than ever, the necessity exists for educating those upon whom the future welfare of the country must depend. Commissioner Finley uses the inspiring example of what sorely stricken France is doing after four years of devastating warfare, to impress upon us that there must be no slackening of our educational efforts. The fact that the speaker is talking from his own observations in France gives point and force to what he says.]

There are two armies for the defense of our civilization. One is the Army of Present Defense; the other is the Army of Future Defense. We have for months that have run into years watched the former, marveling at its valors, sympathizing with its losses. We are now mobilizing and training our own forces to join in that defense on the crucial line, which civilization must hold.

But this side of that line is the other army, pictured by M. Viviani, former Minister of Public Instruction in France, when he said: "Unless the military authorities forbid, the schools must everywhere be kept open. Then it may be said that our 'scholastic front' follows everywhere the very line of the trenches, being never more than ten kilometers distant, often less than two."

From the military front we have daily report. Hundreds of correspondents watch its every movement.

The whole world, whatever its occupation, turns every morning to see what is happening there. But of the vast other army, in France alone, twice or three times the first army in size, there are but meager reports. It is only when its teachers and pupils are mobilized into the first that we are likely to hear of them, either fighting in the trenches or helping in some specific way to give material aid or spirit to those who are exposing their lives to make the world a safe place for free human beings to live in.

It was this second army, this "scholastic front," that, representing a portion of our conscript Army of Future Defense,—tens of thousands of teachers and millions of children—I went to France to see, in order that we might have some advice of those under whose tuition the immortal valors of the first army have been nourished.

Of the military front I shall not speak, for hundreds of Americans permitted to visit that trench strip (which I have called "Everyman's Land" and which I hope is to give foundation for many international institutions of the new world democracy) have seen more than I of its heroisms and horrors, though I traveled the length of it from where it touches the English line, near St. Quentin (whose spireless cathedral I could see), to St. Dié under the German guns, not more than a half dozen miles from the "blue line of the Vosges," which marks the border between France and its lost Alsace—St. Dié, to which I made a pilgrimage (behind camouflage for many miles of the way), because it was there that the name "America" is said first to have been put on the printed page.

Tens, and I think hundreds, of thousands of men of that Army of Present Defense I saw in ceaseless stream of blue flowing to and fro from the front under skies stained by the enemy's menace and over fields planted with danger, or dotted with graves, but there is nothing to

say of them that the world does not and will not know as long as history tells her story. My one envy in life is of those who are permitted to take their places in that line.

And I must quote, in passing from it to the other front, the letter of a girl in one of the lycées that I visited—the lycée where General Gallieni had his quarters for a time early in the war—a letter which in one paragraph graphically depicts the distance by which the millions on either side of that narrow, trenched strip are separated; and in the second, intimates the closeness of the sympathy between France and America:

> It was only a little river, almost a brook; it was called the Yser. One could talk from one side to the other without raising one's voice, and the birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on the two banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the distance which separated them was greater than that of the stars in the sky; it was the distance which separates right from injustice.
>
> The ocean is so vast that the sea gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships of America, going at full speed, drive through the deep waters, before the lighthouses of France come into view; but from one side to the other hearts are touching.

But the other army whose first lines are within sound and range of the guns!—one covets the eloquence of a Viviani to tell of its no less heroic endurances and achievements and of its vital importance to the future of France which the present valors of her people are revealing to the world and defending against destruction.

When one hears that more than four thousand teachers of those in France (thirty thousand men were called from

the elementary schools alone at the beginning of the war, and of course many thousands later) who have been called from the Army of Future Defense to that of Present Defense have been cited for military valor, one can believe that the same heroic spirit pervades the entire teaching body of France and that the remark of the Rector of the University of Nancy was warranted. I had been looking at the broken walls of an elementary school, wrecked by a shell which fell upon it in the midst of a morning's session. The master of the school, when the shells began to fall near the school building, timed the interval between the first shells, got his children in line for marching, and then the moment a third or fourth shell fell, marched them to a building seventy paces away that had a cellar with stout walls. The next shell penetrated the school building and would doubtless have killed or maimed all the children had they remained. I said to the Rector that this teacher should have been given the *croix de guerre*. "No," said the Rector. "No, any teacher in France would have done this"—which recalls a sentence from the first report of the present Director of Elementary Education after the beginning of the war, to the effect that the teachers having been accustomed before the war to think continuously of the good of their pupils were kept even in the trenches from egotism and selfishness.

And I find a better figure than my own in the tribute of this gentle Director whom I found in his office in the Rue de Grenelle, but in daily touch with this "scholastic front":

"We admire, not without reason, the serenity of the farmer who, two steps from the battle line, is sowing for the future his grain on the bloody furrows. And many such farmers or farmers' wives I saw on those furrows,

while the little puffs of smoke showed that the enemy was in their skies. Let us admire none the less these teachers who, all along the line of fire, hold their classes within the sound of the cannon; they are also sowing for the future."

Again and again in my journey there came to me the saying of Voltaire: "The spirit of France is the candle of Europe." Voltaire saw it glowing in the peasants' huts, and he would see it now in the trenches were he in France to-day; but I saw its flame, too, in the dim-cloistered places of learning, in the halls of the lycées and even in little and meagerly furnished rooms of the schools of France, which except for its light would have seemed sad and somber places. And one could but recall, too, what Voltaire said further in speaking of this candle of Europe, as if in divination of what had come to pass. "You English," he said, "(nor all other) can blow it out. . . . . And you English will be its screen against the blowing out, though in spasms of stupidity you flaunt the extinguisher."

The winds, savage in temper and fury beyond any that have ever blown over the earth, have been driving across France from the northeast; winds that have razed villages to dust, that have felled trees by thousands in the fields, that have poisoned waters with their breath, that have shown no respect for schools or hospitals or churches, that have not only demanded the fertile earth in their path, but have torn it so that it will not for years, if ever, be able to support life. But, despite all this, the spirit of France, the candle of Europe, is unquenched.

France has restricted the use of food, fuel, and light; she has discouraged travel except for reasons of necessity; she has mobilized every able-bodied man for present defense; but she has not for one moment forgotten her

future defense. She has even opened schools in caves and occasionally provided teachers and pupils with gas masks; she has put women by thousands in the places of men teachers called to the front; she has received back into service many men with marks of honor upon their breasts, who have been incapacitated by wounds, to teach again in the schools they had left. Indeed, I have seen many hundreds of children from the occupied territory being taught in *casernes* (barracks) by their women teachers who had fled with them. But she has not, except under compulsion of cannon and bombs, taken from any child that heritage in which alone is the prophecy of an enduring nation.

The able-bodied men of France are fighting in the first army to preserve the candle that holds the flame, but the teachers are fighting as valiantly in the other to make the candle worth the grim game—this candle of Europe which has become the candle of civilization.

The advice which France, out of her physical anguish but unabated aspiration of spirit, sends to us from her "scholastic front" is this: "Do not let the needs of the hour, however demanding, or its burdens, however heavy, or its perils, however threatening, or its sorrows, however heart-breaking, make you unmindful of the defense of to-morrow, of those disciplines through which the individual may have freedom, through which an efficient democracy is possible, through which the institutions of civilization can be perpetuated and strengthened. Conserve, endure taxation and privation, suffer and sacrifice, to assure to those whom you have brought into the world that it shall be not only a safe but also a happy place for them." Not that France has put this advice into words. She would consider that presuming. It is the advice of her doing that I have attempted to translate.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

HERMANN HAGEDORN

[In a little book called *You Are the Hope of the World*, Mr. Hagedorn makes an appeal to the girls and boys of America to take up earnestly and understandingly the work of remaking a devastated world. It is a stirring appeal. The author does not hesitate to use the very language of Young America itself. There is nothing bookish about it. Without mincing matters he tells us in what respects we have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Our splendid traditions, our boundless spirit of optimism, our unlimited opportunities for service in the cause of humanity—all these are so presented that the contagious enthusiasm of the speaker grips us as with hoops of steel. It has been difficult to make a selection from a book where every page sets the blood tingling and calls forth the determination to be true to the heritage of the past and to make the glorious ideals of our present actual realities in the life of the whole world.]

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

What now does the world ask you to do to fulfill that hope? It asks you, first of all, to sit down and think about your country; and then, when you have taken thought, it asks you to jump to your feet and do something!

The world is sick of kings and hungry for democracy. The world has been sick of kings a long while and it was hungry for democracy even in Christ's time. But the world knows very well that the reason kings have clung on is that kings are efficient and democracies muddle. Kings are not growing any less efficient; democracies, therefore, will have to stop muddling or give up the game. Youth of America, which shall it be?

A hundred and forty years ago boys of your age were fighting for the liberty you now enjoy. Have you ever considered what it would mean to you if that liberty should be taken from you? Liberty has come to you as a birthright. The institutions under which you live seem to you firm and eternal as the Rockies. But they are not firm and they are not eternal. They are neither

fire-proof nor bomb-proof. They are not even rat-proof. This nation cannot exist on its splendid past. It must have a splendid present, or it will have no future at all. The present is yours. What are you going to do with it?

I believe I know what you are going to do, because I believe, Young America, that I know *you*. Only a quitter would cry in an hour like this: "I'll do what I've always done—go my own way." But you are not quitters. You are the opposite of quitters! You are the worthy heirs of an heroic line. The men and women who have gone before you loved democracy and many of them labored and died that democracy might grow strong and expand. Your elder brothers are learning how to fight, and if the Great War goes on—as it may—for two, three, or four years more, you who are boys now will have to learn how to defend democracy with arms against assault from without. But you who are ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen to-day, can and must begin now to acquire that more difficult training which shall enable you to defend democracy against assault from *within*. The enemies of democracy do not always come as armies with banners.

Your brothers are going oversea to fight democracy's external foes. Be you soldiers likewise in the same great cause! There are two wars to fight: a war without and a war within. You are too young to fight in France. But the youngest of you is not too young to fight here at home for a keener participation of all in the government of his town, his state, his nation. You may be too young to die for democracy; but no girl or boy is ever too young to live for democracy!

Your country is at war. You cannot go to the front. But, in the highest sense, you are the true Home Guard. Are you going to do your part?

In your nation's critical hour, girls and boys of America, what are you going to do? . . . . Now, then, clear the deck for action! Away with lies first of all! Overboard with self-delusion! This is our first labor for democracy, that we look at ourselves squarely and try to see ourselves as we are.

Clear eyes now, and no wincing! We're first of all sentimentalists. We believe what we want to believe, and what we don't want to believe, we ignore.

We're wasteful—look at our forests, look at the youth in our slums!

We're materialistic—look at the faces in our cities, look how hard we are to arouse in defense of a principle!

We're improvident, blindly careless of everything beyond the present hour—we never *prepare!*

As citizens we are indifferent—we will endure in our government every form of extravagance, inefficiency, and corruption conceivable rather than jump into the midst of the mess and help to clean it up.

What can *you* do?

The newspapers are full, these days, of what your city, your state, your nation, are doing for the protection of their citizens and the defense of American principles abroad. Let it be your part to find out what your city, your state, your nation, are doing for the welfare of their citizens and the upholding of American principles *at home*. . . . .

What can *you* do?

You can, each of you, begin now to make yourself, what every American should be, a vital part of the machinery of the American government.

You can do more. You can create a tradition of alert citizenship, a tradition of public service. You have now in your schools and colleges a tradition of clean athletics.

A man must not play summer baseball, he must not slug, he must not break training. You have a tradition, moreover, of service to the college or school. A man must come out for the team, he must do something in coöperation with his fellows—sing, write, row, tinkle the banjo—or he will lose caste and not be elected to the Hush-button Club. He must play square by his team, his class, his college. But he need not play square by his city, his state, or his nation. . . . . *For there is no tradition of public service.*

Young America, it is your opportunity and your obligation to create that tradition; for if such a tradition is ever to have influence in the lives of men and women, it must become a part of their lives in school time and college time. Do you see the possible force of such a tradition? If you do, then set forth and gather a friend or two friends or three friends about you and "in congress assembled," like the Grand Old Fellows of 1776, determine that henceforth you will think about the needs of America, and argue about the needs of America, and give your hands and your hearts to serve the needs of America.

If there is to be a tradition of public service in this country, you, girls and boys, must start that tradition. Your elders can't do it. Such a thing cannot be handed down from the desk. It must start as a spark in the heart of one of you and kindle that heart to fire. And that heart must kindle other hearts, and those hearts must kindle other hearts still, until, throughout the nation, the words *America*, *democracy*, and *public service* meet, in the eyes of girls and boys, not dull indifference, but a flame! No instruction in history, government, civics, or any other form of training for citizenship which schools and colleges can give is worth the time and energy it takes to teach it, unless, meeting it, in the hearts of girls and boys, is the

desire for public service. Though every schoolteacher and college president in the country—and there are saints among them—should leap to his feet to-day and cry, "I will teach my girls and boys to be citizens!" their best intentions would be without result as long as that desire for public service remained unawakened. You must run ahead. You, the awakeners; you, the Paul Reveres; you, the kindlers of fire in frozen and indifferent hearts. . . . . I tell you, the time has passed when we could afford to chatter lightly over the teacups concerning the needs and the shortcomings of our country. Smash the cups, Young America, and come out and fight, that *government of the people by the people for the people shall not perish from the earth.* Fight! Not with guns, but with your brains! Your elder brothers will have to fight with guns; many of them will have to die here or with their fellows-in-democracy in France and Flanders.

Hail and good luck to them!

To you, girls and boys of ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, is given a work every bit as grand as dying for your country; and that is, living for the highest interests of your country!

Those interests are the interests of democracy.

If, therefore, you live for the highest interests of America, you live at the same time for the highest interests of the world. In that struggle, the goal is neither nationalism nor internationalism. It is democracy. It is a lasting peace among nations; and, as far as it is humanly possible, amity among men.

Go to it! Go to it, girls and boys of America!

You are the hope of the world!

PART II

FOUNDATIONS OF DEMOCRACY: ALLIED STATESMEN AND WRITERS

The democracy of the future must be a great deal better and cleaner than any which now exists, with more reverence, more discipline, more love of beauty, more joy in life, as well as more social justice and better distribution of wealth, more freedom for the soul and more friendliness between man and man. Towards this end, however dimly seen and distantly followed, all the nations that have suffered together in the War of the World's Liberation must contribute, bringing their various gifts.

—GILBERT MURRAY, in Preface
to *Faith, War, and Policy*

PART II

INTRODUCTORY

In his fine discussion on "The Moral Value of Patriotism," in Part I, Dr. Shailer Mathews points out that the worth of patriotism depends on the ideals, the spirit, of the nation that calls for loyalty. Nationality, in other words, is very much more than the geographical aspects of some portion of the earth's surface. Nationality is that something that lies at a people's heart. The spirit that is really America, or France, or England is not something that suddenly springs into being at a time of crisis. We are likely to be more conscious of it then, but a little thought will show us that the principles that make up a nation's consciousness are evident throughout the long-developing policies of the land.

Such is the point of view seen throughout all the selections chosen to suggest the meaning of American democracy. It is equally evident here in all the passages by which the interpreters of other nations make clear the spirit of their peoples. And it is especially of momentous interest that if the names of the countries were left blank and the illustrative instances were less specific we might easily think that the speakers for our associates in this war were talking of our own nation. We have been in the habit of characterizing Englishmen or Frenchmen by external qualities in which they differ from us rather than by the more fundamental qualities in which we are alike. It has taken this world war to make it evident that there are in essence just two patriotic types called by the general names of "democratic" and

"autocratic." The free nations of the earth have paid a great price for the certain knowledge of their spiritual kinship, but that knowledge is indeed priceless. It is difficult to believe that national prejudices can ever again be as prominent as they were before 1914. The region of the allied battle front has well been called "Everyman's Land." The chosen millions who fought there, and the many more millions who gave and upheld those who fought will, while gaining increased devotion to their own land, never lose the sense of oneness with other peoples.

It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, to find Viscount Bryce asserting that England stands for the same great ideals that we claim for ourselves—love of liberty, the claims of nationality, sacredness of national obligations, humaneness, opposition to militarism. He does not fail to observe that a nation, like an individual, must learn some things through bitter experience. Thus: "Once in her history, one hundred and forty years ago, she lost the North American colonies because, in days when British freedom was less firmly established than it is now, a narrow-minded and obstinate king induced his government to treat those colonies with unwise harshness. She has never forgotton that lesson, and has more and more come to see that freedom and nationality are a surer basis for contentment and loyalty than is the application of force." One splendid result of Britain's having learned this lesson was the way in which her great dependencies rallied to the support of her cause throughout the war. Viscount Bryce points out why those who, like himself, have been opponents of war in general still have heartily supported this war. It is because "the future of mankind seems to us to be at stake" in the victory of one or the other of the principles in conflict.

The world is determining whether the doctrine that "the State is Power" or the doctrine that "the State is Justice" is to rule. In closing he makes a plea for an "effective League of Peace" after the war. This is quite in line with President Wilson's "League of Nations." The whole discussion is an excellent example of the power of quiet, restrained, unexcited statement of a case.

The Flame of France—how well this title of a book suggests the inner quality of what France means to us. It is a spirit to which, embodied in the figure of the youthful Lafayette, the eternal youth of our own land has always responded. Nowhere does this "flame" burn with a keener brilliance than in the orators of France. "Words that breathe and thoughts that burn," poetic expression though it be, seems to take on reality of meaning even in reading the translation, without the magnetic presence of the speaker, of the words of an orator like Viviani. In the example chosen to illustrate his eloquence he does not present in detailed argument the justification of his country's cause. His appeal is to our higher feelings, our love of fair play. We no longer see France as a land full of individuals. She is a shamefully mistreated woman, and we are listening with growing indignation to the story of her wrongs. We see her robbed, hectored, insulted. We see her bearing all until asked to humiliate her honor. And then we see her children rising at the call of their mother. Skillfully the orator plays upon our feelings by his gracious recognition of our moral support given in the early days of France's agony, and by his assumption that our natural understanding of the issues involved made it finally impossible to stand aloof. Oratory is sometimes said to have had its day in the affairs of men, but a great occasion can still call forth a glowing instance such as this address.

Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, Belgium's two great men of letters, seem fit voices for that heroic little nation. It is possible to conceive that Germany might have conducted the war in such a way as to have commanded some support from the world outside her vassal allies. But her cynical disregard of treaty rights, the brutalities of the earlier days of the invasion, the open avowal of her statesmen that military necessity knows no law, turned public opinion everywhere almost entirely against her. The thing, however, that caught the immediate sympathy of the world with a completeness not to be shaken was the thrilling example of a pygmy among nations, in size merely, flying at the throat of a great enraged colossus without stopping to estimate the inequality of the conflict. No wonder that everybody at once recalled Julius Cæsar's two-thousand-year-old tribute: "The bravest of all these are the Belgians." No wonder that her spokesmen are proud of her king, proud of her little army, proud of her people, and, above all else, proud of her pride. Very literally Belgium saved civilization, "saved the world while knowing that she could not be saved."

In Premier Lloyd George's statement of "Britain's War Aims" we have the responsible government statement of what the Allies expected to achieve. In such an address every word must be carefully weighed. There is a clear recognition of the people's right to the full confidence of their government. The Premier emphasizes the fact that he speaks after advising with all sections of thought and opinion. He makes clear what "we are not fighting for." There is a clear distinction drawn, as in President Wilson's message, between the German Government and the German people, and the suggestion is made that the best proof Germany could give of being ready for

a just peace would be the adoption of "a really democratic constitution." Insistence is made upon the principles of restoration and reparation, self-determination on the part of subject peoples, and a final settlement that will preclude the possibility of future wars. "After all," he says, "war is a relic of barbarism." It is significant that this address was made only a few days before President Wilson formulated his "fourteen points." The practical identity of the terms outlined in the two documents suggests that they were intended to present the final agreement which had been arrived at by the allied countries as to the peace terms to be enforced.

In all that statesmen and writers have said about the war the word "democracy" holds leading place. In "The Spirit of Democracy" a representative of the laboring classes, a statesman of recognized vision and power, tells what he thinks the word means. It means the divine right of peoples to liberty and equality, the reign of freedom and justice, international coöperation and goodwill. It means that moral qualities are the essentials of national greatness. It means the recognition of the importance of the individual, for "democracy can never rise to the full greatness of its possibilities unless the individual rises to the highest point of moral greatness." Democracy can take full advantage of its glorious opportunities only as a people "fired by moral passion and lofty ideals, led by men and women inspired to action by high purpose and unselfish ambition."

We have noticed in a preceding paragraph how the opponents of war in general have found themselves supporting this war because they realized that the future of civilization was at stake. In the selection to which we have given the title "Ennobling Tragedy," one of the most earnest of these opponents points out "some cases

of extraordinary good." Instead of finding that the war has brutalized soldiers he finds that "they are daily doing nobler things than we most of us have ever had the chance of doing, things which we hardly dare hope we might be able to do." He tells two stories of such "nobler things" to illustrate his meaning. These were instances from the first days of the war. Anyone familiar with the multitudinous personal records that have come from the front could multiply these instances by the hundreds. The inspiring fact about such cases is the confidence in human nature which they give us. They show that the call to clearly seen duty which will tax the utmost strength and perhaps mean the spending of life itself is "one form at least of high happiness, and one that appeals—the facts prove it—not only to saints and heroes, but to average men."

The literary men and women, as well as the fighting men, were mobilized for service. In democratic countries enlightened public opinion is a first necessity. In our own country the organization known as "The Vigilantes" has done yeoman work, first, in awakening the public to the imminence of war, and second, in steadying the public mind in the midst of war. In England writers like Mrs. Humphry Ward, Kipling, Barrie, Masefield, Chesterton —to mention a few of a multitude—have done similar service in using their great powers to picture for those at home the work of their representatives in the field. In "The American Invasion of England," spoken at the dedication of a "hut" at the Winchester camp, Mr. Kipling is engaged in one of those little amenities that have made the Americans feel so welcome in all the friendly countries which they have "invaded." His pleasantries about the willingness of England to be occupied by the armed forces of a foreign nation, contrary to the common

notion of her attitude, or the suggestion that the starting of a pyramid would not annoy her, show him in his most jovial mood. But he does not fail to pay his respects to the devil, and to make clear through his pleasantries that both he and his hearers know what the war is about and what it is to accomplish. Nothing could be better than the close with its magnificent welcome of his listeners to the "honorable and gallant fraternity of comrades-in-arms the wide world over."

In England, as elsewhere, the problems of education have recently had much attention. Parliament has just passed an education bill that puts the schools on an essentially democratic foundation and practice. The closing selection in the group, "Democracy and Education," is not an exposition of the new scheme. Rather it is a general attempt to suggest what are the principles of a democratic education and to point out what their acceptance would mean in practice. Some way must be found, the writer thinks, to reconcile the claims of utilitarian and cultural demands. The importance of developing "imaginative sympathy" receives a much-needed emphasis, and the whole spirit of the educational argument is in keeping with what others have been saying about the future political ideals of the world.

WHAT ENGLAND STANDS FOR

JAMES BRYCE

[Viscount Bryce has long been regarded as one of the sanest and most far-sighted of modern statesmen. His *The American Commonwealth* is a standard work on our government. He was the British ambassador at Washington at the beginning of the war. Since his return to England he has done great service by his work on various commissions, particularly in the investigation of atrocities perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium and France and by the Turks in Armenia. His *Attitude of Great Britain in the Present War* is marked by the simplicity, clearness, and breadth of illustration that characterize fullness of knowledge. Our selection is taken from that discussion. It is worth noting that this discussion, like President Wilson's addresses, concerns itself with fundamental principles and ideals, and that he, like our President, is an earnest advocate of a League of Nations that shall make for the amity of the world.]

Now let me try to state what are the principles which animate the British people, making them believe they have a righteous cause, and inducing them, because they so believe, to prosecute the war with their utmost energy.

There is a familiar expression which we use in England to sum up the position and aims of a nation. It is "What does the nation 'stand for'?" What are the principles and the interests which prescribe its course? What are the ends, over and above its own welfare, which it seeks to promote? What is the nature of the mission with which it feels itself charged? What are the ideals which it would like to see prevailing throughout the world?

There are five of these principles or aims or ideals which I will here set forth, because they stand out conspicuously in the present crisis, though they are all more or less parts of the settled policy of Britain.

I

The first of these five is Liberty.

England and Switzerland have been the two modern countries in which Liberty first took tangible form in

laws and institutions. Holland followed, and the three peoples of the Scandinavian North, kindred to us in blood, have followed likewise.

In England Liberty appeared from early days in a recognition of the right of the citizen to be protected against arbitrary power and to bear his share in the work of governing his own community. It is from Great Britain that other European countries, whose political condition had, from the end of the Middle Ages down to the end of the eighteenth century, been unfavorable to freedom, drew, in that and the following century, their examples of a government which could be united and efficient and yet popular, strong to defend itself against attack, and yet respectful of the rights of its own members. The British Constitution has been the model whence most of the countries that have within recent times adopted constitutional government have drawn their institutions. Britain has herself during the last eighty years made her constitution more and more truly popular. It is now as democratic as that of any other European country, and in their dealings with other countries, the British people have shown a constant sympathy with freedom. . . . .

II

Britain stands for the principle of Nationality. She has always given her sympathy to the efforts of a people restless under foreign dominion to deliver themselves from the stranger and to be ruled by a government of their own. The efforts of Greece from 1820 till her liberation from the Turks, the efforts of Italy to shake off the hated yoke of Austria and attain national unity under an Italian King, found their warmest support in England. English Liberals gave their sympathy to national movements in Hungary and Poland. They gave that sympathy also to the German movement for

national unity from 1848 to 1870, for in those days that movement was led by German Liberals of lofty aims who did not desire, as the recent rulers of Germany have desired, to make their national strength a menace to the peace and security of their neighbours. In India, England has long ceased to absorb into her dominions the native States, and has been seeking only to guide the rulers of those States into the paths of just and humane administration, while leaving their internal affairs to their own native governments. . . . .

III

England stands for the Maintenance of Treaty Obligations and of those rights of the smaller nations which rest upon such obligations. The circumstances of the present war, which saw Belgium suddenly attacked by a Power that had itself solemnly guaranteed the neutrality of Belgian territory, summoned England to stand up for the defence of those rights and obligations. Her people feel that the good faith of treaties is the only foundation on which peace between nations can rest, and, especially, is the only guarantee for the security of those which do not maintain large armies. We recognize the value of the smaller States, knowing what they have done for the progress of mankind, grateful for the examples set by many of them of national heroism and of achievements in science, literature, and art. So far from desiring to see the smaller peoples absorbed into the larger, as German theorists appear to wish, we believe that the world would profit if there were in it a greater number of small peoples, each developing its own type of character and its own forms of thought and art. . . . .

When the German armies suddenly crossed the Belgian frontier, carrying slaughter and destruction in their train, an issue of transcendent importance was raised.

Can treaties be violated with impunity? Is a nation which, trusting to the protection of international justice and treaty obligations, has not so armed itself as to be able to repel invasion, obliged helplessly to submit to see its territory overrun and its towns destroyed? If such violence prevails, what sense of security can any small nation enjoy? Will it not be the helpless prey of some stronger Power whenever that Power finds an interest in pouncing upon it? What becomes of the whole fabric of international law and international justice? This issue was plainly stated by the Chancellor of the German Empire when he said in the Reichstag that the entrance of German troops upon Belgian soil was "contrary to the rules of international law," and spoke of "the wrong that we are committing." Belgium was bound by honour to resist invasion, because she had solemnly pledged herself to the other Powers to maintain neutrality. It was the condition of her creation and her existence. And England, obliged by honour to succour Belgium, has thus become the champion of international right and of the security of the smaller nations. There is nothing she more earnestly desires to obtain as a result of this war than that the smaller States should be placed for the future in a position of safety, in which the guarantees for their independence and peace shall be stronger than before, because the sanction of the law of nations will have been made more effective.

IV

England stands for the Regulation of the Methods of Warfare in the interests of humanity, and especially for the exemption of noncombatants from the sufferings and horrors which war brings. Here is another issue raised by the present crisis, another conflict of opposing principles. In the ancient world, and among semi-civilized

peoples in more recent times, noncombatant civilians as well as the fighting forces had to bear those sufferings. The men were killed, combatants and noncombatants alike; the women and children, if spared, were reduced to slavery. That is what the Turkish Government—I say "the Government" because some good Muslims disapprove—have been doing during the last few months in Asia Minor and Armenia, on a far larger scale than even the massacres perpetrated by Abdul Hamid in 1895–6. They are doing it systematically. They are slaughtering the men, they are enslaving some of the women by selling them in open market or seizing them for the harem, and driving the rest, with the children, out into deserts to perish from hunger. In Trebizond, a few months ago, they seized most of the Armenian population of the city, of both sexes, put them into sailing vessels, carried them out to sea, and drowned them all. They are deliberately exterminating the whole Christian population, and avow this to be their policy, although the Christians had not risen against them or given any offence. The Turkish Government is, of course, a thoroughly barbarous Government. But in civilized Europe Christian nations have during the last few centuries softened the conduct of war by agreeing to respect the lives and property of innocent noncombatants, and thus, although the scale of modern wars has been greater, less misery has been inflicted on inhabitants of invaded territories. Their sufferings were less in the eighteenth century than in the seventeenth, and less in the nineteenth than in the eighteenth. In the war of 1870–1 the German troops behaved better in France than an invading force had usually behaved in similar circumstances. Now, however, in this present war, the German military and naval commanders have taken a long step backward toward barbarism. Innocent noncombatants

have been slaughtered by thousands in Belgium and in France, and the only excuse offered (for the facts of the slaughter are practically admitted) is that German troops have sometimes been fired at by civilians. Now it is true that any civilian who takes up arms without observing the rules prescribed for civilian resistance is liable to be shot. The rules of war permit that. But it is contrary to the rules of war, as well as to common justice and humanity, to kill a civilian who has not sought to harm an invading force. The fact that some other civilian belonging to the same town may have fired on the invaders does not justify the killing of an innocent person. To seize innocent inhabitants, call them "hostages" for the good behaviour of their town, and shoot them if the invaders are molested by persons whose actions these so-called "hostages" cannot control, is murder and nothing else. Yet this is what the German commanders have done upon a great scale.

German air-war has been conducted with equal inhumanity. Bombs are being dropped upon undefended towns and quiet country villages, in places where there are no troops, no war factories, no stores of ammunition. Hardly a combatant has suffered, and the women and children killed have been far more numerous than the male noncombatants. No military advantage has been gained by these crimes. They have not even frightened the people generally. They have only aroused indignation at their purposeless cruelty, and this indignation has in England stimulated recruiting and strengthened the determination to pursue the war to the end. The killing of noncombatants by this sort of warfare has been a blunder as well as a crime.

The same retrogression toward barbarism is seen in the German conduct of war at sea. It had long been the

rule and practice of civilized nations that when a merchant vessel is destroyed by a ship of war because it is impossible to carry the merchant vessel into the port of the captor, the crew and the passengers of the vessel should be taken off and their lives saved, before the vessel is sunk. Common humanity prescribes this, but German submarines have been sinking unarmed merchant vessels and drowning their passengers and crews without giving them even the opportunity to surrender. They did this in the case of the *Lusitania*, drowning 1,100 innocent noncombatants, many of them citizens of neutral States, and they have since repeatedly perpetrated the same crime. The same thing was done quite recently (apparently by Austria) in the case of the Italian passenger ship *Ancona*. This is not war, but murder.

These facts raise an issue in which the interests of all mankind are involved. The German Government claims the right to kill the innocent because it suits their military interests. England denies this right, as all countries ought to deny it. She is contending in this war for humanity against cruelty, and she appeals to the conscience of all the neutral peoples to give her their moral support in this contention. Peoples that are now neutral may suffer in the future, just as those innocent persons I have referred to are suffering now, by these acts of unprecedented barbarity.

V

England stands for a Pacific as opposed to a Military type of civilisation. Her regular army had always been small in proportion to her population, and very small in comparison with the armies of great Continental nations. Although she recognizes that there are some countries in which universal service may be necessary, and times at which it may be necessary in any country, she has

preferred to leave her people free to follow their civil pursuits, and had raised her army by voluntary enlistment. Military and naval officers have never, as in Germany, formed a class by themselves, have never been a political power, or exercised political influence. The Cabinet Ministers placed in charge of these two services have always been civilian statesmen—not Generals or Admirals—until the outbreak of the present war, when, for the first time, under the stress of a new emergency, a professional soldier of long experience was placed at the head of the War Department. England has repeatedly sought at European conferences to bring about a reduction of war armaments, as well as to secure improved rules mitigating the uses of war; but has found her efforts baffled by the opposition of Germany. In none of the larger countries, except perhaps in the United States, are the people so generally and sincerely attached to peace.

It may be asked why, if this is so, does England maintain so large a navy. The question deserves an answer. Her navy is maintained for three reasons. The first is, that as her army has been very small she is obliged to protect herself by a strong home fleet from any risk of invasion. She has never forgotten the lesson of the Napoleonic wars, when it was the navy that saved her from the fate which befell so many European countries at Napoleon's hands. Were she not to keep up this first line of defence at sea, a huge army and a huge military expenditure in time of peace would be inevitable. The second reason is that as England does not produce nearly enough food to support her population, she must draw supplies from other countries, and would be in danger of starvation if in war time she lost command of the sea. It is, therefore, vital to her existence that she should be able to secure unimpeded import of articles of

food. And the third reason is that England is responsible for the defence of the coasts and the commerce of her colonies and other foreign possessions, such as India. These do not maintain a naval force sufficient for their defence, and the mother country is therefore compelled to have a fleet sufficient to guarantee their safety and protect their shipping. No other State has such far-reaching liabilities, and, therefore, no other needs a navy so large as Britain must maintain. In this policy there is no warlike or aggressive spirit, no menace to other countries. It is a measure purely of defence, costly and burdensome, but borne because her own safety and that of her colonies absolutely require it. . . . .

I have sought to describe what I believe to be the principles and feelings and aims of the British people as a whole. Let me add a few words of a more personal kind to explain the sentiments of those Englishmen who have in time past known and admired the achievements of the German people in literature, learning, and science, who had desired peace with them, who had been the constant advocates of friendship between the two nations. Such Englishmen, who do not cease to be lovers of peace because this war, felt to be righteous, commands their hearty support, are just now as determined as any others to carry on the war to victory. Why? Because to them this war presents itself as a conflict of principles. On the one side there is the doctrine that the end of the State is Power, that Might makes Right, that the State is above morality, that war is necessary and even desirable as a factor in progress, that the rights of small States must give way to the interests of great States, that the State may disregard all obligations whether undertaken by treaties or prescribed by the common sentiment of mankind, and that what is called military

necessity justifies every kind of harshness and cruelty of war. This is an old doctrine—as old as the sophists whom Socrates encountered in Athens. It has in every age been held by some ambitious and unscrupulous statesmen. Many a Greek tyrant of antiquity, many an Italian tyrant of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, put it in practice. Cæsar Borgia is the most striking instance in the fifteenth century, Frederick the Great in the eighteenth, Napoleon Bonaparte in the nineteenth.

On the other side there is the doctrine that the end of the State is Justice, the doctrine that the State is, like the individual, subject to a moral law and bound in honor to observe its promises, that nations owe duties to one another and to mankind at large, that they have all more to gain by peace than by strife, that national hatreds are deadly things, condemned by philosophy and by Christianity. In the victory of one or the other of these principles the future of mankind seems to us to be at stake.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

RENÉ VIVIANI

[When the United States entered the war, a French commission headed by M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre, the hero of the Marne, came to this country. Since Lafayette's visit, a hundred years ago, there has been no such enthusiastic welcome as they received. Everywhere great crowds hung upon the words of France's great orator and greeted tumultuously every appearance of the white-haired Marshal. The address chosen for use here was delivered at the Auditorium, in Chicago, May 4, 1917. It is not a reasoned attempt to defend the position of France. It is rather an expression of the France that is behind mere outward events—the spirit of France "fighting for right and truth and justice." And the orator was also expressing the sense of his hearers that the spirit of France and America was the same spirit answering "the call of democracy all the world over."]

. . . What constitutes her greatness in the world is that she has not only labored and suffered for herself, but that throughout her long history her eyes have been fixed on all mankind; it is to all mankind her thoughts have ever gone. She it was that accomplished the French Revolution and who, through that Revolution, has enlightened the whole world; she it is who in the nineteenth century educated the other peoples in her ideals, and held in her grasp the banner of emancipation toward which from all corners of the earth the oppressed look longingly. And if, in 1871, by a decree of fate, her glory seemed to suffer eclipse, if she has known defeat, after defeat she has sought and found fresh vigour in the labours of peace. She had forgotten nothing; she gazed with broken heart and streaming eyes at her violated frontier, at Alsace-Lorraine, which shall be ours once more to-morrow, not by conquest, but by right, because it is ours, and shall be by right restored to us.

And meanwhile she gathered fresh strength; she rose once more in the esteem of all nations; she was so profoundly attached to peace that she sent the children who might have defended her away to colonize other lands. And yet for ten years she has been systematically browbeaten and blackmailed. First came Tangier, then Casablanca, then Agadir. By turns she was hectored and insulted, and yet remained pacific and unmoved, until in 1914 she was summoned to break her written treaties, bow her head, humiliate her national honour. But no country can be asked to despise itself. The supreme end of life is not peace; it is honour for men, and for nations their independence.

And then what a spectacle did France offer the world! Oh, doubtless German slanders had represented her as corrupt and dissolute: it was a mere jest to march against

so frivolous a nation which would capitulate at the first shock of battle. Germany dreamt that in a few hours, a few days at most, the souls of Frenchmen and the power of France would be beaten to the ground. And because they had come to study France in certain haunts of amusement where Frenchmen were never seen; because they knew not the real France, the France of our factories, the France of our soil, the France of intellectual labour; because, even through this transparent veil, the true France was hidden from them, they wantonly entered into this war with full assurance conquest would be a matter of a few months, and victory secured.

And then what did you see? However far removed you may be in distance from our land, it is not possible that so admirable a spectacle, the greatest France has ever given, should not have been revealed to all your eyes. Frenchmen divided into hostile groups, and political sets forever at war, Frenchmen who were said never to be able to agree, to a man rose under the Flag of France; as children who have quarreled erstwhile at once answer the call of their mother, all the children of France answered the call of their country.

From you we have nothing to conceal. The first shock was a fearful one. Oh, do not think that in all history a single people ever remained more resolute and dauntless under the tempest of steel and fire that was unchained against us. We stood undaunted: but our hearts felt the impact of an avalanche of two millions of men. The German machine was well organized: for forty years no cog was lacking in it; and in that machine that knew not the rule of the individual, in which a man counted for nothing, in which the machine was all, in that machine all was ready. And you know what happened. Serbia trampled under foot, murdered, simply because it was

weak; Belgium summoned to throw open her frontiers to her invader and refusing, hurling herself in spite of her material weakness, in the full splendour of moral greatness and strength, because she would leave no stain on the pages of her history, offering up the blood of her children to save her honour. And England, unshakable as we were, because she would not betray her faith, she also rose with us. But in the early days of the campaign we, the children of France, almost alone bore the onset of the avalanche. We do not pretend not to have yielded physically for a short space—yes, ever fighting, struggling against overwhelming odds, scattering the corpses of our sons on the roads we retreated along, we retreated tactically until the day when, under my premiership, the Marshal, who was then a general only, warned us, as early as the 23d of August, that his battle plan was fixed, and that he had communicated it to his generals: until the fourth of September (and by one of those happy coincidences of history that date was the birthday of the Third Republic), when our troops received the order to march forward, to march forward against the enemy, the invaders of our territory. And then our poor soldiers, worn out by twenty consecutive days and nights of fighting, exhausted, without sleep, without proper food, after fighting day and night for all that period, answered the call of their chief; they rallied to his call and with smiling lips and radiant eyes along the fighting line, to the sound of the drum and clarion, marched against the enemy; and in the space of a few days fifty kilometers of French territory were freed.

Perhaps the details of that great historic battle are not familiar to you; they were concealed from you; the Germans kept them to themselves, so long as it was possible to conceal them from the rest of the world. But the power

of truth is too great; it is impossible that that glorious battle, the greatest France ever fought, should be all unknown to you. In that battle we remained faithful to the mission of France. And do you know why the soldiers of the Marne fought as they did? It is because they were the soldiers of a democratic army, in which the most capable man can climb to the top of the hierarchy, in which the highest officers are the friends and comrades of their soldiers. And if they fought thus, it was, let me tell you, because all the history of France was behind them, and was familiar to them, because they were the descendants of the soldiers of Valmy who under the French Revolution had already saved France and the liberty of the world; because they were also the descendants of Charles Martel's soldiers who in the Plains of Poitiers stayed the avalanche of the Barbarians, and thus fulfilled the historic mission of France.

And they vanquished. And then you came to us; you came to us from the first. And I seek in vain words to tell our infinite gratitude for the moral support you gave us. You came to us with full hearts, smiling. I still see in my mind's eye, in the Paris ambulances, and in the ambulances on the front, those American women who bent over the beds of our dying men and calmed the anguish of their livid brows by the sweetness of their beauty. I see your doctors hastening at the call of our doctors to shower their benefits, without reward, on the sufferings of our wounded. I yet hear the orphans of France appealing to the Government of the Republic to thank the Americans who showered kindness on their poor, fair, young heads, their innocent heads. . . . . You came to us! Why? In the first place, why did you come with full hands to bring all these benefits to our country? Moved by your kind hearts, undoubtedly. But let me say that,

however glowing were your hearts, that was not the only reason. It was not possible, even when you were chained down to the duties of neutrality, that your reason should not speak, and that your approval of France's cause should not arise from your outraged consciences. It was not possible you should not recognize the justice of our cause, not see that France was not only fighting to defend its right, but to defend those of all peoples, the liberty of man. And all this was clearly manifest when under the guidance of your illustrious President you entered this war.

. . . Doubtless, like ourselves, you entered this war under the sting of German insults, in order that the honour of the nation formed by Washington should suffer no humiliation, in order to avenge your dead and dying, the children and the women murdered on the desolate, bleak, high seas, at night, in winter, by the criminal hands of those we are fighting against together. You went into this war for that. But not for that alone. Was it possible for you to see through the immense distances that separate us the frightful spectacle which unchained Europe shows? Possible to see all the blood spilt; so many martyrs falling in a sacred cause? Possible to count the thousands of dead, wounded, and sick; possible to count the mourning women whose pride and sorrow are hidden under their black veils; possible to count one by one all our orphans; possible to contemplate such sights without deep emotion and a revolt of your souls; possible to see the Marne, the Yser, the Somme, Verdun, where a fraction of the French Army held back a million men; and see, from far away, the lightnings of the tremendous battle rise above the immortal city to form the luminous beacon-light which illuminates the whole world: was it possible, I say, to see all this and not feel your hearts

thrill and burn? No; it was not possible. And for months I have been saying to myself that it was not possible. When French democracy, which made the French Revolution, which gave directing thoughts to all Europe, which long ago sent its flags, its generals, and its soldiers to fight for independence—when that democracy was struggling for its life, could you stand aloof? No; that was the one thing impossible.

No. You understand the deeper meaning of this war. The allied peoples are not fighting for territories; they are not fighting to satisfy some morbid ambition! No. The stake is a greater one; it is the fate of the whole world we now bear in our hands. In them is the fate of free men, of democracy. And it is because you felt that this contest between democracy and autocracy must be fought to its bitter end; it is because you felt that so long as the peoples do not possess, as you and we do, governing assemblies, responsible governments, war might again be let loose; because you felt that, so long as there are forces of aggression in the world, no democracy can live in peace, that you rallied to our side at the call of your President and the call of democracy all the world over.

Come to us then; come as brothers to the fight we are fighting for right and truth and justice. But remember well that out of this war must come the great lesson it holds. I have already said it is an empty and deadly dream for democracies to imagine they can live under purely ideal conditions and that they are threatened by no evil or perverse powers. If the democracies do not arm themselves for their defense; if they do not possess free men ready to seize the sword, not for conquest, but for the defense of their native land, sooner or later the imperial eagle will swoop down on them at an hour when it will be too late to organize resistance.

Consider our example. We are a people of forty millions of men. What are forty millions in comparison with the one hundred millions of the American people? But we were organized; but we had a national force; but we had officers, generals; but we had a chief; all was ready, so far at least as any democracy can be ready; and notwithstanding, by a fatality, for some days it seemed as if we might be annihilated. Therefore, let democracies arm in their own defense so long as in the wide world there remains a threatening autocracy. But it shall not long threaten. It is not to be believed that with all our coalized forces we cannot crush an autocracy at which we have in these last years struck such powerful blows; it is not possible that the absolute monarchs who, in the Central Empires, by their bloody whims dispose of the destinies of the world should be allowed to continue. We will reach them; we will carry to their ears the cry of oppressed peoples; we shall declare that it is unthinkable that the strong should forever oppress the weak; we shall exact peace for all, liberty for all, equality for all.

And when we have won the victory of democracy, when as a free people we have brought our labours to full consummation, then all our thoughts will turn to the victims of this war. Together we will go to lay the palms of justice on the tomb of our children; and you in your pilgrimage will repair to Mount Vernon to ask the great soul of Washington, Founder of the Republic, Father of your country, Have we done well in doing this? Are you well pleased with your children? Have they rightly understood the glorious tradition you inscribed on our flag?

And, rest assured, his great shade will rise to thank you and to bless you.

PRO PATRIA

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

[This wonderful and deserved tribute to Belgium is a portion of an address delivered in Milan, Italy, in November, 1914. Its author is one of the greatest of living prose writers and dramatists. The magic of language is his. The glorious spirit of Belgium shines forth as a halo around the figure of her young king. How a great nation like Germany could ever have made the stupid blunder by which she affronted the moral sense of the whole world will always remain a thing to wonder at. "I loved Germany," says Maeterlinck sadly, "and numbered friends there, who now, dead or living, are alike dead to me. I thought her great and upright and generous; and to me she was ever kindly and hospitable. But there are crimes that obliterate the past and close the future. In rejecting hatred I should have shown myself a traitor to love."]

I

I need not here recall the events that hurled Belgium into the depths of distress most glorious where she is struggling to-day. She has been punished as never nation was punished for doing her duty as never nation did before. She saved the world while knowing that she could not be saved. She saved it by flinging herself in the path of the oncoming barbarians, by allowing herself to be trampled to death in order to give the defenders of justice time, not to rescue her, for she was well aware that rescue could not come in time, but to collect the forces needed to save our Latin civilization from the greatest danger that has ever threatened it. She has thus done this civilization, which is the only one whereunder the majority of men are willing or able to live, a service exactly similar to that which Greece, at the time of the great Asiatic invasions, rendered to the mother of this civilization. But, while the service is similar, the act surpasses all comparison. We may ransack history in vain for aught to approach it in grandeur. The magnificent sacrifice at Thermopylæ, which is perhaps the

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noblest action in the annals of war, is illumined with an equally heroic but less ideal light, for it was less disinterested and more material. Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were in fact defending their homes, their wives, their children, all the realities which they had left behind them. King Albert and his Belgians, on the other hand, knew full well that, in barring the invader's road, they were inevitably sacrificing their homes, their wives, and their children. Unlike the heroes of Sparta, instead of possessing an imperative and vital interest in fighting, they had everything to gain by not fighting and nothing to lose—save honour. In the one scale were fire and the sword, ruin, massacre, the infinite disaster which we see; in the other was that little word honour, which also represents infinite things, but things which we do not see, or which we must be very pure and very great to see quite clearly. It has happened now and again in history that a man standing higher than his fellows perceives what this word represents and sacrifices his life and the life of those whom he loves to what he perceives; and we have not without reason devoted to such men a sort of cult that places them almost on a level with the gods. But what had never yet happened—and I say this without fear of contradiction from whosoever cares to search the memory of man—is that a whole people, great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, deliberately immolated itself thus for the sake of an unseen thing.

II

And observe that we are not discussing one of those heroic resolutions which are taken in a moment of enthusiasm, when man easily surpasses himself, and which have not to be maintained every morning, for now nearly four months, in the midst of daily increasing dis-

tress and disaster. And not only has this resolution not wavered by a hair's breadth, but it grows as steadily as the national misfortune; and to-day, when this misfortune is reaching its full, the national resolution is likewise attaining its zenith. I have seen many of my refugee fellow countrymen; some used to be rich and had lost their all; others were poor before the war and now no longer owned even what the poorest own. I have received many letters from every part of Europe where duty's exiles had sought a brief instant of repose. In them there was lamentation, as was only too natural, but not a reproach, not a regret, not a word of recrimination. I did not once come upon that hopeless but excusable cry which, one would think, might so easily have sprung from despairing lips: "If our king had not done what he did, we should not be suffering what we are suffering to-day."

The idea does not even occur to them. It is as though this thought were not of those which can live in that atmosphere purified by misfortune. They are not resigned, for to be resigned means to renounce the strife, no longer to keep up one's courage. They are proud and happy in their distress. They have a vague feeling that this distress will regenerate them after the manner of baptism of faith and glory and ennoble them for all time in the remembrance of men. An unexpected breath, coming from the sacred reserves of the human race and from the summits of the human heart, has suddenly passed over their lives and given them a single soul, formed of the same heroic substance as that of their great king.

III

They have done what had never before been done; and it is to be hoped for the happiness of mankind that no nation will ever again be called upon for a like sacrifice.

But this wonderful example will not be lost, even though there be no longer any occasion to imitate it. At a time when the universal conscience seemed about to bend under the weight of long prosperity and selfish materialism, suddenly it raised by several degrees what we may term the political morality of the world and lifted it all at once to a height which it had not yet reached and from which it will never again be able to descend, for there are actions so glorious, actions which fill so great a place in our memory, that they found a sort of new religion and definitely fix the limits of the human conscience and of human loyalty and courage.

They have really, as I have already said and as history will one day establish with greater eloquence and authority than mine, they have really saved Latin civilization. They had stood for centuries at the junction of two powerful and hostile forms of culture. They had to choose and they did not hesitate. Their choice was all the more significant, all the more instructive, inasmuch as none was so well qualified as they to choose with a full knowledge of what they were doing. You are all aware that more than half of Belgium is of Teutonic stock. She was therefore, thanks to her racial affinities, better able than any other to understand the culture that was being offered her, together with the imputation of dishonour which it included. She understood it so well that she rejected it with an outbreak of horror and disgust unparalleled in violence, spontaneous, unanimous, and irresistible, thus pronouncing a verdict from which there was no appeal and giving the world a peremptory lesson sealed with every drop of her blood.

BELGIAN PRIDE

EMILE VERHAEREN

[The most impassioned utterance that came from Belgium in the early stages of the war was written by the noted Flemish poet Verhaeren. He had long been recognized as one of the chief spokesmen in literature of the newer Belgium. His poetry, mainly of the kind called symbolistic, had never been popular in the sense of being widely read by the ordinary people of affairs. Perhaps most people heard of him for the first time in connection with the fiery expression of Belgian spirit in his book called *Belgium's Agony*, from which our chapter is taken. A refugee from the land he loved so well, Verhaeren met his death in a railway accident in France, in November, 1916, at the age of sixty-one. One can only speculate on the book he might have written had he lived to see his country restored to its place among the peoples of the world — a symbol for all time of what honor means in the life of nations.]

It is the duty of Belgians to-day, however terrible their misfortunes have been, not to sink to mere complaining nor to dwell on their misery, but to prove themselves worthy of their soldiers, who have been, one and all, heroes.

The lamentations of women driven from their homes, forced to tread the highways of famine, flight, and exile, their children clinging to their skirts, are justified and truly pitiable. But it is not fitting that men, especially men who can think and act, should echo these cries, already somewhat over-prolonged.

In times before the war, those of us who dreamed of a greater Belgium had no visions of territorial expansion in Europe, nor of a colonial empire in Africa. What we pictured was a rebirth of Belgium, a rebirth essentially of the mind and spirit. We pictured certainly an ever-growing activity of trade and industry, but our desire was even more for a greater modernity and vitality of thought. We sought for Belgium the power of influence rather than of conquest.

And now we see the influence of Belgium stronger

than it has ever been. It is true that for the moment our factories are silent, apparently deprived of the panting breath which is their life. But no one really thinks them dead. As soon as the war is over they will spring to life again, the wonderful monsters that they were before. The weight of dust and ashes that now covers them will be a light burden to their thousands of tentacles, when once again they spring, in their twisted energy, to the light of day.

As ever, we Belgians shall be young and keen. Until to-day our nation has known no danger. We were too sure of the morrow. We lived like rich people who had no knowledge of want. War, we thought, was the business of others.

But war has come upon us, fierce and terrible, when least we expected it. Like a great mountain, crashing downward, the empire of William Hohenzollern has overwhelmed us. We were alone; we were few. We were attacked with treachery and lies. Into the old forts of Liège we threw ourselves in desperate haste. We had, as it were, to invent courage and resource for ourselves; we had to manufacture a tragic spirit of resistance. All that we did in a day, an hour, a moment. And in that moment we won the admiration of the world.

Oh, what unforgettable impromptus were that courage and that glory! Some of us, seeing the little bands of men leaving for the frontier, could not but doubt. "They will be but fodder for cannon. We have no army, no generals, no fortresses."

And four days later a name, unknown a few hours ago, was in every mouth. The boys in the streets dressed up as General Leman. Girls sold his portrait in every town. The personality of a true General had stamped itself upon the mind of everyone. Nor was this all. The same little

bands of soldiers, whom we had pitied as destined only to feed the hostile cannon, came to Brussels, their hands full of Prussian sabres, at once timid and triumphant, still unconvinced of the great part they had just played. The women kissed them; the men carried them in triumph.

One of them, when a "Taube" hovered threateningly over Brussels, thrust into the air a Prussian eagle, torn from some German helmet, and, with a laugh of mocking rage, taunted the aviator to come down and fetch it. Splendid moments, alive with all the fever of pride! The weather was brilliant, the very air seemed golden. One breathed in heroism with the sunlight.

These early triumphs of Liège, and those that followed at Haelen and the Yser, have won for Belgium the eternal honour, respect, and admiration of all. For three months we have held the vast German armies in our country; the armies that allotted to us three days. With the most convincing arguments of all we have challenged the dogma of their invincibility. We have caused them their first losses. Like moving blocks, the men thrust elbow to elbow against each other, they advanced towards the glacis of our forts. Before giving the actual assault, together they shouted—"Kaiser!" "Kaiser!" And the Belgian guns answered them. They fell, row upon row, like dominoes. Sometimes the swift flashlight of a cruising airship lit up their agony. A great murmuring groan spread along the lines, died away and gave place to the silence of death.

The force of our resistance gave time to France and to England to arm themselves, to perfect their organization, but it is not for us to harp on this. More important still is what lies behind.

Our handful of soldiers at Liège and at Haelen represented, unconsciously of course, a great past of cultured

civilization. If the French-speaking race is the incarnation of both Greece and Rome, we can assert that these soldiers of ours defended and upheld their inherited traditions, at the moment when they were most seriously threatened. That is why this simple act of courage is so great. We need not dread comparing their exploit to the deeds at Thermopylæ. At Liège, as in Sparta, a handful of men saved the world.

With the memory of this supreme service rendered to Western civilization in our minds, we should have no feeling but pride. Tears dishonour us. Let us rather be thankful that Belgium, of all the countries, was chosen to do this wonderful deed, was privileged to be the first and the most vital rampart of modern civilization against savagery and brutal aggression, and that in future her name will be joined to those few small nations whose fame is immortal. Let us further rejoice that in these tremendous days our people have lived with an intensity that makes all our past existence as a nation seem valueless in comparison. It seems that before this sudden baptism of fire we were hardly a nation at all. We frittered away our strength in petty squabbles; we argued over words instead of facts; we blamed each other for being Walloon or Flemish; we busied ourselves as lawyers, business men, officials, instead of striving before all to be proud and free citizens of one State. Danger rather than safety has been our cure. We have discovered ourselves. So strong is the union, so tenacious the bonds of a common resistance that now bind us together, that to many minds Belgium dates only from yesterday, and has never felt herself so real, so living as when, deprived of her land, she has, as rallying point for her national consciousness, only her King.

BRITAIN'S WAR AIMS

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

[The present Prime Minister was one of Great Britain's most noted statesmen long before the beginning of the war. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he was responsible for many new departures in taxation and finance. As Minister of Munitions and as Secretary of State for War he had much to do with making England's new armies. He is essentially a man of the people. His buoyant hopefulness and faith in the common folk have enabled him to handle most difficult situations. His magnetic power has a speaker is remarkable. Our selection is the speech laying down the peace terms of the British Government. Early in 1918 it was clear to the allied nations that they must put forth every effort to bring their power to a maximum for the great campaigns that have now happily ended the war. To do their part the English Government planned to mobilize 100,000 more men for the shipyards and 500,000 more for military service. That meant an extensive readjustment in labor arrangements. The trade unions demanded a clear statement of just what the war aims of the Government were before they should give their approval to the plan. A trade union conference on man power met in London, and on January 5 the Prime Minister spoke on behalf of the Government. The delegates agreed that the statement of war aims was satisfactory, and the plan proposed was carried through.]

When the Government invite organized labor in this country to assist them to maintain the might of their armies in the field, its representatives are entitled to ask that any misgivings and doubts which any of them may have about the purpose to which this precious strength is to be applied should be definitely cleared. And what is true of organized labor is equally true of all citizens in this country, without regard to grade or avocation.

When men by the million are being called upon to suffer and die, and vast populations are being subjected to sufferings and privations on a scale unprecedented in the history of the world, they are entitled to know for what cause or causes they are making the sacrifice.

It is only the clearest, greatest, and justest of causes that can justify the continuance, even for one day, of

this unspeakable agony of the nation, and we ought to be able to state clearly and definitely not only the principles for which we are fighting, but also their definite and concrete application to the war map of the world.

We have arrived at the most critical hour in this terrible conflict, and before any Government takes a fateful decision as to the conditions under which it ought either to terminate or to continue the struggle, it ought to be satisfied that the conscience of the nation is behind these conditions, for nothing else can sustain the effort which is necessary to achieve a righteous end to this war.

I have, therefore, during the last few days taken special pains to ascertain the view and attitude of representative men of all sections of thought and opinion in the country.

Last week I had the privilege not merely of perusing the declared war aims of the Labor Party, but also of discussing in detail with labor leaders the meaning and intention of that declaration.

I have also had opportunity of discussing this same momentous question with Mr. Asquith and Viscount Grey. Had it not been that the Nationalist leaders are in Ireland engaged in endeavoring to solve the tangled problem of Irish self-government, I should have been happy to exchange views with them, but Mr. Redmond, speaking on their behalf, has, with his usual lucidity and force, in many of his speeches made clear what his ideas are as to the object and purposes of the war. I have also had an opportunity of consulting certain representatives of the great dominions overseas.

I am glad to be able to say, as a result of all these discussions, that, although the Government are alone responsible for the actual language I purpose using,

there is a national agreement as to the character and purpose of our war aims and peace conditions, and in what I say to you to-day, and through you to the world, I can venture to claim that I am speaking not merely the mind of the Government, but of the nation and of the empire as a whole.

We may begin by clearing away some misunderstandings and stating what we are not fighting for.

We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. Their leaders have persuaded them that they are fighting a war of self-defense against a league of rival nations, bent on the destruction of Germany. That is not so. The destruction or disruption of Germany or the German people has never been a war aim with us from the first day of this war to this day.

Most reluctantly, and indeed quite unprepared for the dreadful ordeal, we were forced to join in this war, in self-defense of the violated public law of Europe and in vindication of the most solemn treaty obligations on which the public system of Europe rested and on which Germany had ruthlessly trampled in her invasion of Belgium. We had to join in the struggle or stand aside and see Europe go under and brute force triumph over public right and international justice.

It was only the realization of that dreadful alternative that forced the British people into the war, and from that original attitude they have never swerved. They have never aimed at a break-up of the German people or the disintegration of their State or country. Germany has occupied a great position in the world. It is not our wish or intention to question or destroy that position for the future, but rather to turn her aside from hopes and schemes of military domination.

Nor did we enter this war merely to alter or destroy

the imperial Constitution of Germany, much as we consider that military and autocratic Constitution a dangerous anachronism in the twentieth century. Our point of view is that the adoption of a really democratic Constitution by Germany would be the most convincing evidence that her old spirit of military domination has, indeed, died in this war and would make it much easier for us to conclude a broad, democratic peace with her. But that is a question for the German people to decide.

We are not fighting to destroy Austria-Hungary or to deprive Turkey of its capital or the rich lands of Asia Minor and Thrace which are predominantly Turkish.

It is now more than a year since the President of the United States, then neutral, addressed to the belligerents a suggestion that each side should state clearly the aims for which they were fighting.

We and our allies responded by the note of January 10, 1917. To the President's appeal the Central Empires made no reply, and in spite of many adjurations, both from their opponents and from neutrals, they have maintained complete silence as to the objects for which they were fighting. Even on so crucial a matter as their intention with regard to Belgium they have uniformly declined to give any trustworthy indication.

On December 25 last, however, Count Czernin, speaking on behalf of Austria-Hungary and her allies, did make a pronouncement of a kind. It is, indeed, deplorably vague.

We are told that it is not the intention of the Central Powers to appropriate forcibly any occupied territory or to rob of its independence any nation which has lost its political independence during the war.

It is obvious that almost any scheme of conquest and annexation could be perpetrated within the literal

interpretation of such a pledge. Does it mean that Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Rumania will be as independent and as free to direct their own destinies as Germany or any other nation? Or does it mean that all manner of interferences and restrictions, political and economical, incompatible with the status and dignity of free and self-respecting people, are to be imposed? If this is the intention, then there will be one kind of independence for the great nation and an inferior kind of independence for the small nation.

We must know what is meant, for equality of right among the nations, small as well as great, is one of the fundamental issues this country and her allies are fighting to establish in this war.

Reparation for the wanton damage inflicted on Belgian towns and villages and their inhabitants is emphatically repudiated. The rest of the so-called offer of the Central Powers is almost entirely a refusal of all concessions. All suggestions about the autonomy of subject nationalities are ruled out of the peace terms altogether. The question whether any form of self-government is to be given to the Arabs, Armenians, or Syrians is declared to be entirely a matter for the Sublime Porte. A pious wish for the protection of minorities, "in so far as it is practically realizable," is the nearest approach to liberty which the Central statesmen venture to make.

On one point only are they perfectly clear and definite. Under no circumstances will the German demand for the restoration of the whole of Germany's colonies be departed from. All principles of self-determination, or, as our earlier phrase goes, government by the consent of the governed, here vanish into thin air.

It is impossible to believe that any edifice of permanent peace could be erected on such a foundation as

this. Mere lip-service to the formula of no annexations and no indemnities or the right of self-determination is useless. Before any negotiations can even be begun the Central Powers must realize the essential facts of the situation.

The days of the Treaty of Vienna are long past. We can no longer submit the future of European civilization to the arbitrary decisions of a few negotiators trying to secure by chicanery or persuasion the interests of this or that dynasty or nation.

The settlement of the new Europe must be based on such grounds of reason and justice as will give some promise of stability. Therefore it is that we feel that government with the consent of the governed must be the basis of any territorial settlement in this war. For that reason, also, unless treaties be upheld, unless every nation is prepared, at whatever sacrifices, to honor the national signature, it is obvious that no treaty of peace can be worth the paper on which it is written.

The first requirement, therefore, always put forward by the British Government and their allies, has been the complete restoration, political, territorial, and economic, of the independence of Belgium, and such reparation as can be made for the devastation of its towns and provinces.

This is no demand for a war indemnity, such as that imposed on France by Germany in 1871. It is not an attempt to shift the cost of warlike operations from one belligerent to another, which may or may not be defensible. It is no more and no less than an insistence that before there can be any hope for stable peace, this great breach of the public law of Europe must be repudiated and so far as possible repaired.

Reparation means recognition. Unless international

right is recognized by insistence on payment for injury, done in defiance of its canons, it can never be a reality.

Next comes the restoration of Serbia, Montenegro, and the occupied parts of France, Italy, and Rumania. The complete withdrawal of the allied [Teutonic] armies, and the reparation for injustice done is a fundamental condition of permanent peace.

We mean to stand by the French democracy to the death in the demand it makes for a reconsideration of the great wrong of 1871, when, without regard to the wishes of the population, two provinces were torn from the side of France and incorporated in the German Empire.

This sore has poisoned the peace of Europe for half a century, and until it is cured, healthful conditions will not have been restored. There can be no better illustration of the folly and wickedness of using a transient military success to violate national right.

I will not attempt to deal with the Russian territories now in German occupation. The Russian policy since the revolution has passed so rapidly through so many phases that it is difficult to speak without some suspension of judgment as to what the situation will be when the final terms of European peace come to be discussed.

Russia accepted war with all its horrors because, true to her traditional guardianship of the weaker communities of her race, she stepped in to protect Serbia from a plot against her independence. It is this honorable sacrifice which not merely brought Russia into the war, but France as well.

France, true to the conditions of her treaty with Russia, stood by her ally in a quarrel which was not her own. Her chivalrous respect for her treaty led to the wanton invasion of Belgium, and the treaty obligations of Great Britain to that little land brought us into the war.

The present rulers of Russia are now engaged, without any reference to the countries whom Russia brought into the war, in separate negotiations with their common enemy. I am indulging in no reproaches. I am merely stating the facts with a view to making it clear why Great Britain cannot be held accountable for decisions taken in her absence and concerning which she has not been consulted or her aid invoked.

No one who knows Prussia and her designs upon Russia can for a moment doubt her ultimate intention. Whatever phrases she may use to delude Russia, she does not mean to surrender one of the fair provinces or cities of Russia now occupied by her forces. Under one name or another (and the name hardly matters) those Russian provinces will henceforth be in reality a part of the dominions of Prussia. They will be ruled by the Prussian sword in the interests of the Prussian autocracy, and the rest of the people of Russia will be partly enticed by specious phrases and partly bullied by the threat of continued war against an impotent army into a condition of complete economic and ultimate political enslavement to Germany.

We all deplore the prospect. The democracy of this country means to stand to the last by the democracies of France and Italy and all our other allies. We shall be proud to stand side by side by the new democracy of Russia. So will America and so will France and Italy. But if the present rulers of Russia take action which is independent of their allies, we have no means of intervening to arrest the catastrophe which is assuredly befalling their country. Russia can only be saved by her own people.

We believe, however, that an independent Poland, comprising all those genuinely Polish elements who

desire to form a part of it, is an urgent necessity for the stability of Western Europe.

Similarly, though we agree with President Wilson that a break-up of Austria-Hungary is no part of our war aims, we feel that unless genuine self-government on true democratic principles is granted to those Austro-Hungarian nationalities who have long desired it, it is impossible to hope for a removal of those causes of unrest in that part of Europe which have so long threatened the general peace.

On the same grounds we regard as vital the satisfaction of the legitimate claims of the Italians for union with those of their own race and tongue. We also mean to press that justice be done to the men of Rumanian blood and speech in their legitimate aspirations. If these conditions are fulfilled, Austria-Hungary would become a power whose strength would conduce to the permanent peace and freedom of Europe instead of being merely an instrument to the pernicious military autocracy of Prussia that uses the resources of its allies for the furtherance of its own sinister purposes.

Outside of Europe we believe that the same principles should be applied. While we do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race with its capital at Constantinople, the passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea being internationalized and neutralized, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine are, in our judgment, entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions.

What the exact form of that recognition in each case should be need not here be discussed beyond stating that it would be impossible to restore to their former sovereignty the territories to which I have already referred.

Much has been said about the arrangements we have entered into with our allies on this and on other subjects. I can only say that as the new circumstances, like the Russian collapse and the separate negotiations, have changed the conditions under which those arrangements were made, we are, and always have been, perfectly ready to discuss them with our allies.

With regard to the German colonies, I have repeatedly declared that they are held at the disposal of a conference whose decision must have primary regard to the wishes and interests of the native inhabitants of such colonies. None of those territories are inhabited by Europeans. The governing consideration, therefore, must be that the inhabitants should be placed under the control of an administration acceptable to themselves, one of whose main purposes will be to prevent their exploitation for the benefit of European capitalists or governments. The natives live in their various tribal organizations under chiefs and councils who are competent to consult and speak for their tribes and members and thus to represent their wishes and interests in regard to their disposal. The general principle of national self-determination is, therefore, as applicable in their cases as in those of the occupied European territories.

The German declaration that the natives of the German colonies have through their military fidelity in war shown their attachment and resolve under all circumstances to remain with Germany is applicable, not to the German colonies generally, but only to one of them, and in that case, German East Africa, the German authorities secured the attachment, not of the native population as a whole, which is and remains profoundly anti-German, but only of a small warlike class, from whom their askaris, or soldiers, were selected. These they

attached to themselves by conferring on them a highly privileged position, as against the bulk of the native population, which enabled these askaris to assume a lordly and oppressive superiority over the rest of the natives.

By this and other means they secured the attachment of a very small and insignificant minority, whose interests were directly opposed to those of the rest of the population and for whom they have no right to speak. The German treatment of the native populations in their colonies has been such as amply to justify their fear of submitting the future of those colonies to the wishes of the natives themselves.

Finally, there must be reparation for the injuries done in violation of international law. The peace conference must not forget our seamen and the services they have rendered to and the outrages they have suffered for the common cause of freedom.

One omission we notice in the proposal of the Central Powers which seems to us especially regrettable. It is desirable and essential that the settlement after this war shall be one which does not in itself bear the seeds of future war. But that is not enough. However wisely and well we may make territorial and other arrangements, there will still be many subjects of international controversy. Some, indeed, are inevitable.

Economic conditions at the end of the war will be in the highest degree difficult owing to the diversion of human effort to warlike pursuits. There must follow a world shortage of raw materials, which will increase the longer the war lasts, and it is inevitable that those countries which have control of raw materials will desire to help themselves and their friends first. Apart from this, whatever settlement is made will be suitable only to the circumstances under which it is made, and as those

circumstances change, changes in the settlement will be called for.

So long as the possibility of a dispute between nations continues—that is, so long as men and women are dominated by impassioned ambition and war is the only means of settling a dispute—all nations must live under a burden not only of having from time to time to engage in it, but of being compelled to prepare for its possible outbreak.

The crushing weight of modern armaments, the increasing evil of compulsory military service, the vast waste of wealth and effort involved in warlike preparation—these are blots on our civilisation of which every thinking individual must be ashamed. For these and other similar reasons we are confident that a great attempt must be made to establish, by some international organization, an alternative to war as a means of settling international disputes.

After all, war is a relic of barbarism, and, just as law has succeeded violence as a means of settling disputes between individuals, so we believe that it is destined ultimately to take the place of war in the settlement of controversies between nations.

If, then, we are asked what we are fighting for, we reply, as we have often replied. We are fighting for a just and a lasting peace, and we believe that before permanent peace can be hoped for three conditions must be fulfilled: First, the sanctity of treaties must be reëstablished; secondly, a territorial settlement must be secured, based on the right of self-determination or the consent of the governed, and, lastly, we must seek, by the creation of some international organization, to limit the burden of armaments and diminish the probability of war. On these conditions its peoples are prepared to make even greater sacrifices than those they have yet endured.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

ARTHUR HENDERSON

[This selection is from a little book called *The Aims of Labor*. The author began life as a molder in the Stephenson works at Newcastle, England, and held various positions in his trade society. He has been a member of Parliament since 1903. He is secretary of the British Labor Party, and was for a time a member of the War Cabinet. He is especially interested in the reconstruction measures which he thinks must follow the "defeat of aggressive militarism and autocracy." He says that "President Wilson's famous declaration that the supreme inspiration of the military efforts of the Allies against the Central Powers is the desire to make the world safe for democracy will remain for all time one of the classic utterances of real statesmanship. It crystallizes in a brief sentence the spiritual yearnings and idealist sentiments of all free peoples." What Mr. Henderson thinks democracy really means is clearly set forth in our extract.]

The cruel ravages of the world war have caused a great resurgence of democratic feeling throughout the world, and have given a great impetus to the already strong popular tendencies towards democratic control in national and international affairs. It is impossible to calculate the extent to which democratic thought and ideals now permeate the peoples of the world: Suffice it to say that in every country without exception the people's conception of the tremendous power that is invested in them constitutionally and divinely has been deepened. Though there is no divine right of kings and princes, there is the divine right of peoples: and all the peoples of the earth are beginning to realise more and more each day that the "new kingdom on earth" can only be established by a full recognition of these divine rights—the rights of liberty and equality. These are the springs of democratic faith. They are the spiritual basis of real democracy.

The coming of world democracy means the universal reign of freedom and justice, equality and fraternity; the universal acceptance of the principle of equal opportunities for all peoples to self-determination and self-

development; and a practical recognition of the rights and obligations of each nation as a member of the society of free nations. It also means a recognition of the interdependence of peoples, and involves international coöperation and goodwill.

In international affairs it means the welfare of the whole of humanity as against selfish national interests and ambitions. In national affairs it means the common weal as against class or individual interests. National prosperity cannot be truly appraised by the wealth of the few, but by the contentment and happiness of the community as a whole and their ability to satisfy, not only their social requirements, but also their spiritual needs. As Lecky has truly said, "The essential qualities of national greatness are moral, not material." Moral greatness may beget material prosperity, but material prosperity by itself invariably tends to a depreciation of the spiritual and moral: it dulls the finer sensibilities, and saps the real strength of a people. How often in the early days of war was the fear expressed that our great material prosperity had deadened many of the finest national qualities and characteristics of our race? Fortunately for the future welfare of the people, they were not dead, but lying dormant, and the impulse to new life which they received in 1914 was so great that under the subsequent stress and strain of war the vision of the people became clearer, their sense of real values became finer and more keen, until now they are determined that henceforth only the best social structure that human knowledge, experience, and capacity can devise will satisfy their determination to rebuild civilisation on a foundation of justice and righteousness.

But it is hopeless to expect to create a healthy internationalism and a true nationalism unless the importance

of the individual also is recognized. The society of nations is founded on the comity of individuals. And there is an obvious danger in overlooking the supreme importance of character as an indispensable factor in national and international life. Looking at every phase of national life, we find a decided tendency to undervalue or ignore altogether the moral worth of the unit of society. We think in numbers: we act in numbers. Movements appeal to our minds, not always because they are right, but because they are popular. Many people talk about what is wrong with the world, the nation, or the municipality, but do not dream of enquiring what is wrong with the individual. Yet the expression of the national will represents the greatest common measure of the views of the constituent individuals in the aggregate. And democracy can never rise to the full greatness of its possibilities unless the individual rises to the highest point of moral greatness. Men and women with low moral standards are the weakest links in the chain, and the strength of the chain is limited to the strength of its weakest link. To secure an improvement in the material and social conditions of the people, we must elevate the moral standards of the people, since it is only possible to secure and consolidate vital changes as a result of the moral determination of the community as a whole. This question of the importance of the moral passion and rectitude of the individual is becoming daily more urgent in view of the significant rise and growing power of democracy in this country. The future welfare of the nation is in the hands of the organized democracy, and we are compelled to concern ourselves not only with intentions and practical aims, but with the faith, the ideals, and the personal qualities of leaders and followers. The difficulties before us are stupendous—Rome was

not built in a day, and neither will the new national and international structure be completed in a day nor without heavy demands being made upon the moral staying power of the people. To follow the line of least resistance will not bring us to the new world: the path will be long, difficult, and full of pitfalls.

If democracy is to take full advantage of the glorious opportunities before it, it can only be as a people individually strong in determination, and fired by moral passion and lofty ideals, led by men and women inspired to action by high purpose and unselfish ambition. Surely, then, we cannot afford to ignore the question of personal character in our efforts to reach the Social ideal. The doctrine of personal irresponsibility is not only dangerous, but an indication of a lack of vision on the part of those who advance it, and is often only employed to excuse an evasion of an individual's civic and social duties. The individual is not justified in claiming his national rights unless he fulfils his obligation to his fellow men and to the State: the State must recognize the rights of its citizens if it demands from them a fulfilment of their obligations as citizens. This is the sure way to stimulate a real personal and national consciousness upon which the success of democracy so much depends. Democracy will be effective in proportion to the intensity of its spiritual and moral faith; and the power of democracy as a whole will be measured by the loyalty of the individual to principle and by his belief in the moral power of right as against wrong. Character in the individual exemplifies human nature in its highest form, for it exhibits man at his best; and only a democracy built on the highest form of character will prove to be that instrument by which the world is to be saved.

ENNOBLING TRAGEDY

GILBERT MURRAY

[This selection is from a pamphlet, *How Can War Ever Be Right*, first published in September, 1914, a short time after the outbreak of the war. Its author, the distinguished regius professor of Greek at Oxford University, is noted for his translations of the tragedies of Euripides and for his enlightened views on modern problems. While he has always been a most earnest advocate of peace, yet he at once took the position "that we were right to declare war against Germany on August 4, 1914, and that to have remained neutral in that crisis would have been a failure in public duty." In simple and direct language he presents the principles involved so clearly that it is impossible to escape his conclusions. War must always be a tragedy involving disaster, but a war for righteous principle will call forth spiritual nobility and triumph as compensations.]

And if we accept this [the ideal of duty well done] there will follow further consequences. War is not all evil. It is a true tragedy, which must have nobleness and triumph in it as well as disaster. . . . . We must not begin to praise war without stopping to reflect on the hundreds of thousands of human beings involved in such horrors of pain and indignity that, if here in our ordinary hours we saw one man so treated, the memory would sicken us to the end of our lives; we must remember the horses, remember the gentle natures brutalized by hardships and filth, and the once decent persons transformed by rage and fear into devils of cruelty. But, when we have realized that, we may venture to see in this wilderness of evil some cases of extraordinary good.

These men who are engaged in what seems like a vast public crime ought, one would think, to fall to something below their average selves, below the ordinary standard of common folk. But do they? Day after day come streams of letters from the front, odd stories, fragments of diaries, and the like, full of the small, intimate facts which reveal character; and almost with one accord they show that these men have not fallen, but risen. No

doubt there has been some selection in the letters; to some extent the writers repeat what they wish to have remembered, and say nothing of what they wish to forget. But, when all allowances are made, one cannot read the letters and the dispatches without a feeling of almost passionate admiration for the men about whom they tell. They were not originally a set of men chosen for their peculiar qualities. They were just our ordinary fellow citizens, the men you meet on a crowded pavement. There was nothing to suggest that their conduct in common life was better than that of their neighbours. Yet now, under the stress of war, having a duty before them that is clear and unquestioned and terrible, they are daily doing nobler things than we most of us have ever had the chance of doing, things which we hardly dare hope that we might be able to do. I am not thinking of the rare achievements that win a V.C. or a Cross of the Legion of Honour, but of the common necessary heroism of the average men: the long endurance, the devoted obedience, the close-banded life in which self-sacrifice is the normal rule, and all men may be forgiven except the man who saves himself at the expense of his comrade. I think of the men who share their last biscuits with a starving peasant, who help wounded comrades through days and nights of horrible retreat, who give their lives to save mates or officers.

For example, to take two stories out of a score:

1. Relating his experience to a pressman, Lance-Corporal Edmondson, of the Royal Irish Lancers, said: "There is absolutely no doubt that our men are still animated by the spirit of old. I came on a couple of men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders who had been cut off at Mons. One was badly wounded, but his companion had stuck by him all the time in a country

swarming with Germans, and though they had only a few biscuits between them they managed to pull through until we picked them up. I pressed the unwounded man to tell me how they managed to get through the four days on six biscuits, but he always got angry and told me to shut up. I fancy he went without anything, and gave the biscuits to the wounded man. They were offered shelter many times by French peasants, but they were so afraid of bringing trouble on these kind folk that they would never accept shelter. One night they lay out in the open all through a heavy downpour, though there was a house at hand where they could have had shelter. Uhlans were on the prowl, and they would not think of compromising the French people, who would have been glad to help them."

2. The following story of an unidentified private of the Royal Irish Regiment, who deliberately threw away his life in order to warn his comrades of an ambush, is told by a wounded corporal of the West Yorkshire Regiment now in hospital in Woolwich:

"The fight in which I got hit was in a little village near to Rheims. We were working in touch with the French corps on our left, and early one morning were sent ahead to this village, which we had reason to believe was clear of the enemy. On the outskirts we questioned a French lad, but he seemed scared and ran away. We went on through the long, narrow street, and just as we were in sight of the end a man dashed out from a farmhouse on the right. Immediately the rifles began to crack in front, and the poor chap fell dead before he reached us.

"He was one of our men, a private of the Royal Irish Regiment. We learned that he had been captured the previous day by a marauding party of German cavalry, and held a prisoner at the farm where the Germans were

in ambush for us. He tumbled to their game, and though he knew that if he made the slightest sound they would kill him, he decided to make a dash to warn us of what was in store. He had more than a dozen bullets in him, and there was not the slightest hope for him. We carried him into a house until the fight was over, and then we buried him next day with military honours. His identification disk and everything else was missing, so that we could only put over his grave the tribute that was paid to a greater: 'He saved others; himself he could not save.' There was n't a dry eye among us when we laid him to rest in that little village."

Or I think again of the expressions on faces that I have seen or read about, something alert and glad and self-respecting in the eyes of those who are going to the front, and even of the wounded who are returning. "Never once," writes one correspondent, "not once since I came to France have I seen among the soldiers an angry face or heard an angry word. . . . . They are always quiet, orderly, and wonderfully cheerful." And no one who has followed the war need be told of their heroism. I do not forget the thousands left on the battlefield to die, or the groaning of the wounded sounding all day between the crashes of the guns. But there is a strange deep gladness as well. "One feels an extraordinary freedom," says a young Russian officer, "in the midst of death, with the bullets whistling round. The same with all the soldiers. The wounded all want to get well and return to the fight. They fight with tears of joy in their eyes."

Human nature is a mysterious thing, and man finds his weal and woe not in the obvious places. To have something before you, clearly seen, which you know you must do, and can do, and will spend your utmost strength and perhaps your life in doing, that is one form at least

of very high happiness, and one that appeals—the facts prove it—not only to saints and heroes, but to average men. Doubtless the few who are wise enough and have enough imagination may find opportunity for that same happiness in everyday life, but in war ordinary men find it. This is the inward triumph which lies at the heart of the great tragedy.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF ENGLAND

RUDYARD KIPLING

[Mr. Kipling seems quite as able to make a graceful talk at close range as to tell us of the Soldiers Three in far-off India. This little speech of welcome to American soldiers at a training camp near the old city of Winchester, England, on July 21, 1918, is just what such a speech should be. It is full of good fellowship, whimsical in exaggeration, with earnestness and delicate flashes of suggestion.]

Several years have passed since England was permanently occupied by the armed forces of a foreign nation. On the last occasion—eight hundred years ago—our people did not take kindly to the invaders. I know they did not, because I live a few miles from where the Battle of Hastings was fought, where all the trouble began; and I assure you we are still talking about it. But don't let me take up your time by retailing the local gossip of these parts. Besides, conditions have changed. They will after 853 years—even in England. You may have noticed that we natives do not resent either the presence of your armed forces on our soil, or your buildings such as these—huts, which are one of the visible signs of your occupation. As far as you are concerned, we are a placid, not to say pacifist, community. Why, gentlemen, you could not annoy us if you started in to build pyramids. On the contrary, we should be pleased. We should say: "This looks like business; this looks as if the United States meant to stay till they had done their share of the job thoroughly."

We have been a long time over our job, and we may be a long time yet. It has been a little bigger than we expected, because this is the first time since the creation that all the world has been obliged to unite for the purpose of fighting the devil. You remember that before the war one of our easy theories was that the devil was almost extinct—he was only the child of misfortune or accident, and we should soon abolish him by passing ringing resolutions against him. That has proved an expensive miscalculation. We find now that the devil is very much alive, and very much what he always was —that is to say, immensely industrious, a born organizer, and better at quoting Scripture for his own ends than most honest men. His industry and organization we all can deal with, but more difficult to handle is his habit of quoting Scripture as soon as he is in difficulties.

When Germany begins to realize her defeat is certain we shall be urged in the name of mercy, toleration, loving-kindness, for the sake of the future of mankind, or by similar appeals to the inextinguishable vanity of man, who delights in thinking himself holy and righteous when he is really only lazy or tired—I say, we shall be urged on these high grounds to make some sort of compromise with or to extend some recognition to the power which has for its one object the destruction of man, body and soul. Yet, if we accept these pleas, we shall betray mankind as effectively as though we had turned our backs upon the battle from the first.

But you, gentlemen, have not come three thousand miles to protect Germany. Your little vanguard is here to help her change her heart, and I read a day or two ago the lines on which you propose to change it: "When we went to war with Germany it was with the resolve to destroy German war power. If that power is inseparable

from the German people, then we are resolved upon the destruction of the German people. The alternative is in their hands." That is reasonable and easy to understand. You are going, none too soon, into a world which has been laboriously wrecked by high German philosophy, based on the devil's own creed that there is nothing good or evil in life but thinking makes it so—in other words, that right and wrong are matters of pure fancy.

That belief it will be your privilege to assist in removing from the German's mind. His beliefs are primitive. Except on certain portions of the front, where he has been better educated, he believed that the United States Army does not exist. In the first place, it could not cross the Atlantic; in the second, it was sunk while crossing; in the third, it was no use when it arrived. It is possible that you may be able to persuade him that he has been misinformed on these points.

Meantime, your invasion of England goes forward according to program day by day. Unlike the other invaders we have known, you bring everything you need with you, and do not live upon the inhabitants. In this you are true to the historical vow of your ancestors, when they said, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." At any other time the nations would be lost in amazement at the mere volume and scope of your equipment, at the terrifying completeness of your preparations, at the dread evidence of power that underlies them. But we have lived so among miracles these last four years that, even though the thing accomplished itself before our very eyes, we scarcely realise that we watch the actual bodily transit of the New World moving in arms to aid in redressing the balance of the Old. We are too close to these vast upheavals and breakings forth to judge of their significance. One falls back on

the simpler, the more comprehensible, fact that we are blood-brothers in a common cause, and therefore in that enduring fellowship of loss, toil, peril, and homesickness which must needs be our portion before we come to victory.

But life is not all gray even under these skies. There is a reasonable amount of fun left in the world still, if you know where to look for it—and I have noticed that the young generally have this knowledge. And there are worse fates in the world than to be made welcome, as you are more than welcome, to the honorable and gallant fraternity of comrades-in-arms the wide world over. Our country and our hearts are at your service, and with these our understanding of the work ahead of you. That understanding we have bought at the price of the lifeblood of a generation.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

A. C. BENSON

[A clearer conception of what democracy means must affect every phase of our existence. Such an understanding of its meaning will make it necessary to overhaul our social machinery and remodel much of it, if not to cast some of it aside entirely. At least we shall feel the need of questioning everything in the light of newly seen opportunities and duties. Is education doing for the world all it can do? Are we wasting valuable energy by going against the wind and the tide? Shall we keep to the old lines or radically depart from them? Mr. Benson, an essayist of many books and an educator of high rank, the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, tells us what he thinks about it. His views are clearly constructive, and, though he is not likely to lead us to any rash innovations, he raises the questions that we must settle for the future.]

Now that we are beginning to feel the steady and inevitable pressure of the democracy in all our institutions, both social and political, we must try to perceive and recognize the disadvantages of the rising force as well as its advantages and minimize the dangers as well as emphasize the benefits.

The advantages are obvious. The democratic idea aims at making government an expression of the mind of the state and safeguarding the rights of all, while diminishing as far as possible all privilege and favor. What a democracy claims, and rightly claims, is that any one particular class shall not govern the country with a view to its own comfort and convenience, and that certain people shall not possess the right of government by mere accident of inheritance, and quite apart from their disinterestedness and their fitness to rule. But the danger of the democracy is that a state tends to be governed according to the preferences and ideas of the average man; and this is a real danger, because progress and civilisation never result from the ideas of the average man. The average man is cautious and stationary, and is not alive to any advantages except what obviously and directly profit himself.

It is impossible, and would be undesirable even if it were possible, to govern a state on such principles. The average man has no foresight, few ideals, considerable suspicion of unselfish motive, which he believes to be but a concealed and artful selfishness working for its own ends; what he values is anything which gives him immediate comfort and security, what benefits him here and now. It is essential that a country should be governed by men who have a design and a plan, though that plan must aim at the democratic theory, which is the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The first item in the democratic program must always be that no member of a state should be forced to live under conditions of uncheered drudgery and degrading poverty. But that once achieved, the object must not be to reduce everything to a dead level, but to encourage everything which rises above that level; to produce an aristocracy,

not of wealth and rank, but of intellect and character, and to see that such an aristocracy has the direction of affairs, not for its own profit, but for the profit of all.

Infinitely the most important factor in the democratic system of a country is, of course, its system of education. Everyone who has had anything to do with the technical organization of education is generally surprised and disconcerted to find how very little such organization seems to have to do with the main objects of education. It seems to be all finance, and bodies which deal with the administration of education seem to do nothing except deal with financial business. What is to be taught and how it is to be taught, how to make the teaching profession into a real career, so as to attract men and women of high qualities into the service—these points seem to receive little consideration. By far the most important force in education is the personality of the teacher. A good teacher can produce great results out of the feeblest curriculum; an inefficient teacher can achieve no result worth considering with the finest curriculum in the world because the difficulty of education is not the method of instruction, but how to implant a desire to learn.

But it is here that the first obstacle appears. The average man has a vague sense of the benefit of education as a process whereby it is possible to better one's self; but he wants to get it cheap. He talks about the market value of a teacher and he does not see that it is worth his while to pay a great deal to get the right kind of teacher, while it is hardly worth his while to pay anything at all for the wrong kind of teacher. Of course, whether the teaching is good or bad, the process itself by which children are kindly and sensibly disciplined, taught order and obedience, supervised and guided at an impressionable time of life, is of the utmost value;

but the real end and aim of all education is the training of citizens. What one desires to develop in all children is some consciousness of being a part of a great whole.

All this cannot be communicated by formal lessons. It would be of little use to draw up a sort of civic catechism and make children repeat by heart the most virtuous and high-minded sentiments. It can only be taught by men and women who feel it themselves, people with a real sense of duty and brotherhood. The first necessity, then, is to enlist such moral energy in the training of the young, and this can be done only by making the teaching profession one which offers not only influence—it does that already—but civic advantages of an obvious kind. A man who desires to marry and bring up his children well must provide himself with a situation where this is possible. One cannot demand that all teachers, for the sake of the benefit to the state, sacrifice prospects at every point. It is mere sentimentalism to suggest this; and all who have any strong interest in the future of the state should take every opportunity of urging the necessity of making the teaching profession into a real career. There is no political or social reform which would have anything like so great and far-reaching effect on the well-being of the country as this.

And then the question arises as to what type of education is the best for the children of the nation. Everyone who knows anything of elementary education must feel that our system is at present a very imperfect one. Very little attention is paid to special aptitudes, and still less attention is paid to the kind of work for which children are being prepared. Whenever it is urged that education ought to be utilitarian, one is met by an outcry from high-minded persons who talk vaguely of culture. But what is culture? It is a pity that the

word has rather priggish and unpleasant associations, because it is a very real thing indeed, and there is no other word for it. What culture really means is an interest in ideas, in things which are not purely material, a susceptibility to higher and finer influences. But what the advocates of culture too often think is that it is an intellectual thing which can be handed out to people in packets, and which consists of reading the right books and knowing a quantity of facts. But culture is not an accomplishment, it is a quality; and it is based upon imagination and emotion.

The real thing which one wishes to develop in men and women is what I can only call imaginative sympathy. Imagination by itself cannot do much, because one can have a great deal of imagination of a purely selfish kind which is just a satisfaction to the possessor because it adds a pleasure to life; sympathy pure and simple is a higher quality still, but sympathy without imagination tends to make one offer to other people not what they need and desire, but what one thinks they ought to need and desire. But imaginative sympathy is a very high and fine quality indeed, because it gives one the power of seeing into the minds and hearts of others as well as the desire to help people along in their own way, and not merely on the lines which one prefers.

One who has imaginative sympathy is moved by the beauty of fine, generous, courageous, noble qualities, and desires that others should be and feel what is so obviously beautiful and desirable to one's self; and this, the culture which ends in this sort of sympathy, is the only kind of culture worth having, because it is at once seeing what is best and desiring that others should share it.

Take such a subject as history. It is of very little use either practically or intellectually that people should

just know a string of facts and dates. What is important is to understand the slow growth of social virtues, to feel patriotic, to realize how the rights of men are slowly defined, that politics is but an attempt to include more and more individuals in an ever-widening circle of peace and order in virtue. History is only inspiring in so far as it gives some notion of the aims of mankind and shows how the hopes and aspirations of one generation translate themselves into the welfare of the next.

It may be said that this is a very transcendental view of education. The so-called sensible man may pooh-pooh it and say that the only object of education is to enable a man to fight efficiently for himself and to secure as large a share as possible of this world's goods; but if that were the only end of education, we are no better off than before, because we should only end by educating everyone into efficient selfishness without in the smallest degree increasing the resources of the world—the world would still be a battlefield, and the only change would be that the combatants were better armed!

But I desire to be severely practical. We must face the fact that, whatever happens, the necessary work of the world will still have to be done; the earth must be tilled, communication must be kept up, things must be carried to and fro, sewers must be cleaned, houses must be swept, food must be cooked. The only wise aim in education must be, not to educate men and women out of a taste for such things, but into enjoying them. And, therefore, I want our educators to keep this in sight and to train children deliberately for their work in the world. I desire to see girls trained in household duties and boys whose life must be spent in the country to be trained to love and understand the country—not to be taught to want to leave it. Boys in industrial districts, whose

work will be manufacture, ought to be trained to know what such work means, what is being aimed at, where the products of their work go, how they will be used, so that the imagination should if possible be awakened and men can learn to see that their labor is not lost, but that it has a definite channel, and reaches some other human hand at last as surely as it leaves their own.

And then, too, all school training should include the teaching of how to use leisure. Half the dullness of labor comes from having no idea how to use the spare hours of it. A governing class which overvalues games—which are only manual labor turned inside out—ought to be wise enough to see that some contrast is needed in the case of manual workers; literature and art ought to be given as freely as possible to those who labor—the love, that is, of beautiful thoughts and things and the direct kindling of the imagination ought to be kept in sight in all education.

Of course, we must have comfort and decent conditions first—that is the task for politicians and social reformers—but the whole movement must go hand in hand, for one cannot satisfy the needs of man by merely satisfying his material desires; and if material comfort is the result of utilitarian education, then such education is not enough; there must be something more than that. We have to educate men out of individualism and selfishness into social and civic virtue.

And thus the aim of all educators must be to a certain extent transcendental; they must have a practical theory first, because it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that an education which does not fit a man for life is *ipso facto* a fraud; but that once done there must be something higher and larger in view: "Some scorn of self, some hate of wrong."

PART III

EMBATTLED DEMOCRACY: LETTERS FROM THE FIGHTING MEN

There is hardly a man who will not return from the War bigger than when he left home. . . . He may be rougher in manner. But it will not be for nothing that he has learnt to endure hardship without making a song about it, that he has risked his life for righteousness' sake, that he has bound up the wounds of his mates, and shared with them his meager rations.

—Donald Hankey

PART III

INTRODUCTORY

For the first time in the long history of warfare the man in the service has found a voice and given adequate expression to the army's soul. He has done this by means of innumerable letters, poems, and books of personal experiences. These various forms of communication run the entire emotional gamut from the hilarities of a Bruce Bairnsfather to the intense spiritual seriousness of a Donald Hankey.

In Part III will be found a series of selected passages from letters. These have not been chosen because they are the best that could be found. They have been chosen as fairly representative of the various subjects about which soldiers write and as representative of the types of mind making up the armies of democracy. For these armies, we must keep in mind, are made up of citizens of all classes and callings. The professional soldier's point of view is not that commonly found. These men came from the walks of peaceful life. They were bound to their homes by strong domestic ties. They were not romantic adventurers, but men moving under the sense of great duties and faith in a great ideal. Their literary style is not always faultless. There is little evidence of pose. The power of such letters lies in the evident sincerity of the writers.

These letters, for the most part, have appeared in print in widely scattered periodicals. Many sections of the country are represented. A few letters are from English, French, or Italian soldiers. Several from men

who have fallen are from memorial volumes of collected letters or fragmentary literary remains. As a rule the writers are not personally indentified, since the point to the collection is that of typically representing the more intimate and personal reactions produced by contact with the unfamiliar and astounding facts of war.

The value of such personal revelations has been well expressed recently by Joseph H. Odell. "Books from the front," he says, "which unveil the more solemn phases of the individual soul are the ones most eagerly read. What are to be the permanent, that is to say, the spiritual, contributions of this terrible but glorious struggle to humanity? Whatever treaty of peace is signed, it may some day be abandoned or modified; whatever changes the war may make in the currents of trade, they cannot hold their new direction forever. But the spiritual marks left upon the race will abide till the end of time, and no subsequent events will be able to erase them."

Many of these letters are frankly descriptive or narrative in character, trying to give the folks at home some account of the new and strange surroundings. A farmer boy is interested in the way the French farm is conducted. Another tries to make clear the celebrations of July 4 or of July 14. Another describes the Christmas scene in a French village, while still another tries to give some conception of the almost inconceivable mud of the trenches. Whatever the subject, the impression upon the writer was so strong that it seemed to give vigor and vividness to his words, and to dispel the woodenness often found in the conventional letter.

Good nature and good humor abound in soldier letters. The discomforts and irritations of the active front seem by a sort of happy fact in human nature to work them-

selves off in a sense of humor. Sometimes the humor which a reader finds was not consciously put there by the writer, as in the case of the soldier who had just gone through those great days of July, 1918, and yet reports to his family that "news is scarce." The whimsical letter of the captured American doctor now "transferred to the German service" is capital, as is, also, the report of the interview with the colored soldier who, with his partner, so distinguished himself in repelling a German raiding party.

One of the marked features of the soldier's letter is his recognition of the supreme interest of his mother in his comfort and safety. He is constantly urging her "not to worry," constantly belittling the discomforts or dangers. If he writes from the hospital it is usually to reassure his mother that he is "getting along fine." With the possibility of death constantly before him, he urges various reasons why she should not be distressed if the worst happens, because, after all, it will not be the worst. "Do not grieve that I am among the missing, but rather rejoice that you have given a son in sacrifice . . . to save civilization, to prevent future wars, . . . and to make the world safe for democracy." Death, says another, "may mean something more wonderful than life. It cannot mean anything worse to the good soldier. So do not be unhappy, but no matter what happens walk with your head high and glory in your large share of whatever credit the world may give me."

This sense of dedication to a great cause runs through the letters as a golden thread. That crusading ideal had most to do, no doubt, in bridging over those periods in the war when the cause of the Allies seemed in danger, and was certainly the basis of the confident enthusiasm with which the American soldier entered the conflict. A

young Slovenian in our army bids his young life good-by "until the day has come when I can proudly see the liberated Jugo-Slavia in a liberated world." Another soldier, though recognizing "the hideousness of the means," still feels that "this is not a war between countries, but a war of Humanity against violence and evil." "I am happy," says a young Italian, "in offering my life to my country; I am proud to spend it for so noble a purpose and I know not how to thank Divine Providence for the opportunity. . . .to fight in this holy war for liberty and justice."

The informal nature of the letter as a means of expression makes it a fitting outlet for all moods and for all convictions. In these letters the soldier stoutly stands up for his country on all occasions. He is especially proud of the success of American troops. He appreciates the fine qualities of his comrades in battle from all the corners of the earth. He wants, above everything else, to be "the good soldier." "I want you to pray each night that I may be able to live my new life as an ideal soldier should; that I may be able to face all danger with a smile and a heart full of courage." And when he writes to break the news of a comrade's death, he does it with a gentleness and a tenderness that are worthy the great traditions of humanity.

All the various contrasts of war are found in the millions of letters which soldiers have sent home since 1914. Nowhere have these contrasts been more vividly suggested than in a few lines by Beach Thomas:

"Yet war is wonderful as well as gross, majestic as well as muddy. That full sentence of Napier's, 'With what a majesty the British soldier fights,' goes ringing in the head even when a knock-kneed soldier from the slums falls gasping in the mud at the bottom of a crazy ditch.

Humour and good humour laugh on the parapet of death, and health sprouts from the centres of mud and reek. Ideals, faith and loyalty, shine through the curses and blasphemy that often pour from the mouth of the fighter. Even the most insensate soldier will religiously exclude from his letters home anything that might breathe alarm or hint danger. What war is morally, it is also æsthetically. Its grandeur—to the eyes, though never to the mind—may be overwhelming. It may even be pretty, or, as soldiers say, 'amusing.' Its contrasts cover the field of contrasts."

LETTERS FROM THE FIGHTING MEN

1. *A western soldier reflects the splendid spirit of millions:*

Dear Mother,—There is just one drawback, and that is, I shall be leaving my dear ones at home and one in ——. Some day the war will be over and I shall follow the flag back home and see you all again with the supreme satisfaction of knowing that my duty toward my Government was well and faithfully done; until that time comes, I want you to pray each night that I may be able to live my new life as an ideal soldier should; that I may be able to face all danger with a smile and a heart full of courage; that I may be able to see my duty clearly and do it cheerfully. I ask no more than this.

When I go it shall be with a happy heart and one filled with love for my people. I ask of you not to worry, to be cheerful and contented, and if you are and I know you are, I can toss my destiny to the winds of fate and say: "Blow me where you will, all is well with me, and also with my home. I am ready."

2. *An Idaho aviator gives expression to the crusading spirit:*

My dear E——, I am sure that millions of individuals are experiencing their renascence in these days. That is why the war is taking on—no, has long since taken on—the aspects of a sacred crusade; why the American soldiers, "the Solemn-looking Blokes," have astounded the world by their absolute faith, their wordless determination, their businesslike attitude—yet without hatred or rancor in their hearts. I am sure the public mind of America, taken as a whole, more nearly represents the

"righteous wrath" of the prophets than any other national spectacle in history. I tell you, E——, a moment of life in these days is worth an endless death; to feel that a single ego is the greatest thing in the world, if it be dedicated to the world; to see bright days for humanity behind the murk; to know that the smile in childish eyes shall not be driven out, and that we have a hand in this —what greater destiny could a man desire!

I have lived moments in my life which I value more than an eternity of being dead. I mean I have felt at the time of those rare experiences—oh, it doesn't matter what they were—a song, a violin, a day on the top o' the earth, the thrill of a small bird's tune, the sight of a small flower, a game, a dream, a girl—a hundred times I have thought that this moment's sensuous joy is recompense enough for a death from which one may not—yea, does not—awaken! So I say I have a fund of wealth of life laid up, so that I could have no cause for complaint should I die to-morrow.

I can hardly explain it—a year or two ago I was shaking in my small soul for fear that I should die before I had drunk deeply enough from the "Golden Cup." There were so many things I wanted to experience before I should die; but in the last two or three months that has all changed, and I feel that I have already experienced hundreds of things for which death would be a small price to pay. A bit of war-psychology, I guess.

3. *A Slovenian volunteer:*

I received the civil clothes sent me from Cleveland, and at the same time a thought occurred to me, which never left me—that I should feel ashamed to leave the army and go back to civil life. Indeed, how I love my young, healthy life; how I long to be free again, going on my

own ways without hearing the command of another. But alas, am I justified to think of my own liberty and happy life, when the moment is here that calls on every young man to bring liberty to others? Away, you selfish thoughts! On into the battle! I am a Slovene myself, and my fathers and grandfathers never had any opportunity to fight for liberty. Indeed, they fought for hundreds of years under the commands of the Hapsburgs to continue slavery and tyranny. . . . . Good-by, my beloved young life, I shall not return to my happy home until the day has come when I can proudly see the liberated Jugo-Slavia in a liberated world. Then I shall return, conscious that I have done my bit. If I perish—I am afraid I shall—let it be so; the only thing I am sorry about is that I don't possess hundreds of lives, giving them all for liberty.

4. *An American in the Royal Flying Corps writes some of his philosophy:*[1]

Dearest Mother,— I don't want you to have another uncomfortable feeling in your heart—no worry about my health, or comfort, or happiness, nothing of this sort. For my limitations of physical comfort are so ridiculously slight, especially compared with most, that it would really be good for me if I had more. And little petty annoyances are good for one's self-control; besides, as I said, I don't let them get inside. . . . . I am completely content, for it seems as if I was never so rich or even hoped to be. I have absolutely nothing in the world to ask for, for myself. . . . . You see you have no need to feel anything but gladness for me; so no more must you have any troublesome feelings in your heart, except harmless missing, which does n't hurt when you

[1]Reprinted by permission from *The Atlantic Monthly.*

know I am happy, as I am. . . . . Even when I'm out there you must n't feel any dread or worry. I shall be even happier than now, and if it should happen that I just stopped being conscious, it would n't matter, because there was no regret and no dread, just perfect content. . . . .

You spoke of being more conscious of the grim realities than heretofore. To me the grim things somehow fade into unrealities in comparison with the realities of the heart and mind which are so vivid to me.

I feel no bitterness against the Huns as individuals or as a race. It is war that I hate, and war that I am willing to give all to end, as permanently as possible; for it is n't the men that war kills, it is the mother's heart which it destroys that makes it hateful to me. War personified should not be the figure of death on a body-strewn battle-field, as it so often is. It should be pictured as a loathsome male striking a woman from behind—a woman with arms tied but eyes wide open. To kill that figure because it has struck my own mother—that is what I am exerting myself with all the will in my being to accomplish. . . . .

To me it seems like a great final examination in college for a degree *summa vita in mortem*, and it challenges the best in me—spurs me on to dig down for every last reserve of energy, strength, and thought to pass this examination, as nothing in my life has or could. As I said in my letter to Dr. Mills—a thought suggested by Dr. Black—"death is the greatest event in life"—and it is seldom anything is made of it. What a privilege, then, to be able to meet it in a manner suitable to its greatness! To have met once in your life a crisis which required the use of every last latent capacity: it is like being able to exercise a muscle which has been in a sling

for a long time. So, the examination is comparatively easy for me to pass. But for you the examination is so much harder, and the degree conferred so much more obscure. . . . .

5. *An Irish poet at the front to another in Ireland:*

Your letter came yesterday evening like melody from the woods of home, as welcome as rain to the shrivelled lips of June. It was like laughter heard over a low hill. I would have written to thank you for the sweets, only that lately we were unsettled, wandering to and fro between the firing-line and resting-billets immediately behind. This letter is antedated by two hours, but before midnight we may be wandering in single and slow file, with the reserve line two or three thousand yards behind the fire-trench. We are under an hour's notice. Entering and leaving the line is most exciting, as we are usually but about thirty yards from the enemy, and you can scarcely understand how bright the nights are made by his rockets. These are in continual ascent and descent from dusk to dawn, making a beautiful crescent from Switzerland to the sea. There are white lights, green and red, and whiter, bursting into red and changing again, and blue bursting into purple drops, and reds fading into green. It is all like the end of a beautiful world. It is only horrible when you remember that every colour is a signal to waiting reinforcements of artillery, and God help us if we are caught in the open, for then up go a thousand reds, and hundreds of rifles and machine guns are emptied against us, and all amongst us shells of every calibre are thrown, shouting destruction and death. We can do nothing but fling ourselves into the first shell-hole and wonder as we wait where we will be hit.

6. *Preparing for the front—and remembering Mothers' Day:*

DEAR MOTHER,— I am having a great time talking French now. You see, neither my landlady nor any of the people here understand a word of English, so it is up to me to "parlez-vous" with them a little. It comes pretty easy, especially as I never did take any more interest in anything in my life than I am taking in this French. You need n't worry about me now, for I am as healthy as can be and the battle line is quite a way off.

We are kept busy from 5:30 A.M. to 10:00 or 12:00 at night. This soldier's life over here is no baby's job. We are "hiking" ten miles a day under heavy pack and drilling about five and one-half hours, which is equivalent to eighteen or twenty miles a day. After this we officers have to censor mail, do the routine company work, and study two hours every night. The men are standing up remarkably well. They are all well and happy and like our treatment in billets. The French people treat us like guests all the time.

This is Mothers' Day, and I ran across a little quotation out of a book presented to me just before I sailed: "God could not be everywhere, so He made MOTHERS, God bless them." That is how I feel, Mother. There is no use in my trying to express my feeling any better.

7. *A French soldier of eighteen to his parents on starting for the front:*

I believe that, thanks to this war, War will collapse once for all. It is worth while to give one's life, actually or figuratively, for such an idea.

I think also, as you do, that this war should be a war of liberation for the oppressed. Besides, I am certain (and here, too, the Work to be accomplished is a work of

Justice) that this war will mean the triumph of democracy, the defeat of the ridiculous and criminal régime of hierarchy and privilege.

It would even be worth while—more than that, it would be one's *duty*—to take up arms to drive out the foe from France and Belgium. . . . . But I see farther than that.

The great result must be a change of mentality throughout the world, salutary not only for Germany, but for each of us. For these reasons, I feel that this is not a war between countries, but a war of Humanity against violence and evil.

We must look above the means employed and fix our gaze boldly on the future and the humanity which will come after us. To kill, to wound—that is indeed horrible! Let us recognize that we must do it, that it is inevitable now for the sake of the future of the world. No one sees better than I the hideousness of the means. But that does not prevent our looking higher and farther; and only he whose horizon is a vast one can see all that is grand in this war.

Who of us, before such a Work, will draw back on account of moral or material difficulties? I repeat boldly: this day should be for you and for me a day of profound joy.

So I go away with a conscience at ease; and that is what matters.

8. *From a marine who afterward fell near Château-Thierry:*

My dear Father,—I just wanted to write you a letter on your birthday. I don't know when I will be able to mail it, but will take a chance anyway.

I want to thank you as your son. You have always

been to me the best father a man could wish. I want to thank you for the gift of a clean, strong, and vigorous body that can serve America in her need. Most of all I want to thank you for the long years of self-denial that made my education possible, for the guidance and teaching that kept me straight through the days of my youth, for the counsel ever freely given when asked, and for all the noble things in your example.

I surely hope that you will celebrate many more birthdays and that I shall be home for the next one. Also may the coming years bring to you wider fields of service and honor, strength to perform your work, and in the end peace, contentment, and quiet rest.

Your son, a soldier of the United States, salutes you, with love and devotion.

9. *A corporal of field artillery to his brother in Indiana:*

You asked me some time ago to get you small souvenirs from the front, and yesterday I had the opportunity, for in a big air battle I saw a German plane falling to the ground a short distance from us, and I gave chase, and procured the enclosure. You may not know just what part of the machine it was, but it is a part of the rubber tire.

It will talk for itself, as to how the machine was on fire; and I may inform you that the occupants consisted of a captain and his assistant. The captain jumped from the machine, or maybe he fell when it was about a half mile in the air, and the other occupant was still in the seat when it landed, but had his hand parallel to his forehead, and we are of the opinion that he committed suicide, as his pistol lay in the bottom of the machine. It was all I was able to procure, and I procured it under many difficulties,

but as sure as I live, it came from a German airplane which was in battle above our heads, and downed amid flames.

The airplane itself looked as if it was a captured one, as it contained some American mechanism, also some English. The piece of rubber, when I received it, was fresh from the burn, but I suppose by the time it reaches you, the odor will have evaporated. The tire was of German make, as German reading could be recognized on it. The Allies are sure superior in the air, for they are downing them mighty fast these days, especially the last few days in our neighborhood. Of course I was not allowed to go up to it immediately, as the machine contained bombs and machine gun bullets, also a camera which was not damaged in the least.

10. *After three years, this Canadian soldier takes things as they come:*

And speaking of wakes, I was awake myself the other night in my hut and the Gothas were whirring over head and Fritz was pulling the string every now and then. It was pitch-dark and a big Bertha had just shaken all creation, when I overheard two "blimeys" fanning buckwheat while they hunted a shell-hole.

"Where are yer, Bill?" asked one.

"I'm 'ere," says Bill.

"Where's 'ere?" says his pal.

"'Ow the blinkin' 'ell do I know where 'ere is?" says Bill.

Just then Fritz put one alongside my hut and snuffed out all the candles, but thanks to the good old soft mud—and how we have cussed that mud!—I am writing to you, Old Top, to-night. I expect to be on the hike again in a day or so, I know not where and I do not care. All places look alike to this old kid. They can set me down

in a field of mud and inside of forty-eight hours I have a home fit for a prince, or a ground-hog—sometimes I am living several feet under ground and at other times I am living in a tent, a hut, a stable, barn, shed, and, when in luck, in some deserted château.

11. *A lieutenant of field artillery tells of a night expedition:*[1]

It started one pitch-black night when I took Supply and Headquarters of the Second Battalion on a long hike to entrain for parts unknown. At the last minute they turned over a section or two from each battery so I had about as much as a battery to pile out into the night with.

It was glorious. You could n't see a thing, and all you could hear were the wagons crushing off the invisible road, and my beloved mule-skinners raising their voices to Heaven in heroic Gargantuan curses.

The major who gave me the job said I had to break the record in getting there and in entraining, and, by gosh! we did it—with the odds and ends of the regiment. I even had a dentist whom I made help load mules and a doctor who drove a four-line hitch and swore better even than my wagon corporal.

We were to start loading at 4:00 A.M. and we pulled in at three instead, after a long rest on the road, where my rolling kitchen (after threatening to explode and give away the whole position) served us hot coffee and steak.

We had to wait while the people ahead finished entraining, but that gave me time to water the horses and put a few men under arrest and generally get things straightened out.

Then we pinned back our ears and went to it. I

[1]From *Letters from an American Son to His Father*, by Curtis Wheeler. Copyright, 1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

loaded horses at five places at once, mules at another, *matériel* at two, and rations and forage at another. There was n't much racket, and while it looked rather confused it really worked out surprisingly well. I think I must have walked miles that night with a long whip in one hand and a flashlight in the other (sort of modern Simon Legree), prodding men out of dark corners where they had dropped to snatch a few seconds' sleep.

I recall having been decently civil to only one human being and that was the Major, who rode up to know how things were going. To him I smiled beatifically, waved my arm at the wild whirl dimly visible in the dark, and said everything was going very nicely.

He told me I was a damn liar, also smiled, and, like a gentleman, went away again to let me work it out. As it turned out, we came under the wire a half hour ahead of the nearest outfit. We were able to serve out a piping hot breakfast, and let all hands turn in to get some sleep an hour before the train pulled out.

My word, but was n't it blissful to lie back on the gas masks and junk, and know that you had a good long rest ahead! Of course we had to pry horses apart at the stops, and all the usual things happened, but we did n't lose anything and came through in quite decent order.

We detrained after dark again with a lot of new and rather nervous officers standing around and telling us what to look out for. The reverse process was easier, of course, but I was held up at the end by an ungodly quantity of forage, which I had to invent transportation for. This took time, so I broke no records this time. I relieved my mind on my orderly. He went off a bank backwards in the dark, horse on top, and I cursed out his supposedly dead body until he and his horse climbed up together, both rather subdued.

Then we moved out, all a bit stiff and hungry, and hiked, and hiked, and hiked. We had a wooden guide with us. He looked quite imposing in occasional flashes of light—battered helmet, long drooping mustaches, jutting chin, calm profile, enormous horse, quite like one of the cuirassiers of Milhaud who went up the slope of Mt. St. Jean. But he knew absolutely nothing.

Well, anyhow, we got there eventually, and W—— met us with a cane and an English accent and was rather vague about billets, and I raised my voice and cursed anew. And he was as charmingly imperturbable as he always is, under fire or anywhere else, and eventually I found places for all the horses and all the mules and all the men and the *matériel*, except myself. So I crawled into a fish-wagon on to a sack of oats, and became blissfully unconscious.

12. *A boy from Massachusetts writes his father concerning French farming:*

Where I was stationed before moving to this front, the people were haying. They have fine horses, but queer rigs. All the wagons, even to the two-wheeled dump carts, have brakes and old-style "Deering" mowing machines. They put a strap around the horse's neck and fasten it to the yoke and hitch the inside chain to the opposite whiffletree. If the machine clogs, they never back up; just clean it out, crack the whip, and away the horses go. The French hay rakes are just the opposite of ours. They keep the foot on the lever except when they want to dump the hay. I have ridden on one. It is good to get onto the old job again. The scythes are like our bush scythes. When they haven't a grindstone, they pound out the nicks in the scythe with a hammer and iron and then smooth it up with a bit of rock.

You ought to see the way they drive pigs. They use dogs to help. And when a shepherd takes his sheep out to pasture he goes along the street and blows a horn and every one turns out the pigs and sheep. The shepherd has a long-lash whip and drives them like cows. It takes a Frenchman to crack a whip.

There's a wheelwright whom I watched working when I hadn't anything else to do. He liked to have us around because we helped him and that saved him money. I saw him put a rim on a wheel. He got the lumber and sawed it out by hand on a band saw worked by two handles. He was two days and a half at it and certainly did a swell job. He got forty francs (nearly $8.00). We boys helped do his haying.

People live in groups of stone houses and drive out to their farms to work. Each village has a church with a tall spire; approaching a village you always see the spire first. The people all wear hobnailed shoes to work, and everybody works.

13. *From a New Jersey engineer:*

Dear Mother and Dad,— I am more and more delighted with this country. The people are friendly and helpful, but it is only when we speak French very slowly that we make each other understand.

I suppose you still hear of how the American engineers refuse to keep out of the scrap over here. One regiment of us stepped over the top right into an attacking line of boches, and hit them so heavily that they retreated. When an engineer gets angry he can show things to the doughboys.

I enjoy myself most when I can take walks out into the country and mix with the French. A few of them still think Americans must be ignorant backwoodsmen.

I enjoy talking to the children. I have teased them by asking, in as serious a manner as possible, if they are Germans. Instead of hitting me, as I deserve, they deny it indignantly, and explain so patiently that they are French. They are all to the good.

I will have my picture taken with a trench helmet and gas mask on and send it home. And I should like very much to have the home paper. We have the *Stars and Stripes* and several papers here that publish English editions, but they give almost no sporting news. It will be great if they hold the world series over here.

I ran into an old man the other day who was not in favor of the American troops being here. He asked me what part of French territory we were going to get for our services. I told him we would not take all nor any part of the country as a gift. Then I told him about America—until he declared he would go to America as soon as possible.

I am in perfect health, and try to keep so, realizing that is the patriotic thing to do. Love to each one.

14. *An Illinois boy is enthusiastic:*

Gosh! I sure was glad to get the batch of mail that's just come. It makes me feel so darned glad that I'm over here that I wouldn't trade my place for anything.

And let me tell you right here, Mother dear, that you or anybody else at home can't know what real patriotism, real love of country, is. You haven't any idea. Why, you can't imagine what a great, wonderful country the old United States is. You can't realize what she stands for and means to the human race until you get a good perspective.

When I am standing retreat at night and hear "The Star-Spangled Banner" played, the first thing that comes

to my mind is the Statue of Liberty; then our wonderful cities, New York, Chicago, San Francisco; then Washington and President Wilson and the wonderful cause that all our millions of Americans are willing to give up everything for. Mother, we're lucky merely to have been born Americans. Talk about waves up your spine! It's enough just to get over here in Europe and look back over miles of water at the biggest type of nation, based on liberty and justice, that can be conceived. Why, Mother, that Statue of Liberty and the American flag stand for *everything* that is worth while in life.

Since I've got over here I feel more pity than anything else for the birds that are still at home sporting silk shirts. I'd rather be hanged for murder than be in their shoes. I figure that I'm the luckiest fellow in the world to be able to stand up as a soldier here in France and be a part of the greatest country engaged in the most honorable thing a country ever undertook. We have all waked up to what the words "United States of America" mean.

End of speech for to-night!

15. *How the war was won for democracy:*

In your last letter you say: "You write like a different boy." Why, Father, I *am* different! How could I be anything else? I have been over here now for seven months. In that time I have lived seven years. I have seen aspects of life that I never dreamed of: that never occurred to me, in my sheltered life, as existing in this world. I have come to know men as I should never know them at home. I have learned a respect for discipline, a regard for authority that it shames me now to look back and see how I lacked.

You talk over there about fighting for democracy! Why, my dear father, we have won the war for democracy

already so far as thousands of our men are concerned. You can't live this kind of a life over here that I have lived now for all these months, under all kinds of conditions and with all kinds of men, and not have the walls of your mind stretched until they almost break, without learning a lesson in democracy! That is one of the finest things that this experience has taught me. Honestly, when I think of how I used to look down, snippy-like, at some of the fellows in college who were working their way through, and who I and others like me thought were beneath us, and when I recall the fool discussions that we used to have whether this chap or that fellow was or was not "good enough" for our "frat"— all based on superficial or so-called social or equality grounds— it makes me wonder how I could have been such a blatant ass!

I don't wonder that one college man said to me the other day: "I hate to think of this war suddenly stopping and my father insisting that I return to college. Of course I would refuse, but would my father see it, I wonder? Think of returning to that soft and sheltered life, with its fool 'proms' and silly house parties and inconsequential 'events.' My lord, Fred, I could n't go back! I should choke in such an atmosphere!" I know this is a bit hard on you, Father, as a college trustee, but, believe me, I feel the same way, and so does every fellow over here that I have talked with.

16. *A judge-advocate prefers to stay until it is finished:*

The real bugaboo of human life is boredom, and the army in the field is singularly free from it. Out in the trenches there is always the expectation of something happening — even pestiferous insects furnish hunting material. Then, again, whether you are a private or an

officer you can get together with your equals in rank and scandalize your superiors—taking, of course, excellent care that they don't hear you.

In regard to your hope that I may be sent home for duty in the United States. Not for me! The general staff officers who are being sent home for instructions in exchange for others are the sorest set of men I ever saw. No judge-advocate majors are needed in Memphis, Tennessee. Why any healthy male person would want to be in America now when he might be in France is beyond me. Everybody of the male sex from home under forty is either here or coming, and I can sit out in front of my portable office in this obscure village and see the best specimens of every nation go by. It is the crisis of the biggest event in the world. I don't want to go back till I can go for keeps, and that is when this show is over. It is touch and go with France. We've got to win, and we will win shortly, but the idea of a person six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds prancing around the United States lecturing is nauseating, positively. I shall come home, and just revel in my home, when this is over, but not till then. And that's the way all the men feel, too. I don't believe there is one man in ten thousand who wants to come home till this thing is finished.

17. *A French officer to a friend at home:*

You say this to your American friends: It is impossible to imagine a more perfect understanding of one another than now exists between the French and the American *poilus*.

The reason for their ready cameraderie is easy to find: its base is mutual respect. When the Yankees first came our *poilus* looked with a little distrust on these troops with their elaborate equipment and all their

spending money: we waited to see what they would be like in action. Well, they have been there and they have shown extraordinary nerve and guts. When surprised by the boche in a recent raid they defended themselves like wild men—even with their feet and fists. The boche did not take a single prisoner. American patrols are models of coolness and ingenuity. Under bombardment they do not give way, and that is test enough. They have not the silly vanity that thinks it can't be "shown"; on the contrary, they ask questions whenever they get the chance, and learn how to do things better next time.

Their conception of discipline shocks us a bit. Here's a case in point: The other day an American driver was trotting down a steep hill with his four mules. The harness broke and the animals ran away. Very skillfully the driver managed so that he drove into some trees and stopped his team, but one mule was smashed against a tree. The American got down from his seat, cool as a cucumber, examined his beast, then tranquilly drew and fired his revolver—and drove on. If you could have seen the look on the faces of our men! They talked of it for days. Had such a mishap happened to us, we'd have been swamped under all the reports and statements!

I have seen a few of their officers in a little village near the lines. The village people are strong for them.

18. *A New Zealand soldier is cheerful:*

Away out there in New Zealand, Mother, no doubt, is worrying and worrying about me—worrying, waiting, and hoping. Here in France, with fourteen thousand miles between us, I'm sitting in a damp old dugout scribbling in a perfectly contented frame of mind. I've quite

forgotten about the big, fat beetle that tried to rest in my ear as I lay sleeping last night, and I have quite forgiven the rat that coursed over my face after dining on my scanty store of biscuits. Also the ton or so of bombs some Gothas dropped in our vicinity just before dawn has been tossed into the limbo of almost forgotten things. And why are all these things possible? Just because one has that comfortable feeling of duty done. Another reason, too, is that there were onions in the midday stew. Just compare the two of us—dear old mum, away back in New Zealand, worrying, worrying, because war to her must always be terrible. War to her means naught else but shattered bodies, terrible wounds, and awful sufferings, and because of these things, and because her son is exposed to all these terrors, she worries and worries while she sits and waits. Her son meanwhile, fitter and better physically than ever before in his life, is happy and quite ready to meet anything that may arise.

I wonder if you can follow all this. What I want to convey is that out here one takes all things as being in the day's work. One's mind seldom dwells on the terrors of war, and, because of all this, war to us hasn't half the terrors it has for our women-folk who remain behind. If it were not for the roar of the guns to-day, one could almost think that war was an unheard-of thing. 'Way in the rear of this position I can hear a band playing.

A few moments ago they were playing a ragtime medley, and I caught the strains of "Over There." Do you know it? It's all about the Americans or "Yanks" coming "Over There," and it is highly popular in the trenches, not only on account of its tuneful lilt, but because the Yanks who are here come up to expectations in every detail. I've met hundreds of them, and what bonny boys they are—always cheerful, and always eager

to learn all the arts of war. They've been tried out, too, in the line, and I can honestly state that they are the equal of any troops here.

Poor old Fritz! Still another mistake goes down to his account. First the British were a nation of storekeepers, blind to aught else but their own comfort. Then America was mentioned. Pooh! they'd never get here in time! And, even if they did, armies were not created in days; years of service were necessary if they were expected to have anything like an equal chance with the sons of the Fatherland. And the lords of *Kultur* dismissed all thought of America without a misgiving. And what is the result? Here in France are hundreds of thousands of lithe young Americans, trained, not in the hard school of Germany, but in a free, democratic country; all worthy sons of fathers whose grandfathers once humbled Britain, true descendants of a people who, without military training, gained independence for what is now one of the greatest countries in the world—the United States of America. Thousands more are coming over here every week, I hear. When they are all here, the war will end in two months. You mark my word!

19. *A marine tells of refugees and destruction:*

I am now in a French town a few miles back of the lines. It was evacuated by the French people at a few hours' notice. Their cattle, dogs, horses, chickens, and personal belongings are still here. We even found half-cooked food on the stoves, showing that they left at a few moments' notice. Many such towns fell into German hands. They are nothing but a pile of bricks and stones now. One of the most pitiful sights I have ever seen was the flight of the refugees a few weeks ago. We met them

as they were going to the rear and as we were advancing. Old men and women, children, babies, and all; many who had owned wonderful homes (I am now quartered in a regular mansion), and who had to leave with nothing in the world and with no idea where they would spend the night or get the next meal.

20. *An Iowa birdman has a chance to try his parachute:*

I had a chance to try my parachute yesterday and I thought I would tell you about it and if you think best you can tell Mother. Murphy and I went up to observe for a small attack about noon. There were quite a number of clouds in the sky at the time and the men on the ground could not keep very close tab on the enemy planes and one succeeded in getting pretty close to us before we knew it. They pulled us right down to 300 meters and held us there, but the enemy came right on in spite of our machine guns and a barrage of anti-aircraft guns. He came slowly around until he was between us and the sun and then he drove at us, firing his machine gun all the time. Two bullets went through the basket and one passed through my parachute-case, which was slung on the side. We heard the bullets whistling past and decided that it was time to leave. I had the telephone head-set, so Murphy went first. He hung on the side and dropped and I watched him until his parachute opened, then I swung over the side and was all ready to let go when I discovered that I was straddling my rope and I had to crawl back in, straighten myself out, and climb over again. For some reason or other I didn't want to let go of that basket, but I thought "Here goes," and dropped. I fell with a terrific speed for what seemed like an age, when suddenly the parachute opened and I

was safe. I could see Murphy strung up by the neck like a jumping-jack about 100 yards away below me. He saw me and waved, and we both signaled back and forth and had a big time. I looked up at the balloon which had not yet burned. It was rolling around and diving because of the lack of ballast, when suddenly an incendiary bullet hit the gas-bag and it went up in flames. We both landed in a wheat field. As I struck the ground I tried to run so that the parachute would not drag me, but there was a pretty strong wind and I was thrown and dragged about fifteen feet before I could cut myself loose. I was not hurt in the least and have had no ill effects.

It is considered quite a thing in the French army to jump in the parachute, and the French company next to us gave a big dinner party last night to celebrate the affair.

21. *An Ohio private on returning from going "over the top":*

When I got back to the rest billet my shirt and breeches were nothing but a bunch of rags. My hands had bled from blisters from "digging in"—I was some sight, and had not much fight left in me. But if necessary, no doubt, I could have been game. You see I got a black eye from the dirt thrown by a shell. My helmet was blown to kingdom come, I had a bad place one side of my nose, two pieces of shrapnel in the right hand, and some lodged underneath my arm in the skin. They removed it all without cocaine, so it did not amount to much. I did n't even go back to the hospital. I stayed right there to get my revenge. However, I will always have one souvenir—the side of my nose makes me look different, but I am proud of it, and consider myself lucky. . . . .

The worst part of it all is when you return and all get together to see who's here and who's not. You've been like a big family, being together ever since you joined, eating in the same kitchen, sleeping in the same place, going through the same hardships and good times together, and you feel you know one another's mother and father as well as if you came from the same town—hearing so much of them, and seeing pictures of them. You've heard a pal talk about "my girl," and how he hopes to get back and marry her, and everyone seems like brothers, and when you find some of them didn't return, it is real hell, I tell you.

22. *A St. Louis officer tells why he is proud of being an American:*

I have seen them—hundreds and thousands of them—in their rest billets, before they went into the line, during battles, and, above all, after they came out of the line. And oh, how proud I am to be an American! For these men have "been there," and have looked death in the face and have seen what a little thing it is. All those conceits and selfish desires of men who dwell with men in our vaunted civilization come to be little things out here. Everything is so different—so big—that the little things just slip out of sight.

This war is not turning out hardened young men who can look upon suffering and misery unmoved. I have seen acts of gentleness and self-sacrifice over here that were even above that accredited to women, the most gentle and the sweetest of God's creatures. I have seen men who, in civilian life, would have refused a crust to the beggar on the street give their emergency ration to a total stranger. One of my own men, after fighting fourteen hours, worked as a volunteer stretcher-bearer for eight

hours, making trip after trip across a field that was being torn up with shell-fire. And all this time he was helping carry out men whom he had never seen before. And these are the men who are coming home, big in faith, washed of the sordidness and smallness of life, strong in body and with a great love of God and their country.

23. *A Michigan lieutenant has a good opinion of the French soldier:*

The French soldier is magnificent. I have seen quite a few. All show the marks of much suffering, and yet their spirit is as high as in the first days of the war. The French soldier and our troops get along wonderfully. In the cafés you will see a group of our men and the French, each with a dictionary in his hand, telling the other what a good man he is.

24. *Report of a memorable Christmas evening in a French village:*[1]

There was a band concert in the square ending in a blare of glory, just at dusk, with "The Star-Spangled Banner" and Mr. Rouget de l'Isle's masterpiece. I should like to paint for you the picture, but you can imagine it as it must have looked. There was the sun going down behind the black church-spire, the shadows on the hills around all turning indigo and lavender against the snow, the crowd of people about the square, kiddies dancing and playing on the outskirts, women in the center, hands under their shawls for warmth, babies in wooden sabots at their skirts, French soldiers, *en permission*, mostly infantry, with here and there the rakish blue tam-o'-shanter of a Chasseur Alpin or the red fez

[1] From *Letters from an American Son to His Father*, by Curtis Wheeler. Copyright, 1918. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

and crescent of a Chasseur d'Afrique, and, wandering through it all, benevolent, kindly, care-free, that greatest institution of modern times—the American buck private. With his hands in his pockets, jingling "bokoo Frankies," a Christmas quid in his cheek, and a Christmas breath floating mistily out into the frosty air, no Roman emperor has anything on him. He has a nod and a "bong joo" for everybody, he gets a smile in return, from the withered old *gran'mère* in the white cap and shawl to the flaxen-haired lassie with the cold blue eyes and the warm white smile and the cameo features and the husky shoulders and legs, who rides by, sitting sidewise on a huge white horse, her little sabots stuck straight out in front of her and her nose in the air.

The band was still going to it when I left to keep an appointment to tea. Monsieur M—— had very kindly asked me in to have a Christmas cake with him, and I was anxious to see what a really decent better-class French home would be like. Monsieur M—— is now, like many other people in this town, a refugee from further north, but with a difference. He lives with a relative—*chez lui*, so to speak—and is therefore sort of a king of the refugees. Before the war he was a big contractor at a place which is now as historic as Little Round Top, and he still has a very considerable fortune left to help his townspeople.

I found them all sitting around the fire waiting for me—two kids, the old *gran'mère*, the man himself, and his little wren of a wife. He represents an entirely different class of Frenchman from the type around here (such as my present host). He has the long, straight, high-bridged nose, the broad forehead, the clear, wide-open eyes, the flexible, expressive hands, that we have learned to recognize as the true French type at its best.

It was all quite formal at first. And you don't know what a relief it was to be with people who knew enough to be formal once in a while. I bowed and mine host bowed and his little wife smiled at me and pulled up a chair for me at the table. Then we sat down; there was a formal talk and the tea began. It consisted, first, of black pudding, or blood sausage. Then there were Lorraine tarts and honey cakes and a kind of light biscuit and some old, old cobwebby bottles full of a *vin* that never grew in this *pays* or this generation. After this was over mine host brought forth a jug of Mirabelle, which is a very delightful cordial made from prunes, and we fell to talking about everything. It was a delight to talk with these people, their accent was clear as a bell and as easy to understand as English. They were so quick and responsive that, after those country people, it was like talking to a different race.

Moreover, and above all, my bearded Hermes did not seize this opportunity to complain to me of the doings of some of my men or the evil habits of my horses. Instead, he talked of Clemenceau, and the situation in Italy, and the movements of troops he himself had seen, and what his friend who is in the Assembly had said about some one else in the Assembly who is not his friend, and so forth. And the little lady asked me questions about America, what Christmas was like there, and were my parents living, and was I married, and would I like the recipe for the honey cake, and what did the crossed guns on my collar mean, and was the American helmet as comfortable as the French casque, and would there really be five million American boys here by June!

The girl was really a young lady and it was beneath her dignity to talk to a *sous-lieutenant*, but there were some things she wanted to know. One was, Are American

girls really all beautiful, besides being fabulously wealthy? Another was, How long had I been talking French and did I find it difficult to understand the patois of these people here? And the last was a wish that I had been able to visit them in their real home *devant la guerre*. Amen.

The boy, a thick-set youngster with a big square head and quick-witted eyes, opened up last, but was full of confidences about a friend of his who was a *sous-officier* in the Blue Devils. And he described with great interest the blowing up of their home, and the *éclats* of the *obus*, and how the Turcos cheered as they ran, and what knives they carried, and what he was going to be after he had gone to St. Cyr, and how droll it was to watch the American *soldats* helping the French farmers kill their *cochons*.

It was all very pleasant and cozy and homelike and I wouldn't have missed it for a great deal. It made one feel quite like a gentleman again instead of a combination of Nero, Uriah Heep, and "Gyp the Blood." And the strange part of it all, I mused to myself as I plowed home in the night, was that a week before this same man had gone for one of our battery commanders with a long sharp knife, and this call of mine was the last stage of a rather difficult patching-up process. It is all a question of understanding, I reckon.

25. *A sergeant of artillery writes between shots:*

We just received some more mail and read it between shots. We have suspended firing for the present, so I will take this time to drop you a word or two. We are steadily pushing forward. The other day we were in a position near an old ruined château. In the afternoon

our infantry had advanced out of our range, and as we could not move forward until evening, the afternoon was practically free. With a couple of fellows I visited the above-mentioned château, where the boche had wired the entire building and placed dynamite in various places. This low-down trick was forestalled, however, by the French, who knew the German methods by this time, and they cut the wires. The interior of the building was turned upside down. The furniture, some of it the antique, hand-carved variety, was broken and upset or thrown around. The library, a room completely filled with books of all descriptions, was topsy-turvy. A suit of armor was in another room. Another was piled high with German shells left in the rush. One couldn't help thinking what a wonderful place it was before the invasion. This building was dated 1539. In the rear was the old castle. I could find no date, but some said 1100. The four towers were about all that was left standing.

This castle stood upon a hill, covering about one-half an acre, surrounded on all sides by steep walls seventy-five feet high, and at the bottom was what must have been a moat. An arched bridge spanned this moat, a distance of about seventy-five feet. Remnants of the old outer wall still remain. One of the towers of this old castle had served its purpose to the Germans. A ladder leading to the tower showed that it had been used for observation. It certainly was a marvelous place for observation, too. We were up there, and over the almost level country we could see for miles around.

26. *An engineer has high praise for the French:*

We had a dandy dinner the Fourth of July, a ball game in the afternoon, and a speaker at night. On the

fourteenth of July, a French holiday, I had an invitation to dinner with my French friends. When I tell you I had the greatest and best meal I have had since leaving home, please believe me; and that's saying a lot, for I had some fine meals when I was in Paris last.

The dinner was served in courses, each one better than the last; three different kinds of wine and coffee and French cigarettes as a finish. You have to take off your hats to the French — they know how to feed. Remember, all these things are cooked in an open fire place. It's wonderful how they can cook such things as cake and currant pie, and they were delicious. These people think the world of me, and the mother called me her "American godchild." They are always after me to come and eat, but I don't like to go very often because they are poor and it is an added expense to feed me. Still they will not admit it. Just like these people—if they like you, they will give you the very shirt off their back.

The French are like a different race of people now, since the last drive at Château-Thierry. They now see the metal the Americans are made of. They have often heard people speak of the American manhood, but never had much of an example until now.

27. *A lawyer corporal from Louisiana pays tribute to the French:*

We are in the thick of it, by the side of the glorious French army, which for four long and bloody years has been the bulwark of the civilized world. Their deeds of valor and their consummate skill will be recorded in the archives of history. The French soldiers have shed imperishable luster upon all the world. Their sufferings and their indomitable courage, their sacrifices, will make one

of the saddest, and one of the brightest, pages in the history of the world. We have come to their rescue and are fighting with them to preserve their liberties and our own.

28. *An Oklahoma sergeant expresses his joy at our making good:*

I just want to say something about how we depend upon you folks at home. Before the first of July and necessarily before the announcement that a million American soldiers from the dear old United States had set foot on this beautiful land to fight for the great cause, we Americans who were over here had been bragging for eight months about what we were going to do, how much money had been raised by the United States, how many soldiers were coming to France, guesses as to how many were here already — in fact, just talking about our great land and its resources. But when one morning we saw by the headlines in the papers that actually one million soldiers had landed over here we were glad enough to cry. It had a marvelous effect upon our French comrades — hitherto they had listened with only their natural politeness to our tales, agreeing to everything we said, but when it came out in the French newspapers that we had sent a million men to France, and they were piling in so fast they could hardly take care of them at this end, they nearly went wild. Everything was *Américain, Américain!* And then when this big drive on the part of the boche was turned into a Logan County track-meet, nothing could quell the feeling that had sprung up. You can depend on it, there are no fighters like the Americans — I can say this without handing myself any bouquets, as I am not fighting, only the flies; but I am stating the fact, that on our particular front, during the heaviest bombardment ever pulled off except at Verdun, our boys never

gave way one foot, and not only that, but they actually destroyed whole regiments and one division by artillery and machine-gun fire. They repulsed seven attacks one morning. We have almost begun to sing: "When it's over, over here," but common sense tells us differently.

29. *From a village near the front a French mother writes to an American mother:*

Doubtless you are going to be very much surprised on receiving this letter, for we do not know each other. I know only that, like me, you are the mother of a soldier, for I have had the pleasure, quite recently, of lodging your son, and it is to fulfill the promise that I made him that I send you a few lines.

Your son is truly charming, madame, and it is with great pleasure that we have welcomed him at our fireside, where for a few days he has taken the place of my eldest son, also an officer, who fell for France last year.

Believe me, madame, it is with our whole hearts that we welcome your children and receive them, for do they not come to avenge ours and aid in liberating our country?

Our geographical situation places us almost at the edge of the invasion, and we have spent some very painful days and have seen very sad things. We thank God, however, who has spared us and sends us good and brave friends to aid in expelling the cursed boche. Among these, your son is one of the best, always ardent in accomplishing his duty, and I am truly happy that during the few days which he spent with us I have been able to give him a little joy. We will not forget either that he has been the first of the Allies who has sat at our fireside and that he has made us know your country. On leaving, your son said to me, "Write to my mother." This is his wish realized.

Good-by, madame. Receive with all my sympathy the expression of my best thought.

30. *A California airman writes of the fourteenth of July:*

I was in Paris on the fourteenth of July. It was a wonderful day in every way. The early morning was very dull and gray, but by the time the parade was started there was not a cloud in the sky. I never expect to see another spectacle like it unless I am fortunate enough to see an Allied entry into Berlin. Half the world—yes, more than that—was represented in line and represented by the best that each nation could bring forward. As the colors of each nation went by, Paris seemed to get more and more excited until I believed that they had surely reached the absolute heights of enthusiasm.

English, Belgian, Italian, all of them took the city by storm, but away off down the line I heard a hum that steadily grew louder and sounded above all the rest of the noise, a hum that somehow or other got inside of me and made me stand a little straighter, and then about a block away I saw a flash of color, and oh! how wonderful it looked to me, for the color resolved itself into the "Colors"; and then, my dear people, I thought the heavens had broken loose. I have never in my life heard such an outburst of noise. It was not the high shouting that one usually hears, but a roar that started away down and gradually increased until, when it broke, the very windows rattled. It sounded like the organized yell of a million rooters, and then just as quickly as it had started it died down, and amid an absolute silence and with every civilian hat off, every man in uniform at a stiff salute, the colors of the United States of America went by.

It was awe-inspiring. It seemed to me in every heart there was a blessing for that bit of bunting, and on every lip a prayer for its safety. I cannot describe my own feelings. I am not ashamed to admit that my eyes were far from dry, and many others were in the same condition. I wonder if that welcome was heard in Berlin, and, if so, whether some of the more prophetic did not understand it for what it was to them—the first mutterings of a storm that will break and destroy them.

31. *A signal corps man writes of the famous drive of July 18:*

The battle itself was the most magnificent thing I have ever seen. If only you could have seen our splendid boys, how proud you would have been of them. Heads up, faces cold and stern as the steel they carried, they went across that wheat field, mowing down the human harvest—on and on—up the hill—and over—to victory.

There is keen sorrow in my heart for the loss of some of my best-loved pals, but I know they died without regret. I know that there is no sting in a death like theirs. And, some way, we think a lot less about the death of the body and a lot more about the everlasting life of the spirit than we ever did in civilian life. Sacrifice means nothing—suffering and pain are but trivialities —death itself is only a balking of our hearts' desire to be "in at the finish." Nothing matters but the Cause.

32. *A Tennessee lieutenant tells of the greatest sight of his life:*

I will not speak of myself, but of something else which I must tell you, the greatest sight I've ever seen in my life, which occurred to-day:

Shortly before nine o'clock this morning I was shaving.

My roommate had finished and gone outside. In a little while he came back saying there were boche planes about. As this is not unusual, and as I wanted to get cleaned up, I continued my shaving while he talked to me from outside our window. There is an American *chasse* (fighting) squadron on the same field with us. All during the day their machines are flying about, so, when I heard one leave the ground, and then another an instant later, I thought nothing of it.

Before I could distinguish any additional lapse of time my roommate yelled that the Americans were in a scrap with Huns and that it seemed they were trying to machine-gun our hangars. With this I was running outside my room as fast I could with a towel still around my neck and lather partly over my face.

Running a few feet from our barracks door (not more than twenty feet from the inside of our room), I saw four planes, two German and two American, going to it, not more than 150 yards off the ground and almost directly over our heads.

By this time I went another few feet to where I had a better view, because buildings had been in the way. Everybody else was outside, too, officers and personnel of our French squadron.

The four fighters were circling and driving with their terrific motor roar about each other exactly like giant birds, working unceasingly every second for the purpose of gaining advantageous firing positions, it being possible for the *chasse* planes to shoot only in the direction of their flight because of the fixed position of the machine gun alongside the airplane's nose.

And here the firing began with the American planes swooping in at the boche more like bulldogs than anything else, at a speed of not less than 150 miles per hour.

Even above the roaring mad hum of the motors and the excitement on the ground the loud popping, "crack, crack, pop, pop, pop, pat, pat, pop," of the firing-guns sounded. You will have to picture it to yourself, because it was a sight no human being could possibly describe in full detail.

The maneuvering of the machines changed their pointing directions, and machine-gun bullets started pattering viciously about fifty feet above our heads.

At this point every eyewitness hunted for the nearest telephone post or house corners. As you well know, my legs are n't short, so be not surprised when I tell you that in the great scramble for cover some were still coming when I looked around.

But the position of the planes changed again. Even as I looked one machine was swooping earthward in a mass of flames. Then the wild yell that went up as we saw on it the German cross!

Running with a portion of the crowd toward it I saw as we ran the flame die down apparently, but for only a second, almost instantly flashing up again and enveloping still more of the machine than before, as it continued its blazing path to the earth. As I arrived at the spot, Frenchmen who were nearer had gotten the injured pilot from the wreckage and were bringing him toward headquarters.

The other fight went on. For a moment it seemed that the American was dropping, but it was only in a nose dive under the Hun's tail. Then came the ripping report of his machine gun and immediately the crashing of the second boche burying his nose in the ground, with the tail of his machine sticking up into the air.

The distance between these two machines as they came down was no more than 400 yards and each point less

than that from where I write. As I came back from the burned plane, the German from the other—an officer who could speak both French and English—was being brought up the road by another crowd, perfectly able to walk and not hurt in the least.

To-day has been cloudy. The Hun story is that they were bringing their machines to Metz from some place back of the German lines and had lost their way in the fog, thus crossing the lines without knowing it, and as the topography around that town and this is similar they were coming in to land. This story sounds reasonable, the French officers think it probable, and personally from all indications I rather believe it to be true. However, one can never be certain about a boche.

Anyhow, one was entirely unhurt, the other had only a broken ankle and was burned some, but will recover all right. Such an ending is perfectly marvelous, and neither of our fellows was touched.

33. *A private tells of a night air attack and, incidentally, why he fights:*

We had one taste a few nights ago of what "Jerry," as the boche is called, will do to a town which is inhabited by women and children. I was awakened by the staccato crack of a machine gun. For about a minute there was a silence which was almost uncanny. Then it seemed as if all the gates of the inferno had been opened. The hum of the enemy's airplane motors could be plainly heard, and we knew we were in for an aërial attack. The noise made by the falling bombs mingled with that of the barrage sent up by the anti-aircraft guns made the night hideous. Several of the bombs dropped only a few hundred yards from our billet, and the building certainly did shake. It was far from a pleasant experience, and only

goes to show what the enemy would do to our own beloved country were he able to get over there.

All of us hope that the war will soon end and that peace will once more reign over the earth. We have made sacrifices to come over here, but we are glad to do so in order to make the world a better place in which to live. This cannot be accomplished, however, until the enemy can be made to realize that the country for which he is fighting has not been appointed to win the world and that he cannot trifle with Uncle Sam and get away with it. When this has been accomplished we shall return to our own country to do our part in the big reconstruction of our economic affairs.

34. *A Western corporal reports a "stranger than fiction" true incident:*

Corporal Henry Johnson himself, who is convalescing at a near-by base hospital, rather unexpectedly dropped in at the Field Headquarters of the Press Section here and very willingly gave a vivid and awesome story of the event. I am going to try to offer it to you just as I heard it.

Quite contrary to the well-known newspaper phrase, "told his story blushing and stammering as a schoolgirl," Johnson gave a rapid and vivid story, inserting all the gestures of the fray.

"Yessah, ma name's Johnson. Dis is Johnson, what's left of 'im.

"Yah must a read all about Johnson and Robinson. Shure yah did, it was in all de papers.

"Dere's a silver plate right dere [pointing to his left foot], yessir, right dere, they pushed a bayonet through ma laig an' shot me in de right arm. Dey want to send me home, but Ah ain't goin' home. Ah gonna stay here

till ma company goes home. Ah'm as good a man as any of 'em. Dose Germans can't fight.

" 'Twas a cloudy and rainy night, and me and ma pardner was at this here outpost. 'Bout two in de mornin' we see a bunch of Germans comin' at us. Ah figured maself as good a man as any of 'em an Ah says to ma pardner, 'We's goin' to stick right here.' He says, 'Ah'm with yah to de end.' So 'stead of 'treatin' to our lines we cut loose grenades and fired away all our ammunition. Robinson was wounded in de laig at de start and fell to de ground still throwing de grenades at de Huns. Two of 'em tried to carry 'way ma pardner on a stretcher. Ah took ma rifle, a French gun, just like dis, and hit a Dude right on de haid and broke the rifle right here.

"Ah went after de Dudes carryin' way ma pardner. Ah reached for ma bowie [trench knife], and hit one feller right in de haid. I pulled it out and 'bout-faced all round and give it to nudder.

"Ah took my pardner way from 'em and brought 'im back to the post. Den one of de Dudes comes at ma hollerin' 'Kumrad.' Kumrad, you say, Ah'm Kumrad all right. Ah'll show you Kumrad. Yessah, and den de Germans, what was lef' of 'em, beat it. Ah bandaged ma pardner with ma first-aid kit.

"Den de lootenant comes runnin' in an says, 'Johnson, what's happened?'

"Ah says, 'It's all over, lootenant.'

"Ah had sixteen automatics and mo' stuff piled in front of ma.

"Ah says, 'Go out dere an count dose Dudes.'

"The lootenant takes his pocket light an' looks over the ground and comes back.

" 'For Heaven's sake, Johnson, dere's twenty-four of 'em out dere!'

" 'Yessah, and if dey had n't a got ma pardner here, dey would a been a lot mo'.'

"The lootenant says, 'Johnson, are you hurt?'

"Ah says, 'No, sah.'

" 'Yes, you is,' he says; 'look, youse all bloody.'

" 'Oh,' Ah says, 'dat 's from de Dudes.'

"Yessah, Ah figured maself as good a man as any of dem, and if dey had n't got ma pardner we'd a cleaned up." . . . .

Daily as Corporal Johnson strolls the streets of the village on his convalescent limp he is stopped by both French and Americans who congratulate him and inquire as to his heroic deed. He is becoming a popular character about the place, and many await the appearance of his partner, Robinson, to see the pair which scored such an extraordinary win against heavy German odds.

35. *A lieutenant of a telegraph battalion relates a good spy story:*

Here's a yarn about a guy who would have had Brodie lashed to the mast if he'd put it across. I'll say he made a good trial anyway. At the beginning of the present drive a British major-general was directing movements of his division when a British staff car drove up and a "brass hat" got out. Reporting to the general, he said:

"Sir, the division on your right has been forced back and your flank is in the air. Orders are that your division will fall back to this place," indicating a point on the map some two miles in the rear.

The general had nothing to do but obey, and was on the point of issuing orders to effect the retirement when a Canadian colonel standing near said to the staff officer:

"That's funny. I've been on duty some time with that division and I don't remember you."

The other chap allowed that was funny, that he had been there for some time; he knew all the units of the division, called their officers by their first names, and generally had the dope. Still the Canuck was skeptical —he must have come from down near the New England border—and finally asked to see the officer's papers.

Business of searching through pockets as for return check after intermission.

Then the chap thought he had jolly well come away in such a hurry he'd forgotten 'em; beastly careless. The Canuck thought he'd jolly well have to be searched; beastly careful. They found papers all right; only they were written in that language which defines "treaty" as a "scrap of paper."

Well, there was plenty of first-class material at hand for a firing-squad. The chauffeur was a Hun, too, so they had a little party, and the only thing they didn't shoot up was the car; that was returned to duty after being fumigated.

36. *A young lieutenant tells of work and play in a French fortress:*

After waiting, not very patiently, for more than two months, my mail was finally forwarded to me from my regiment and I had a very feast of letters, forty-eight all told. They should have been answered before, but I have been unavoidably busy, with the formations I have to attend and lectures to prepare, in addition to which I am staging Lord Dunsany's *Night at an Inn* for production on Friday night. There is much talent here, so we are to have original scenery painted by a New York artist, and original music, composed by a young Scotch composer, played by an orchestra of officers.

I have met here an interesting chap, David R—— by

name, who is a social settlement worker at Hull House. His experiences there seem very interesting, and I have enjoyed hearing him recount them here. His work, it seems, is principally among the Slavs.

The weather is abominable, rain and mud all the time. Shall be glad to get back to the snow of Vermont.

37. *Showing a scarcity of news:*

Dear Wife and Daughter,— Will write you a few lines to let you know I am well and hoping to find everyone at home the same.

We had a battle with the Germans and drove them back five miles. We took a lot of prisoners, artillery, and machine guns, and are still driving them back.

It is the first battle I have been in, but I didn't get excited and escaped without a scratch. It was an awful artillery and machine-gun fire.

News is scarce, so will close, hoping to hear from you soon.

From your loving husband.

38. *A Yankee officer who believes in his men:*

Dear Tommy,— This is from the line, with the square-heads sitting some hundreds of yards in front of me. All the same, the war is a stupid business, and terribly local; three hundred or so miles long and two to ten miles deep. Right now I'm tired. I've been under fire a long time. I've also been under gas. The Hun is gassing us a bit right now.

I do as much talking about myself as if I'd been through Verdun. Actually, I've been lucky. Shells, gas, lice, rats, and bombing from planes, but as yet nothing has nicked me. I've been in command, in the line here, for over a month. I give the lie to the statistics. Some

optimist once worked out that the average life of a machine gunner is something over two minutes.

Your last letter was dated February 24. A lot has happened since. Then we were slopping through the snow on endless maneuvers, sleeping out in zero weather, drilling, hiking through the dark, and living in barns. Now it's wonderful weather; birds singing from the barbed wire; moonlight nights. It's like one of those posters we used to admire—poppies in the wheat, the brilliant white of the trenches in the grass, the pink of the villages opposite us in boche land.

And I take my hat off to my men. They may get drunk and swear and go absent and kick up trouble generally, but once in the line they sit tight, put up with anything, and go through hell without a word. Man for man, they can, I believe, outlive, outfight, outswear, outlaugh any army in the war.

It's been a tremendous education to me, all this. The Star-Spangled Banner element doesn't exist here. There are no brass bands and cheering school children. It's all simply the day's work, to be finished quickly and if possible quietly. So whatever you do, believe in this army. I do.

39. *A Scotch lieutenant agrees with Sherman:*

My dear Mother,— You will probably have noticed in the official report that a raid was made on the sixteenth on the trenches at ——. That, my dearest, was *me*, and I don't want to do another. We killed seven Germans in the trench and about thirty or forty more in their dugout. I should say they would have lost about thirty more by our artillery. Our losses were slight, but three of my men had their legs blown off in the boches's trench and we had to pull them out and get

them back. I and Charles M—— and Sergeant G—— were alone, and I can tell you it was no joke pulling a helpless man a yard and then throwing a bomb to keep the boches back—then pulling him another yard and throwing another bomb.

Charles was guarding our left while Sergeant G—— and I got our man up on the parapet with both his legs pulped. Then I went back for the next. Poor devil! He screamed, "Ma airm and ma leg's off," to me again and again. I was wasting no sympathy then. Said I, "Crawl on your other arm and leg, then," and lugged him up. Sergeant M—— had got back to our own trench, but he returned to us and helped me get my man up into the open. We went back for the next man and he said, "Leave me. I'm done." Both his legs were off—so I said, "None of that, my lad, you're coming with us." He died on the boche parapet and we had to leave him. We got the other two home.

Sergeant M—— and Charles got wounded, but they both came back to us again until the men were in. I just gave myself up. The shrapnel was bursting right in my face and the machine guns—ugh! I wasn't touched except for a hole in my hose-top. I didn't stop swearing the whole time, except when I was praying—but I'd promised the men that I wouldn't leave the boche trench while there was a man alive in it, and I kept my word. One poor devil was a Catholic; he started confessing to me, thinking I was a priest—I meanwhile praying, "O God, let us get these poor beggars in." All the men I have brought in have died.

I believe I've been recommended for the Military Cross, but I'd rather have the boys' lives. If I get one, I'll get home on special leave soon. I've had my taste of a show. It's not romantic. It's hell.

40. *A Kansas private tells his sister the great news of July:*

This has been a happy day for me. Joys here in France are as varied and unreliable as the weather in Missouri; but when they do come they come with a snap and bang that compel you to place them in the record of good memories.

For they read us the *Communiqué*, hot off the wire, and the good news struck our ears as soon as the news cables were carrying it through the ocean and to you at home. You know what it was about. How the greatest of all German offensives was arrested, held for a time, and then changed into a defensive; how the Americans, put to the first real and trying test, drove the Huns to the banks of the Marne; the surprise attack in the midst of a raging rainstorm which found the enemy unaware and the subsequent capture by the combined armies of 17,000 prisoners. And while this was going on, our own men, the men we work with and shall work with throughout the war, were fighting and shooting and stabbing and pushing and jabbing their way through the enemy, and at the end of it all they realized a remarkable advance. To hear the news of any advance is a thing devoutly to be wished and enjoyed, but when our men behave like the heroes of old—well—it makes you proud to be alive and makes you worship the plain uniform Uncle Sam gave you and with which he sent you thousands of miles away, utterly trusting you, to fight for the glory of things as they should be. It thrills you into silence, and the silence makes the tears creep into your eyes, and you don't know what to say. So you clasp the hand of the man next to you and smile as you mumble something like: "I knew they'd do it; yes, I just knew they would, because they are all Americans."

41. *An untried Vermont officer becomes a veteran over night:*

DEAR M——, This letter is not intended to be a picture of discomforts entirely, although I frankly admit that the two *D*'s, Discomfort and Danger, have been the two principal words in the everyday vocabulary of your soldier-husband for the past couple of weeks.

I have n't slept anywhere except on the ground for sixteen days, and all but three of them it has rained, and we have marched more kilometers than I have the time or patience to reckon. I have never before realized how much real fatigue a man can endure. With my feet and legs aching from the tramps on the hard road, and my shoulders sore from the straps of my equipment, with the added discomfort of a pouring rain, with the amazing halts in the muddy roadside, while some truck train or wagon train filed by, with shells bursting near, and with my shoes swimming in water and little trickles running down my backbone, I have hiked mile after mile, and tried, usually in vain, to be at least civil to anyone who had anything to say to me. And all this in the night — so black that it is necessary to keep one's hands on the one ahead, because it is easy to get lost when many units are on the march. And then it is not a pleasure to arrive in a thick, briary woods about 2:00 A.M. in a pouring rain and make one's bed of a half shelter and one blanket. Also our shoes, hobnailed and large, are heavy, but you've no idea how heavy when coated with a some three- or four-inch thickness of mud.

For four days we were under shell-fire, but our artillery was throwing so much more at the boche than he was throwing at us that our casualties were very light. In my company only three men were wounded and one

killed. The shell which wounded the three very nearly finished me. I was knocked to the ground, and part of my company thought I had been killed, and, in fact, it was so reported to them and they were somewhat surprised to see me emerge from the woods unscratched.

The battlefield was a sight I shall long remember—wave after wave of men advancing, shells bursting here and there, the tanks crawling, caterpillar-like, over the lines of trenches, occasionally one stuck in a particularly bad spot where it became immediately a target for artillery fire. One ran into a mine and was blown into a thousand pieces. Overhead planes flew—ours and theirs—and the sputtering of the machine guns gave a varied staccato note to the din of battle. When evening came I was located with my company on high ground, where I could see a long valley with mountains in the distance, all afire from phosphorus shells, thrown in to burn out the enemy artillery.

As you have read in the papers, Mt. Sec was taken, and it is interesting to know that the French lost 46,000 killed trying to take it, while the Americans now have not only taken it, but have reduced the entire salient with the loss of less than 10 per cent of that number.

Never were there so many air battles. I saw at least ten the first day, and some six planes drop to the ground in flames. My hat is off to the aviators—they have the most marvelous nerve, and the skill with which they manœuvre their planes is more than extraordinary—it is inconceivable.

On the passage of the battlefield the sights are untellable—our artillery had peppered the German positions until they looked like a checker board, and the ground was strewn with material the boche had left in his hurried flight. It must have been terrific—the bombardment

the Germans received—and I shan't forget the beginning of it, when in a minute, on this dark, rainy night, as one, a thousand guns roared out, lighting the sky like day, and in the pouring rain the streets of the destroyed town we were in looked as bright as the gay white way. The ground shook with the terrific concussion, and there must have been terror in the hearts of the Germans across the way.

The second day we dug in on the hillside in a support position where we stayed two days and two nights, every now and then digging our holes a little deeper as a shell would come whistling over our heads. Three times I was covered with a shower of dirt and stones as a shell burst near my little hole in the hillside—once in the night while I was having a nap. Needless to say it awakened me.

Now I am a veteran. I have been over the top and led a company of storm troops over with me.

42. *A Red Cross worker tells a shell-shock story:*

One of our pastors did a neat thing yesterday; there are a number of boys in one of our hospitals here suffering from shell-shock and in various stages of temporary mental upset. He found one of them lying with his face to the wall, cringing up into a small bundle. "I'm the man!" he cried. "You've got me! The French are after me, and they are going to shoot me at sunrise," and more talk like that.

The pastor lied like a fish. He said to the boy:

"Did n't you know? That's all right now."

"What do you mean?"

"See this?" And he pointed to the red cross on his collar. "The Red Cross sent me here to stop it, and I

have stopped it. There are to be no more executions of American boys in France, so that's all settled. I just fixed it all up for you here, so cheer up."

"You did?" said the boy hopefully, doubtfully. And then came in two Americans followed by a *poilu* carrying their equipment, and, of all things, a gun! He was off again when he saw that. "Here they are! They've got me now, they've got me!"

Well, the pastor saw it was up to him to make good his statement, so he descended on the poor *poilu* like a whirlwind, talking in American for the boy's sake, in French for the *poilu*. He grabbed him by the shoulder, swung him around, shook him until he dropped the gun in staring terror, thinking the pastor was one of the patients, no doubt; picked up the gun and threatened to smash the poor little *brancardier* (French ambulance man), finally jammed the gun back into his arms, and rushed him pell-mell out of the door.

"See?" said he. "They won't touch you now. I've fixed it."

And the man with the obsession gulped and said, "Thanks."

Next morning the pastor went back. The man was sitting up in bed devouring a huge tray of food, cheerful, happy. "They did n't come this morning," he greeted the pastor. "They did n't come. You sure did fix it, sir. What were they going to shoot me for? I have n't got it straight yet—and how did you do it?"

"Now, never mind, son, I don't know why. I did not ask them. I did n't want any argument, I was sent here to stop it and I did, so don't worry about it any more."

"Yes, sir! thanks awfully!" He even chuckled. "You must have surprised 'em by the way that French guy stepped around last night."

By the way of epilog: The pastor and the *médicin-en-chef* went around this afternoon talking over cases. When they came into the room of the American boy, the doctor said, "Say, some officer came into this place last night and told that boy something. The guard said the officer himself was crazy, but whatever he told the boy worked — he is hungry to-day, cheerful, wants a bath, and will be well very soon. I wish — "

Well, there's the story — and to top it off, the pastor's conscience troubles him for the falsehood he told the boy, but I doubt not that fib will go down on the right side of the ledger.

43. *A Pennsylvania soldier tells his mother about going to the front-line trenches:*

Our regiment relieved a French regiment on one of the hottest of the front-line trenches. As we toiled through the heavy mud, as far as nine miles from the trenches shells were bursting; holes large enough to cover a good-sized house opened in the road sometimes right in front of our feet, and the mud would stream high into the air like the first spasm of an oil well. By some strange miracle we passed the area of falling shells with no casualties, but, added to our loads of sixty-two pounds each, we were carrying about three hundred pounds of mud. Anyhow it felt that heavy. . . . .

Nobody had a word of complaint. Some of those who were known to be the worst kickers back in camp, where we had things easy, were the ones who did the most to cheer things up when we struck the tough part.

When we struck the big road just behind the trench-lines we met the French wounded being sent back. The walking cases had bandages on their heads or arms, sometimes both, and they looked pretty well tired out. They

yelled at us in French and a few wished us luck in English. Some of them were singing and laughing, and whenever one of their number would fall down others would forget their own wounds and jump to help him.

The French soldiers sure were glad to be relieved. They shook hands with us when we met in small bunches, and a French captain kissed one of our lieutenants on both cheeks. As his whiskers were full of the same old mud good and fresh, he smeared him up considerably.

We had it pretty easy after the French left. Only two or three deaths and a few wounded among us. When we first got in, the whole world was trembling and whole acres of land looked as though they were jumping sky-high, and the crumbling dirt fell like rain from the upper edges of the trench. All in one minute it quieted, and it stayed comparatively quiet all the time we were there.

When we were relieved a few days later several others and myself were on outpost duty and were the last to go. Just as we got the word to come back I was wounded. A high-explosive shell had burst right in the middle of us. At first I didn't know that I was hurt. I thought the shell had blown some mud or dirt over me and stunned me a little. I stooped down to help up one of our men, but my left arm wouldn't work somehow, though I felt no pain. I began to feel dizzy. The last I remember is falling into the mud and water of a caved-in dugout.

Several hours later I woke up bandaged and in an ambulance bound for the rear.

44. *A Tennessee doctor in the British service gets by the German censor:*

I have been transferred to the German service. I was expecting to be transferred to the American army, and this came as a complete surprise.

The change came so suddenly that within an hour after dressing our own wounded I was assisting German doctors with their wounded and the wounded British prisoners of war.

I, then, without being consulted as to what climate agreed with me, took a Cook's tour of the French and German border, staying in nunneries and breweries at night, and finally was sent here to assist in looking after British wounded.

Everything is decided for me. All matters of importance are looked after without my aid. In fact, I don't even have to worry about what I write, because if it does n't suit, the censor makes a lot of erasures.

Already I have solved the problem of why suspenders are so popular here. I have contributed one-third of my belt to the salvage-dump and could spare more, only I notice that it is beginning to look juicy and nice, so I retain it.

As to parcels that are sent me, allow me to suggest that they be securely packed and that not many days elapse before sending another. There is another officer here, but he eats his nails all the while, and consequently he is looking well.

I will be content here as soon as the mail begins to come, but just now I feel hermetically sealed up from the world. Understand me, if I become discouraged I will continue to stay. This is one job I can't lose.

I won't say how many British wounded are here because the letter might get destroyed and delay the parcel, but we work from 8:30 in the morning until 7:00 in the evening, and do only the urgent dressings. I did n't know there were so many broken legs in the world.

Regarding the soap that you are going to send: Don't

go to a drug store for it. A grocery is where you will find the kind I want. By confining myself to behind-the-ears and back-of-the-neck ablutions I shall probably be able to make this piece of soap do until I hear from you.

I have discontinued the use of cigarettes, not that they were doing me any harm at all, but I decided to quit until that parcel comes. My cigarette-case thinks it is New Year, and my stomach has decided that I am either wounded in the neck or that it is Lent.

I am glad I'm alive.

45. *A New Orleans private breaks the news and congratulates himself:*

This letter is to let you know that I am progressing nicely and am thoroughly enjoying life. My sojourn in the hospital is quite a rest for me, and I must say a much-needed one, even though I was admitted after suffering from gas-poisoning. It is quite a relief to get away from the noise of battle with its heavy roar of guns on the fighting-front and from the discomforts of sleeping in dugouts while cats, rats, and cooties did their best to entertain you.

For the first few nights in the hospital I honestly could n't sleep on the soft beds. I was so accustomed to straw in the haylofts, the hard boards in a dugout, or the ground out in the open that I could n't rest on an honest-to-goodness bed.

I thought that I was a "dead one" several times while at the front the last time, but luck was with me until the gas disabled me for a while. The Huns came pretty near sending me "west" when they sent over a large quantity of mustard gas on the night of May 27. The gas penetrated the dugout and caught me while I was

sleeping. A gas sentry was supposed to be on duty there to warn us, but for some reason or other was not posted that night.

And the smell of that mustard gas was awful! It is strong enough in reality to knock you out for good and all if you get much of it. But that smell—that's the worst of all. At first I thought that I had come out unhurt, but later on in the day my body showed the effects of the gas. The stuff penetrated my clothing and left its mark on me. Also my eyes came in for a large share of it. Thus the day after the attack I was forced to go to the hospital.

I passed through two field hospitals before reaching a French hospital for gas patients. There I remained three days. Then I was taken away in an ambulance to a small French city and placed aboard a French hospital train. And that was a ride. Our train pulled out at 11:00 o'clock at night. We rode all night and all day, reaching Paris at about dusk. After arriving we were rushed to a base hospital in Paris. And that was one time I could sleep on a hospital bed, for I was so tired and weary from the long trip.

But even here our sleep was broken. About midnight, I was startled by a shrill cry of a siren whistle. It was warning Paris that boche airplanes were in the vicinity of the city. At the hospital we were all rushed to the cellar, where we remained two hours. Then the "All clear" signal was given and we went back to our beds, muttering threats of vengeance against the boche for disturbing our peaceful sleep at such an unholy hour of the night.

After two days and nights in the Paris hospital a number of us were placed on a real American hospital train. The United States War Department is certainly to be con-

gratulated on its method of transporting the wounded from the front to the different hospitals. On this train we had every possible convenience. The Red Cross is certainly to be praised for the manner in which it takes care of the wounded soldiers.

My trip ended at Hospital 24 after I had ridden on an American hospital train part of the day and until 10:00 o'clock at night.

There is no use worrying about me. It won't be long before I can be marked for duty. We are being treated royally by the nurses and doctors, and have been so at every hospital we went through. It was great to see real American nurses and doctors again and cheered us up considerably. I've met boys in this hospital unit from all parts of Mississippi and Louisiana. They treat me fine. Sam comes in every night to see me and brings me fresh cherries and oranges. I was lucky to get into a hospital made up of "Dixie" attendants, for it makes me feel more at home. Now don't worry about me. I'll be all right in a few days and can rejoin my regiment. It takes a little time to cure gas cases. It does n't seem natural to be so far back of the lines. Everything is so quiet I actually miss the roar of heavy guns and the bursts of shells and grenades.

Our work over here is n't easy, but it has its compensations. Although we may not particularly fancy some of the jobs in the trenches at times, we usually look back upon them without bitterness. They were for the cause. But it appeals to a man's pride when he thinks that after the war he can look back into the past and catch a glimpse of the time he spent on the battle-line in France during the world's greatest war — treasures in a soldier's memory. But, best of all, he can have a clear conscience which will speak: "You were a man."

I presume the United States is full of enthusiasm over the fact that the boys of America are proving themselves equal to the best German soldiers and can hold their own with the crack Teutonic regiments.

46. *A lieutenant from Ohio begins as follows:*

In my present condition I feel as if I were on a crowded street car, and holding on for "dear life" to my strap. My left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, is supported by a sleeve with four pieces of tape fastened to a hook; this is fastened by means of a series of pulleys and ropes over the top of my bed to a bag of shot. My elbow is taped to another cord and this cord passes over the top of a small upright and is also fastened to another bag of shot. My forearm is taped from the elbow to the wrist, and then a handle has been made for my hand. All of this is fastened to another cord which runs through a group of pulleys to a shot-bag. This conglomeration of cords, pulleys, and shot-bags answers for the splints. It is a new system and from all indications it is very practical.

47. *A woman canteen worker with the Red Cross tells of a strenuous time:*

As soon as I reached the hospital I was asked if I would go into one of the barracks where the more lightly wounded were and interpret for the French doctors and the English.

The hospital is a huge place with wooden shacks for the different wards and spreads over a great deal of ground. I was taken into one of these barracks crowded with people, becoming more crowded as the night went on. There were both English and French, and I was

asked to take the names of all the English, their regiments, enlistments, and so on, and find out where they were wounded. I was told what to do, then left alone, and there I was all night, the room crowded with French, Algerians, blacks, and English.

As the night wore on the poor things lay down as they could on the floors, under the tables and on the tables, bloody bandages all around. I had made out all the English papers by about 2:30 o'clock. In the midst of it, about one o'clock we had an air raid, and I can tell you the bombs never sounded so loud as they did out there, all alone with those wounded men. In the midst of it some one opened the door and called "A l'abri," and those who were able left the shack and went to the *abri*.

I went out to see how it was, and found many of them standing outside, as the *abri* was full. About four o'clock, it began to get light and I wondered whether the others had gone home, but as I was alone with all those men I did not like to leave. A little later some of the officials came in, and then began the task of fitting the papers to the men and getting them off in the train. They wanted me to stay to read the names, as they were difficult to pronounce. I made another list of men who had to go off on stretchers, told the doctors in French where they were wounded, and so on, and did not get back to the house until noon. It was rather a long stretch from ten o'clock the night before, especially as I had nothing to drink or eat.

48. *A New York soldier tells of Major Lufbery's death:*

Dear Billy,— Things up here have been rather quiet of late, as there is little or no activity along this front at present. Most of our excitement consists of air battles,

and to-day has been one long to be remembered, as we have had three directly over us—one resulting in the death of Major Lufbery. The boche hit his plane and also him. His plane came down in flames, and he jumped from it when it was about two hundred feet from the ground and, of course, was killed. He was the idol of everyone at the aviation field, which is about a mile from us.

You have no idea how beautiful an air battle really is. When a boche plane appears and all the forts back of us open fire on it, it sounds as though hell had broken loose. It is only a moment or two before you hear the hum of our planes and they swoop down on the enemy and the forts let up and the chase begins. The results are almost always in favor of the Allies.

49. *A French professor to his mother:*[1]

. . . My hour has perhaps not yet sounded. It will probably come. I no longer pray for myself, but for the others, for you all and for thee, mother, especially; and how ardent, fervent, passionate is that prayer. I ask God to make you all calm and brave whatever happens. I would be a hundred fold stronger if I knew that you were joyously ready. And especially do not look upon me as a hero or a wonder. No. What have I done that is extraordinary? Nothing. I have tried to do my duty like everybody else. That's all. . . . . What are our lives worth when we think of the years of happiness and peace of those who will follow us and those who may survive us? We labor for to-morrow, in order that there may be no more wars, no more spilling of blood, no more killing, no more wounded, no more mutilated victims; we

[1] From *A Soldier Unafraid*, by Captain André Cornet-Auquier. Copyright, 1918, by Little, Brown & Company.

labor, we whom our mothers will so weep for, in order that other mamas may never know these bitter tears. In truth, when one thinks of the centuries that this peace will last, one is ashamed of the rebellious movements which the flesh is guilty of at certain moments at the thought of death. . . . .

50. *A New York private, killed in action, put this in his will:*

To the little old United States I give my life willingly, because she is the grandest, greatest, and freest country in the world. And I hope to God that the day will come when she will be indeed "America for Americans" of undivided allegiance.

51. *An American poet in the Foreign Legion writes to his mother:*[1]

. . . You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect, not only on the nations engaged, but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but everyone should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something more wonderful

[1] From *Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger.* Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier. So do not be unhappy, but no matter what happens walk with your head high and glory in your large share of whatever credit the world may give me.

52. *A young aviator's last letter to his father:*

I want to say, in closing, if anything should happen to me, let's have no mourning, in spirit or in dress. Like a Liberty bond, it is an investment, not a loss, when a man dies for his country. It is an honor to a family, and is that the time for weeping? I would rather leave my family rich in pleasant memories of my life than numbed in sorrow at my death.

53. *"Forward all the same!"*

(A lad of eighteen, who had been brought up in a foundling hospital of Paris, without friends or education, was chosen to reconnoiter a German trench. The little daughter of his commanding officer had sent him an Easter gift, with a friendly word, and when he departed on his dangerous mission, he left a letter for her father containing the child's note, his only possession of value.)

TO BE GIVEN TO COMMANDANT P. IF I DO NOT RETURN BY SIX O'CLOCK WEDNESDAY MORNING

MY COMMANDANT,— Having a mission, small, it is true, but rather dangerous, the lieutenant has done me the honor to send me on it. I go, therefore, gladly, since it is my job, rather than anyone else's. But as I may remain there, I thank you, as well as Miss Y. for having been so thoughtful as to send me an Easter remembrance. So, my Commandant, permit me to thank you. Forward! Long live France! If you receive this card, it will be because I have fallen for good. Forward all the same!

(At the next roll-call of his company, his name was called very loud, and some one answered for him, "Dead on the field of honor.")

54. *One of four soldier sons tells of a brother fallen:*

. . . . Robert fell during the fighting of August 1, while we were defending a village we had just taken from the enemy. He died a soldier's death, dear Mother, and died as he had lived—true to his country, and true to the ones he loved. They laid him away to rest in the shadows of a large bunch of trees in the grounds of a beautiful château. It is a beautiful spot, Mother dear. It is so cool, so quiet, and one can feel the holy presence of God among the whispering trees. He lies not alone. Others are by his side, and that little spot will ever remain American—hallowed by the ones who gave their all. . . . . It is written that some must pay the price that man may enjoy life and happiness, and we have been chosen to bear the loss. I wish I were with you, Mother, that I might help to soften your sorrow and wipe the tears from your eyes, but it is not to be. . . . .

55. *An Italian poet-soldier who fell on the Isonzo leading his platoon into battle:*

This letter, which you will receive only in case that I should fall in this battle, I am writing in an advanced trench, where I have been since last night, with my soldiers, in expectation of the order to cross the river and move to the attack.

I am calm, perfectly serene, and firmly resolved to do my duty in full and to the last, like a brave and good soldier, confident to the utmost of our final unfailing victory; although I am not equally sure that I shall live to see it. But this uncertainty does not trouble me in the least, nor has it any terror for me. I am happy in offering my life to my country; I am proud to spend it for so noble a purpose and I know not how to thank Divine Providence for the opportunity—which I deem

an honor—afforded me, on this fulgent autumnal day, in the midst of this enchanting valley of our Julian Venetia, while I am in the prime of life, in the fullness of my physical and mental powers, to fight in this holy war for liberty and justice. All is propitious to me, all is favorable to die a beautiful and glorious death; the weather, the place, the season, the opportunity, the age. A better end could not have crowned my life, and I feel the pleasure to have made a good and generous use of it. Do not grieve over my death, Mother, for it was written in Heaven that I should die. Do not mourn, Mother, or else you would regret my happiness. I am not to be mourned but envied.

56. *A young Illinois lawyer, who fell on the field of honor:*

My dear Mother,— I am about to go into battle and have instructed the company clerk to send you this letter in case I become a casualty, hence the receipt of this letter by you will indicate that I am either with God or a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

Since I will never become a prisoner of the Hun if I remain conscious and able to fight, it is doubtful whether I will ever be an inmate of a German prison camp.

Do not grieve that I am among the missing, but rather rejoice that you have given a son in sacrifice to make the greatest military caste of all times lay down the sword— to save civilization, to prevent future wars, to punish the Huns, who have disregarded every law of God and mankind, whose only God is the god of war and military force—and to make the world safe for democracy.

I desire that you view the matter in the light and spirit of the Spartan mothers of old, who, when their sons went forth to battle for freedom and their native land, said to

their sons: "Either come home proudly bearing your shield before you or upon it."

War was absolutely necessary on the part of my country, and although I was thirty-four years old and nobody expected me to go, yet some one had to go, some must make the sacrifice, some mother must lose her son.

In the light of these facts, and knowing our country's great need, I volunteered and have never for one moment regretted my decision and will not, although my life and useful career must end. Life is not the highest boon of my existence. There are ideals that are superhuman, interests greater than life itself for which it is worth while fighting, suffering, and dying.

57. *A Canadian captain to his father, just before going into action:*

I am writing one of these "in case" letters for the third time and of course I hope you will never have to read it—if you are reading it now, you will know that your youngest son "went under" as proud as Punch on the most glorious day of his life. I am taking my company over the top for a mile, in the biggest push that has ever been launched in the world, and I trust that it is going to be the greatest factor toward peace.

Dad, you can't imagine the wonderful feeling—a man thinks something like this: "Well, if I am going to die, this is worth it a thousand times."

I have been over two or three times before, but never with a company of my own. Think of it—a hundred and fifty officers and men who will follow you to hell if need be!

I don't want any of you dear people to be sorry for me, although, of course, you will in a way. You will miss me, but you will be proud of me. Mind you, I

know what I am up against and that the odds are against me. I am not going in the way I did the first time, just for sheer devilment and curiosity. I have seen this game for two years and I still like it and feel that my place is here.

So much for that. I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your loving kindness to me. This war has done wonders to me and makes me realize lots of things which I would not have done otherwise. I could write a book about it, but you know what I mean.

Good-by, dear Father and Mother, and all of you. Again I say that I am proud to be where I am now.

58. *The last letter from a young English poet-soldier:*

Oh darling Mother,— The pride of being in so great a regiment; the thought that all the old men (late Grenadier Guards) who sit in London clubs are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here now—I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than that I am a Grenadier. That line of Harry's rings through my mind, "High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honoring eyes."

I went to service on the hill this morning, and took the Holy Communion afterwards, which always seems to help one along, does n't it?

I slept like a top last night, and dreamed that some one I knew very well, but I can't remember who it was, came and told me how much I had grown. I feel rather like saying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but the triumphant finish, "Nevertheless, not what I will but what Thou willest," steels my heart and sends me into this battle with a heart of triple bronze. I always carry four photos of you when I go into action,

one in my note case, two in my little leather book, and one around my neck.

Brutus' farewell to Cassius sounds in my heart: "If not farewell, and if we meet again, we shall smile."

Your love for me and my love for you have made my life one of the happiest that has ever been.

This is a great day for me.

God bless you and give you peace.

Now all my blessings go with you always.

59. *A French lieutenant writes to his captain's father:*

. . . . With deep regret and heartfelt sorrow I carry out the painful duty entrusted to me by your son, M. Ferdinand Belmont, my captain.

During the engagement of December 28th last, at 4:00 A.M., your son, with a few *agents de liaison* and myself, surprised by a violent bombardment, was crouching under a shelter when a wretched shell splinter struck my unfortunate captain on the right arm.

Immediately, with a courage worthy of the highest praise, he saw that he was fatally wounded. His arm was almost severed above the elbow.

It was then, with admirable coolness, that he charged me with the painful mission of informing you of the fresh misfortune which was to afflict his dear parents, already so tried by the war.

He charged me to tell you, sir, that his last thought was for his parents, that he regretted the sorrow his death would cause them, but that he was happy to have accomplished his duty to the end.

He was a brave and loyal fellow, much liked by his chiefs and especially by his subordinates. The officers and men of his company had a veritable veneration for

him. To his company and to myself, to whom he passed the command, this loss is irreparable.

60. *The commanding officer writes to the widow of an English poet and scholar:*

I cannot express to you adequately in words how deep our sympathy is for you and your children in your great loss. These things go too deep for mere words. We, officers and men, all mourn our own loss. Your husband was very greatly loved in this Battery, and his going has been a personal loss to each of us. He was rather older than most of the officers, and we all looked up to him as a kind of father of our happy family. He was always the same, quietly cheerful and ready to do any job that was going with the same steadfast, unassuming spirit.

The day before his death we were rather heavily shelled, and he had a very narrow shave, but he went about his work quite quietly and ordinarily, as if nothing was happening.

I wish I could convey to you the picture of him, a picture we had all learnt to love—of the old clay pipe, gum boots, oilskin coat, and steel helmet.

With regard to his actual death you have probably heard the details. It should be of some comfort to you to know that he died at a moment of victory from a direct hit by a shell, which must have killed him outright without giving him a chance to realize anything, a gallant death for a very true and gallant gentleman. We buried him in a little military cemetery a few hundred yards from the Battery; the exact spot will be notified you by the parson. As we stood by his grave the sun came and the guns round seemed to stop firing for a short time. This typified to me what stood out most in your husband's character, the spirit of quiet, sunny, unassuming cheerfulness.

PART IV

EMBATTLED DEMOCRACY: POEMS FROM THE FIELD OF ACTION AND FROM BEHIND THE LINES

"High heart, high speech, high deeds,
'mid honoring eyes."

PART IV

INTRODUCTORY

To compare the poetry of this war with that of any earlier one, is to see not only that the poet is using a new terminology, as befits the new technique of war, but that he is expressing a new reaction, a new mood. Formerly, when war was less terrible in its operation, it was romantic, it stirred the spirit of adventure. Open warfare was a superb spectacle and one's imagination thrilled to "battle's magnificently stern array" and to the "fiery mass of living valor rolling on the foe." Martial music, flags and banners, gorgeous uniforms, resplendent cavalry, and all other externals of war, gave to it a glamor and covered its terrors with Romance. Now war is realism; war is ugliness; war is horror. No longer in brilliant uniform, the soldier goes protectively colored, like a creature of the earth, and burrows like a mole in the ground; he fires at an enemy he does not see; he is not inspired by martial music or banners; endurance must largely take the place of action; concealment must be his constant study, and against bursting shrapnel there is no use to oppose his valor. Even when the charge comes, it is not that gallant encounter of open warfare with a fair field and no favors, but opposing skill in the use of ingenious instruments of destruction such as modern warfare has brought. It is ghastly and terrible in its physical features, and what has been the result? One no longer goes to war for romance, he goes for an ideal. The more realistic war becomes on its technical side, the more idealistic it becomes on its spiritual side. Only for the great inner purpose would anyone endure the outer horror; and the poets, who are the seers, looking wholly above the modern operation of war, sing only of it as an instrument, only of its operation in the great ends of world destiny. [1]

The poems which make up this section are by American and English writers. Others of the allied nations have furnished their war poets also, and all of them display the same unanimity in the themes treated that their

[1] Jessie B. Rittenhouse, in *Bookman*, March, 1918.

statesmen have displayed in the discussions of war aims and settlements.

When the world was first plunged into war in the fall of 1914, the civilian poets at once found it a fruitful theme. The great war lyrics of the world had always been written by civilians, none of them by men actually serving in the ranks. These civilian poets touched many strings and in some cases touched them with great certainty. Poems that would stir to patriotic fervor, that would help in recruiting armies, that would awaken strong sympathy for crushed Belgium and stricken France, that would stimulate and steady the morale of the people at home—such poems were legion. Never before were civilians so generally conscious of a righteous cause, and the moral earnestness of all this poetry was marked.

There was, however, a fact true of this war that had never been true in any such degree in the great wars of the past. The great allied armies were not made up of professional soldiers, but of men of peaceful pursuits drawn from every walk in life. "For when Germany, mad for power, started to run amuck through the freedom and common rights of humanity, and the young manhood of our race rose to answer the challenge, they were of all sorts and conditions who swarmed to the recruiting stations—aristocrats and navvies, artisans and university professors, tradesmen, artists, farmers, actors, stock-brokers and poets." Thus an English writer, and in our own country the selective service law gave us an army of all types of previous conditions. The "Everyman's Land" of the allied battle front was such a melting pot as the world had never seen.

It was not long until this new fact became apparent in many ways. One way was that the army found a voice. The soldier was no longer inarticulate. Not only in

letters and journals and other records of personal experiences did he let us see things as he saw them, but he put into verse for the first time the inmost soul of the man in the trenches—himself. Our new American armies have furnished some of these poets, but only a few poems of distinction from them have yet made their way to us. Had this war been extended, our experience would no doubt have been the same as England's. It would be easy to collect many more than a hundred volumes of worthy verse by her soldier poets. And of the hundred writers, more than half lie in the fields of Flanders and Picardy.

Certain qualities constant in the best of all this war poetry, whether by civilian or soldier, stand out prominently and are worthy of emphasis. There is an almost complete absence of the note of hatred. The enemy is not the subject about which the poet-soldier, at any rate, writes. One critic quotes from a letter: "Not worth while trying to score off the Boches in verse—we can do that better when fighting them." The "hellishness and horror of war" is a common theme. The poet in the ranks is under no illusion. He faces the brute facts as he finds them. He is sustained by a high and holy purpose. He is making war upon a system; he wars to end war. Hence he can sing as does Tom Kettle:

> Then lift the flag of the Last Crusade!
> And fill the ranks of the Last Brigade!
> March on to the fields where the world's remade,
> And the Ancient Dreams come true!

Or he can say of his comrades, as does Sergeant J. W. Streets in his fine "Requiem," that theirs is

> The strength of suffering gods who toil with many scars
> To wrest promethean fire for dead humanity.

His sentiment is virile, never mawkish. Face to face with death, his fear is not of the enemy, it is rather that

he may imperfectly stand the test of battle. And so he may pray with Hodgson:

> I, that on my familiar hill
> Saw with uncomprehending eyes
> A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
> Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
> Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
> Must say good-bye to all of this:—
> By all delights that I shall miss,
> Help me to die, O Lord.

He fears, too, that those at home may weaken, and that his sacrifices upon the field of battle may be in vain. He does not speak of himself as a "patriot." The old note of professional patriotism is entirely lacking. "Their love of country is expressed in a varied symbolism—in longing, lingering glances at the land which may not be able to give them even a grave, at the life relinquished which will yet be theirs for evermore. Rupert Brooke's wonderful sonnet which begins,

> If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England,

is the subtlest form of this beautiful symbolism."

The editors of *The Stars and Stripes*, the official paper of the A. E. F. in France, found themselves overwhelmed by poetic contributions. In speaking of the character of this verse they said that it was—

> sentiment—heart, if you care to call it that—that all of this verse possesses as verse seldom possessed it before. The Army's Poets are the spokesmen of the Army's soul. That soul speaks the same message whether it comes from base port or front line. It speaks the Army's longing and love for things and friends across the seas, of slum and cooties and mud; it speaks the Army's determination to see this thing through, to keep at this bitter and glorious business of war until the high aims for which it is fighting are achieved, when the Army's Poets in unison shall interpret the Army's soul in a pæan of victory.

The civilian poets, away from the stress of the actual fighting, very properly emphasize their admiration of their citizen armies. They deal with the changes and renunciations and separations and suspense which are often more terrible than what the fighting man faces. For not all the heroisms of war are on the battle front. They pay due reverence to Belgium and France, to Edith Cavell and Lord Kitchener. They stir the lagging spirits of their fellow citizens. They measure deserved praise to those who struggle for the world's liberation "in every weather and along every meridian, beneath sharks and above eagles." And especially they furnish voices for "the plain men who, dumbly and sadly . . . have left their true fields and occupation for soaking trenches and freezing rigging, to build with the hands of their spirits more than their corporal hands knew or their eyes could ever hope to see."

The poems which follow exemplify practically every type of verse produced by the war. They range from the humor and lightheartedness of Frank Sidgwick's "Form Fours!" or William Childs's "Our Hitch in Hell" to the painful stress of poems such as Joyce Kilmer's "Rouge Bouquet" or Leslie Coulson's "But a Short Time to Live." Of the more than thirty poets in the service represented, some fifteen are numbered with those who have laid down their lives that civilization might be preserved.

Out of the great mass of war verse a few poems have already taken their place firmly in the front rank by virtue of that popular suffrage which there is no gainsaying. One of these is Colonel John McCrae's "In Flanders Fields," with its poignant appeal to the living not to break faith with those who have died. His "Anxious Dead" is quite as remarkable a poem, though it has not

achieved such popularity. Of Alan Seeger's most famous poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," Professor Phelps remarks that it is "almost intolerably painful in its tragic beauty, in its contrast between the darkness of the unchanging shadow and the apple-blossoms of the sunny air—above all, because we read it after both Youth and Death have kept their word, and met at the place appointed." Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" has long since taken its place with the poems of supreme patriotic exaltation. Winifred Letts's "The Spires of Oxford" has a simplicity that reaches to the very heart of the reader. Certainly the world is right in including this small group in any list of the very greatest poems which have come out of the war. Some of our individual choices may be missing, and the list could be safely extended; it could hardly be shortened. One could wish, for instance, that Joyce Kilmer's "The White Ships and the Red," a poem of real distinction, might be added; or Julian Grenfell's wonderful ecstasy of the fighting man, the only poem of great appeal by a professional soldier. But one must stop short of a complete roll call with the suggestion that the reader should feel perfectly free to admire most what most satisfies the needs of his own heart without slavish reference to the judgments of others.

THE NEW CRUSADE

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Life is a trifle;
Honor is all;
Shoulder the rifle;
Answer the call.
"*A nation of traders*"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;
Battle shall cease;
Ours is the magic
Mission of Peace.
"*A nation of traders*"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Gladly we barter
Gold of our youth
For Liberty's charter
Blood-sealed in truth.
"*A nation of traders*"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Sons of the granite,
Strong be our stroke,
Making this planet
Safe for the folk.

"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war

Life is but passion,
Sunshine on dew.
Forward to fashion
The old world anew!
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

THE OLD KINGS

MARGARET WIDDEMER

All of the Old Kings
Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
Sigurd from his fen . . .
"Is it time," they rise and cry,
"To lead our hosts again?"

They have donned their wingèd helms,
They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
The old king Charlemagne,
Harold with his great bow,
Roland with his horn . . .
Men have heard their horses' hoofs
Many a scarlet morn!

The Old Kings have risen . . .
  Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on,
  Karle cries out for France,
Up and down the battle-field
  Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
  Olaf's shadow-fleet. . . .

Up and down the red fields
  Men have seen them go,
Seen the long plumes on the wind,
  Seen the pennons flow;
Harry out of Agincourt
  Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
  Battles at their side. . . .

Christ, king of Paradise,
  Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
  Saints and blessed ghosts;
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
  Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarök
  Lie the shattered world!

THE KNIGHTS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

Not dust! Not dust the chivalry,
  The knightly heart of high romance
Enshrined in ancient poetry.
  Behold, the battle-fields of France!

Gone plume and crest and jeweled sword,
Gone pomp and picturesque array.
War is a grim and hideous word!
Yet heroes walk the world to-day.

A Launcelot or Lion Heart?
A Roland or a Godfrey bold?
Nay, simple lads who bear their part
As gallantly as knights of old.

Our lithe brown legions swinging by,
Our bonny sailors proudly free;
The dauntless champions of the sky,
The dragon-chasers on the sea!

A thousand Sidneys pass the cup
Of blessedness on fields of blood;
And countless Bayards offer up
Their joyous hope for others' good.

Never were hearts so nobly bold,
Nor bodies built so strongly fair.
The tree of life has not grown old,
But blooms to-day beyond compare!

No more we glory in the past
And yearn to see those kings of men.
The peerless knights arise at last,
And epic deeds are done again!

IN THE TIME OF STRIFE

FRANK L. STANTON

We may not know
How red the lilies of the spring shall grow;
What silver flood,
Sea-streaming, take the crimson tints of blood.

We may not know
If victory shall make the bugles blow;
If still shall wave
The flag above our freedom or our grave.

We only know
One heart, one hand, one country, meet the foe·
On land and sea
Her liegemen in the battle of the free!

"MEN WHO MARCH AWAY"

(Song of the Soldiers)

THOMAS HARDY

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by
With doubt and dolorous sigh?

Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We well see what we are doing
Though some may not see,
Dalliers as they be;
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We well see what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

SONG OF LIBERTY

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Lead on, lead on, America,
And set thy brothers free!
Through life and death and round the world,
O Flag, I'll follow thee!

Lead on, lead on! our hearts are great
With purpose born of God,
For we are pledged to liberty
On this, our deathless sod.

I hear the soul of Lincoln call:
"Go forth with hate toward none
And see, through consecrated strengtn,
The free man's battle won.
Go forth as brother to the world!
'Twas but my flesh that died,
For I am with you till the end,
And marching at your side."

America, thou promised land,
Thy dreams and hopes are mine,
And I will break thy sacred bread
And drink thy living wine.
O God, our source of liberty,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand
And bless the life of her we love,
The free man's chosen land.

TECUMSEH AND THE EAGLES

BLISS CARMAN

I

Tecumseh of the Shawnees,
He dreamed a noble dream—
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
  The secret of their clan—
A way to keep, o'er plain and steep,
  The liberty of man.
The champions of freedom,
  They may not weary soon,
Or lay aside in foolish pride
  The vigilance of noon.

The teachers of Tecumseh
  Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
  Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
  Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plain, and soar again,
  And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
  The death that skulks and crawls,
To take by stealth their only wealth
  On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
  That sleep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
  They struck — and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
  They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
  Was shadowed by their wings.

Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry: "If freedom die
Ye will have lived in vain!"

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good—their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone
Across the fields of light.
They see on earth, below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.

Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled;
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge to the world.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth;
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry: "If freedom die
Ye will have lived in vain!"

MEMORIAL DAY

THEODOSIA GARRISON

A handful of old men walking down the village street
In worn, brushed uniforms, their grey heads high,—
A faded flag above them, one drum to lift their feet,
Look again, O, heart of mine, and see what passes by.

There's a vast crowd swaying, there's a wild band playing,
The streets are full of marching men, of tramping cavalry,
Alive and young and straight again, they ride to greet a mate again,—
The gallant souls, the great souls that live eternally.

A handful of old men walking down the highways?
Nay, we look on heroes that march among their peers,
The great, glad Companies have swung from Heaven's byways
And come to join their own again across the dusty years.

There are strong hands meeting, there are staunch hearts greeting,—
A crying of remembered names, of deeds that shall not die.
A handful of old men?—Nay, my heart, look well again;
The spirit of America today is marching by!

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

JOYCE KILMER

With drooping sail and pennant
That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
Beside a sunless beach.
Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim *Titanic* lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked, aghast, and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow;
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?

Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her
"And who art thou?" she said;
"Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red?
We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white."

"Nay," said the scarlet visitor,
"Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship
I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white.

"But never crashing iceberg,
Nor honest shot of foe,

Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name.

"I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

"My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain."

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver:
But one—shall be like blood.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

THEODOSIA GARRISON

Gentlemen of honor, gentlemen of worth—
One by one they read and signed and handed on the pen,
Assuming each his station among the powers of earth,
Claiming life and liberty for all true men.
Gentlemen, our time is come to sign your deed again!

Gentlemen of dignity, gentlemen of wit—
Hancock, Franklin, Jefferson, men in buff and blue—
Pledged lives, fortunes, honor and were glad of it—
Pledged them to all mankind, as a brother's due.
Gentlemen, our time is come to take your pledge anew!

Gentlemen of courage, gentlemen of might—
We, your children's children, thank God you spoke for us.
Writ across our Nation shine your words of light
Answering a tyrant in letters luminous.
Gentlemen, we sign again, we pledge each other thus!

AMERICA, TO ARMS!

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

She stands, a guardian of the endless sea,
Her garb is golden, and her lips are flame,
She is the portal of Eternity
And Beauty is the realm from whence she came!
She is the voice of many bleeding lands—
America, she calls! To Arms! Arise!
For like a shimmering sabre in the skies
In scarlet glow she stands
A guardian of the earth and sea—
Liberty!

THE GREAT BLUE TENT

EDITH WHARTON

Come unto me, said the Flag,
Ye weary and sore oppressed;
For I am no shot-riddled rag,
But a great blue tent of Rest.

Ye heavy-laden, come
On the aching feet of dread,
From ravaged town, from murdered home,
From your tortured and your dead.

All they that beat at my crimson bars
Shall enter without demur.
Though the round earth rock with the wind of wars,
Not one of my folds shall stir.

See, here is warmth and sleep,
And a table largely spread;
I give garments to them that weep,
And for gravestones I give bread.

But what, through my inmost fold,
Is this cry on the winds of war?
"Are you grown so old, are you grown so cold,
O Flag that was once our Star?

"Where did you learn that bread is life,
And where that fire is warm—
You, that took the van of a world-wide strife,
As an eagle takes the storm?

"Where did you learn that Men are bred
Where hucksters bargain and gorge;
And where that down makes a softer bed
Than the snows of Valley Forge?

"Come up, come up to the stormy sky,
Where our fierce folds rattle and hum,
For Lexington taught *us* how to fly,
And *we* dance to Concord's drum."

O Flags of Freedom, said the Flag,
Brothers of wind and sky;
I, too, was once a tattered rag,
And I wake and shake at your cry.

I tug and tug at the anchoring place,
Where my drowsy folds are caught;
I strain to be off on the old fierce chase
Of the foe we have always fought.

O People I made, said the Flag,
And welded from sea to sea,
I am still the shot-riddled rag
That shrieks to be free, to be free.

Oh, cut my silken ties
From the roof of the palace of Peace;
Give back my Stars to the skies,
My Stripes to the storm-striped seas.

Or else, if you bid me yield,
Then down with my crimson bars,
And o'er all my azure field
Sow poppies instead of Stars.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his place!
Shoulder to shoulder, and "right about! face!"
We've a duty to do ere we grow a day older,
And the way we can do it is — shoulder to shoulder!

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in the line!
Shoulder to shoulder! The Flag for a sign!
Yes, let us not weaken, but let us grow bolder,
And rally and sally with —"shoulder to shoulder!"

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his might!
Shoulder to shoulder! We fight for the right!
The land of our love — may our courage enfold her!
May we work — and not shirk — for her, shoulder to shoulder!

THE AVENUE OF THE ALLIES

ALFRED NOYES

This is the song of the wind as it came
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:
I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

So it descended, at night, on the city.
So it went lavishing beauty and pity,
Lighting the lordliest street of the world
With half of the banners that earth has unfurled;
Over the lamps that are brighter than stars,
Laughing aloud on its way to the wars,
Proud as America, sweeping along
Death and destruction like notes in a song.
Leaping to battle as man to his mate,

Joyous as God when he moved to create, —
Never was voice of a nation so glorious,
Glad of its cause and afire with its fate!
Never did eagle on mightier pinion
Tower to the height of a brighter dominion,
Kindling the hope of the prophets to flame,
Calling aloud on the deep as it came,
Cleave me a way for an army with banners.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

Know you the meaning of all they are doing?
Know you the light that their soul is pursuing?
Know you the might of the world they are making,
This nation of nations whose heart is awaking?
What is this mingling of peoples and races?
Look at the wonder and joy on their faces!
Look how the folds of the union are spreading!
Look, for the nations are come to their wedding.
How shall the folk of our tongue be afraid of it?
England was born of it. England was made of it,
Made of this welding of tribes into one,
This marriage of pilgrims that followed the sun!
Briton and Roman and Saxon were drawn
By winds of this Pentecost, out of the dawn,
Westward, to make her one people of many;
But here is a union more mighty than any.
Know you the soul of this deep exultation?
Know you the word that goes forth to this nation.
I am the breath of God. I am His Liberty.
Let there be light over all His creation.

Over this Continent, wholly united,
They that were foemen in Europe are plighted.
Here in a league that our blindness and pride

Doubted and flouted and mocked and denied,
Dawns the Republic, the laughing, gigantic
Europe, united, beyond the Atlantic.
That is America, speaking one tongue,
Acting her epics before they are sung,
Driving her rails from the palms to the snow,
Through States that are greater than Emperors know,
Forty-eight States that are empires in might,
But ruled by the will of one people tonight,
Nerved as one body, with net-works of steel,
Merging their strength in the one Commonweal,
Brooking no poverty, mocking at Mars,
Building their cities to talk with the stars,
Thriving, increasing by myriads again
Till even in numbers old Europe shall wane,—
How shall a son of the England they fought
Fail to declare the full pride of his thought,
Stand with the scoffers who, year after year,
Bring the Republic their half-hidden sneer?
Now, as in beauty she stands at our side,
Who shall withhold the full gift of his pride?
Not the great England who knows that her son,
Washington, fought her, and Liberty won.
England, whose names like the stars in their station,
Stand at the foot of that world's Declaration,—
Washington, Livingston, Langdon, she claims them.
It is her right to be proud when she names them,
Proud of that voice in the night as it came,
Tossing the flags of the nations to flame:
I am the breath of God. I am His laughter.
I am His Liberty. That is my name.

Flags, in themselves, are but rags that are dyed.
Flags, in that wind, are a nation enskied.

See, how they grapple the night as it rolls
And trample it under like triumphing souls.
Over the city that never knew sleep,
Look at the crimsons and golds as they leap,
Thousands of tri-colors laughing for France,
Ripple and whisper and thunder and dance;
Thousands of flags for Great Britain aflame
Answer their sisters in Liberty's name.
Belgium is burning in pride overhead.
Nippon is near, and her sun-rise is red.
Under and over and fluttering between
Italy burgeons in red, white and green.
See, how they climb like adventurous flowers,
Over the tops of the terrible towers. . . .

There, in the darkness, the glories are mated.
There, in the darkness, a world is created.
There, in this Pentecost, streaming on high.
There, with a glory of stars in the sky.
There the broad flag of the world and its liberty
Rides the proud night-wind and tyrannies die.

PRO PATRIA

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

England, in this great fight to which you go
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;
But not for her sake, being what you are,
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past;
But by the seal to which *you* set your hand,
Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep
Their storied 'scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait—
High-hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,
We ask what offering we may consecrate,
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease;
To find our welfare in the general good;
To hold together, merging all degrees
In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is lost;
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed;
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,
For others' greater need; —

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane;
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;
With level calm to face alike the strain
Of triumph or defeat;

This be our part, for so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

AMERICA

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

Mother of outstretched arms and generous breast,
Let never welcomed wanderers strike at thee!
Who seek from far thy Canaan of the West,
May they henceforth as thine own children be!

Not one hast thou compelled; unurged they came
To where the altar fires of Freedom shine.
Let them remember how to feed that flame.
Men smiled at death and poured their blood as wine.

Ours that best heritage, dear native land
Of Liberty, wrung from the tyrant's sway.
Oh, may there be no Judas in our band
To kiss and kill, to barter and betray!

But sons and foster-sons alike stand fast
To guard our Mother from an Old World chain,
And hurl the stout defiance of the Past,
"Freemen we are! Freemen we shall remain!"

THE UNION

ALFRED NOYES

You that have gathered together the sons of all races,
And welded them into one,
Lifting the torch of your Freedom on hungering faces
That sailed to the setting sun;

You that have made of mankind in your own proud regions
The music of man to be,
How should the old earth sing of you, now, as your legions
Rise to set all men free?

How should the singer that knew the proud vision and loved it,
In the days when not all men knew,
Gaze, through his tears, on the light, now the world has approved it;
Or dream, when the dream comes true?

How should he sing when the Spirit of Freedom in thunder
Speaks, and the wine-press is red;
And the sea-winds are loud with the chains that are broken asunder
And nations that rise from the dead?

Flag of the sky, proud flag of that wide communion,
Too mighty for thought to scan;
Flag of the many in one, and that last world-union
That kingdom of God in man;

Ours was a dream, in the night, of that last federation,
But yours is the glory unfurled,—
The marshalled nations and stars that shall make one nation
One singing star of the world.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

LAURENCE BINYON

Men of America, you that march to-day
Thro' roaring London, supple and lean of limb,
Glimpsed in the crowd I saw you, and in your eye
Something alert and grim—
As knowing on what stern call you march away
To the wrestle of nations—saw your heads held high,
And, that same moment, far in a flittering beam
High over old and storied Westminster

The Stars and Stripes with England's colors clear
Sisterly twined and proud on the air astream.

. . . . . .

I see again the fabulous city arise,
Rock-cradled, white and soaring out of the sea.
Manhattan! Queen of thronged and restless bays
And of daring ships is she.
O, lands beyond, that into the sunset gaze,
Limitless, teeming continent of surmise!
I drink again that diamond air, I thrill
To the lure of a wonder more than the wondrous past.
And see before me ages yet more vast
Rising and challenging heart and mind and will.

. . . . . .

Taps of the Drum! Again you have heard them beat;
And the answer comes, a continent arms! Dread,
Pity, and Grief, there is no escape; the call
Is the call of the risen Dead.
Terrible year of the nation's trampling feet!
An angel had blown his trumpet over all
From the ends of the earth, from East to uttermost West,
Because of the soul of man that shall not fail,
That will not make refusal or turn and quail,
No, nor for all calamity stay its quest.

And here, here too, is the New World, born of pain
In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
Its mold, and life runs fierce and fluid, a stream
That floods, dissolves, remakes.
Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme,
Quickens unending future; and all's vain
But the onward mind that dares the oncoming years
And takes their storm, a master. Life shall then
Transfigure Time with yet more marvelous men.
Hail to the sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

HERE: AND THERE

September, 1914

F. W. BOURDILLON

Here

Soft benediction of September sun;
Voices of children, laughing as they run;
Green English lawns, bright flowers and butterflies;
And over all the blue embracing skies.

There

Tumult and roaring of the incessant gun;
Dead men and dying, trenches lost and won;
Blood, mud, and havoc, bugles, shoutings, cries;
And over all the blue embracing skies.

YOUNG AND OLD

HENRY ALLSOP

Young. What makes the dale so strange, my dear?
What makes the dale so strange?
Old. The men have gone from the dale, my dear,
And that makes all the change.

Young. The lanes and glens are still at night,
No laughter or songs I hear.
Old. Our lover-lads have marched to the fight,
And maidens are lonely, my dear.

Young. The kine are slow to come to the call
That once were all so quick.
Old. They miss the voice known best of all,
Of John or brother Dick.

Young. And will the dale be always strange
And dull and sad, my dear?
Old. Ay, lassie, we shall feel the change
For many a mournful year.

THE EMPTY COAT

LON BRIER

'Tain't no use, a-hangin' there,
On its peg no more!
Sleeves a-showin' too much wear,
Pocket badly tore.
Prob'ly, when the war is done,
It'll be too small.
Guess he'll have another one—
If he comes at all.
But it's sacred in our eyes;
Somethin' like a prayer;
Now it looks so lonesome-wise,
Jest a-hangin' there.
Seems like yeste'day I stood,
Watched him 'bout his chores;
Bringin' in the kitchen wood,
Stompin' 'cross the floors.
Laughed to see him snoopin' round,
Like he used to snoop,
Whistlin' happy when he found
Ma was makin' soup!
Now that he ain't here no more
Ma and me jest glance
Up at that old coat he wore
'Fore he went to France.
Nights, when all the doors is shet,
'Fore I go up-stair,

Touch its sleeve an' find it wet—
Ma's be'n cryin' there.
Somethin's smartin' my eyes, too,
Have to wink 'em tight,
When I whisper, "Proud o' you!
Good night, lad! Good night."

LETTERS FROM HOME

ERIC P. DAWSON

Night like a sable pall
And the clouds hang low,
And out of the gloom a star
Shoots by with a pale white glow.

Feet that stumble—and eyes
That have lost their sight—
A voice whispers "Courage!"
A hand stretched out in the night.

Dawn—and the day breaks drear—
And how will it end?
Hope murmurs once again
In the voice of a friend.

So are your letters to me
From across the sea—
Wingéd Courage, wingéd Cheer
And Hope for what is to be.

RENUNCIATION

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

'Twas yesteryear I "shortened him" and smiled to see him creep;
'Twas yesteryear with spool and string he used to sit and play;

'Twas yesteryear I soothed him in these very arms to sleep—
A six-foot man in soldier-clothes went marching off today.

Scarce yestermorn I helped him take his first unsteady step;
'Twas yesternoon his earliest word I joyed to hear him say;
Since yestere'en I kissed his bumps to comfort him—hark! "Hep!
Attention! Forward, march! Guide right!" rings in my ears today.

'Twas yesterday my soul was sweet with motherly content;
But yesterday "I thank thee, Lord!" was all my lips could pray;
And yesterday I did not know what fear and heartache meant—
Did something in me perish as I watched him go today?

Yet, yesteryear I should have sensed the man-child at my knee;
And yesterday I should have known not every month is May.
Outranking mine his country's need of godlings such as he—
My heart with shame were bursting had he slacked his bit today!

THE FATHER OF THE MAN

EDGAR A. GUEST

I can't help thinkin' o' the lad!
Here's summer bringin' trees to fruit,

An' every bush with roses clad,
An' nature in her finest suit,
An' all things as they used to be
In days before the war came on.
Yet time has changed both him an' me,
An' I am here, but he is gone.

The orchard's as it was back then
When he was just a little tyke;
The lake's as calm an' fair as when
We used to go to fish for pike.
There's nothing different I can see
That God has made about the place,
Except the change in him an' me,
An' that is difficult to trace.

I only know one day he came
An' found me in the barn alone.
To some he might have looked the same,
But he was not the lad I'd known.
His soul, it seemed, had heard the call
As plainly as a mortal can.
Before he spoke to me at all,
I saw my boy become a man.

I can't explain just what occurred;
I sat an' talked about it there;
The dinner-bell I never heard,
Or if I did, I didn't care.
But suddenly it seemed to me
Out of the dark there came a light,
An' in a new way I could see
That I was wrong an' he was right.

I can't help thinkin' o' the lad!
He's fightin' hate an' greed an' lust,
An' here am I, his doting dad,
Believin' in a purpose just.
Time was I talked the joy o' play,
But now life's goal is all I see;
The petty thoughts I've put away—
My boy has made a man o' me.

SOCKS

JESSIE POPE

Shining pins that dart and click
In the fireside's sheltered peace
Check the thoughts that cluster thick—
20 plain and then decrease.

He was brave—well, so was I—
Keen and merry, but his lip
Quivered when he said good-bye—
Purl the seam-stitch, purl and slip.

Never used to living rough,
Lots of things he'd got to learn;
Wonder if he's warm enough—
Knit 2, catch 2, knit 1, turn.

Hark! The paper-boys again!
Wish that shout could be suppressed;
Keeps one always on the strain—
Knit off 9, and slip the rest.

Wonder if he's fighting now,
What he's done an' where he's been;
He'll come out on top, somehow—
Slip 1, knit 2, purl 14.

IN HOMELAND

CLINTON SCOLLARD

There is a house in Homeland that I may call mine own,
And I may sit within it beside the warm hearthstone;
But if I dwelt in Flanders, or lived in Picardy,
Think you I would be sitting beneath mine own roof tree?

There is a Homeland garden in which I may behold
The pansies I have planted, the gleaming marigold;
But if I dwelt in Flanders, or lived in Picardy,
Think, if I owned a garden, what would my garden be?

I have loved ones I cherish beyond all things of earth;
They bring to me my solace; they make for me my mirth;
But if I dwelt in Flanders, or lived in Picardy:
Dear God, spare us in Homeland the speechless agony.

A BOY OVER THERE

FRANK L. STANTON

Home's looking lonesome and trouble to spare,
But you think of a boy Over There!
And it's help to the heart with the crosses to bear—
That thought of a boy Over There!
Rain for the eyes when we saw him depart,
But he's fighting the battle with Home in his heart!
Wide waste of water and far ways to roam,
But he's fighting for Home.

There's a woman a-dreaming when shadows fall drear—
Dreams of a boy Over There;
And there's Light in the dream and the Light is a prayer
Of Love for a boy Over There,
Of Love that went with him and made the way bright—
Strength of the battle and sword in the fight!

And the dream and the prayer find their way o'er the foam
Where he's fighting for Home.

Home's looking lonesome—the cross and the care,
But—a boy's Over There!
And it's great to be glimpsing the glory he'll wear
With the boys Over There!
That's the heal for the hurt—that's the peace and the pride;
He came when his country called sons to her side!
And not from the Love of a Mother they roam
When they're fighting for Home!

A GIRL'S SONG

KATHARINE TYNAN

The Meuse and Marne have little waves;
The slender poplars o'er them lean;
One day they will forget the graves
That give the grass its living green.

Some brown French girl the rose will wear
That springs above his comely head;
Will twine it in her russet hair,
Nor wonder why it is so red.

His blood is in the rose's veins,
His hair is in the yellow corn;
My grief is in the weeping rains
And in the keening wind forlorn.

Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse
Tread lightly all ye browsing sheep;
Fall tenderly, O silver dews,
For here my dear Love lies asleep.

The earth is on his sealèd eyes,
The beauty marred that was my pride;
Would I were lying where he lies,
And sleeping sweetly by his side!

The spring will come by Meuse and Marne,
The birds be blithesome in the tree;
I heap the stones to make his cairn
Where many sleep as sound as he.

THINGS THAT WERE YOURS

DYNELEY HUSSEY

These things were yours, these little simple things;
You touched them, used them one time, loved them well.
Now you are gone, but still about them clings
The fragrance of your hands adorable.
These childish books; these learned works well-thumbed;
These time-stained prints; these comfortable chairs;
This music, and this album where you gummed
Your childhood's treasure; these Italian jars;
This little cup blue-patterned; this old bed;
These sheets that whitely wrapt you slumbering;
These garden-walks and autumn-tinted trees,
That knew your laughter, and past numbering
These blades of grass that bent beneath your tread:
Because they once were yours, I love all these.

WHEN I COME HOME

LESLIE COULSON

When I come home, dear folk o' mine,
We'll drink a cup of olden wine;
And yet, however rich it be,
No wine will taste so good to me

As English air. How I shall thrill
To drink it in on Hampstead Hill
When I come home!

When I come home, and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets and pillows spread.
And there is one who'll softly creep
To kiss me, ere I fall asleep,
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
And I shall be a boy again
When I come home!

When I come home, from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
'Twill be good pay for what I've done,
When I come home!

HIGH HEART

ALINE KILMER

The sea that I watch from my window
Is gray and white;
I see it toss in the darkness
All the night.
My soul swoops down to sorrow
As the sea-gulls dip,
And all my love flies after
Your lonely ship.

Yet I am not despairing;
Though we must part,
Nothing can be too bitter
For my high heart;
All in the dreary midnight,
Watching the flying foam,
I wait for a golden morning
When you come home.

IN FRANCE

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams,
And round me music-making bells
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn, I find
The paths are old unto me still,
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

CHA TILL MACCRUIMEIN

Departure of the Fourth Camerons

E. A. MACKINTOSH

The pipes in the streets were playing bravely,
The marching lads went by;
With merry hearts and voices singing
My friends marched out to die;
But I was hearing a lonely pibroch
Out of an older war,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell, MacCrimmon,
MacCrimmon comes no more."

And every lad in his heart was dreaming
Of honor and wealth to come,
And honor and noble pride were calling
To the tune of the pipes and drum;
But I was hearing a woman singing
On dark Dunvegan shore,
"In battle or peace, with wealth or honor,
MacCrimmon comes no more."

And there in front of the men were marching,
With feet that made no mark,
The grey old ghosts of the ancient fighters
Come back again from the dark;
And in front of them all MacCrimmon piping
A weary tune and sore,
"On the gathering day, for ever and ever,
MacCrimmon comes no more."

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the train)

WINIFRED M. LETTS

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast at Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

AT THE WARS

ROBERT NICHOLS

Now that I am ta'en away
And may not see another day,
What is it to my eye appears?
What sound rings in my stricken ears?
Not even the voice of any friend
Or eyes beloved world-without-end,
But scenes and sounds of the country-side
In far England across the tide:
An upland field when spring's begun,
Mellow beneath the evening sun . . . .
A circle of loose and lichened wall
Over which seven red pines fall . . . .
An orchard of wizen blossoming trees
Wherein the nesting chaffinches
Begin again the self-same song
All the late April day-time long . . . .
Paths that lead a shelving course

Between the chalk scarp and the gorse
By English downs; and oh! too well
I hear the hidden, clanking bell
Of wandering sheep. . . . . I see the brown
Twilight of the huge, empty down
Soon blotted out! for now a lane
Glitters with warmth of May-time rain.
And on a shooting briar I see
A yellow bird who sings to me.

O yellow-hammer, once I heard
Thy yaffle when no other bird
Could to my sunk heart comfort bring;
But now I would not have thee sing
So sharp thy voice is with the pain
Of England I may not see again!
Yet sing thy song: there answereth
Deep in me a voice which saith:
"*The gorse upon the twilit down,*
The English loam so sunset brown,
The bowed pines and the sheep-bells' clamor,
The wet, lit lane and the yellow-hammer,
The orchard and the chaffinch song,
Only to the Brave belong.
And he shall lose their joy for aye
If their price he cannot pay,
Who shall find them dearer far
Enriched by blood after long War."

HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE

E. WYNDHAM TENNANT

Green gardens in Laventie!
Soldiers only know the street

Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass.
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should have been
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine,
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse
Running from house to house.

So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass,
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasaunce to find;
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found,
Was a little bush of Daphne flower
Upon a grassy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the scent
That we were well content.

Hungry for spring I bent my head;
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place!

WHILE SUMMERS PASS

ALINE MICHAELIS

Summer comes and summer goes,
Buds the primrose, fades the rose;
But his footfall on the grass,
Coming swiftly to my door,
I shall hear again no more,
Though a thousand summers pass.

Once he loved the clovers well,
Loved the larkspur and bluebell,

And the scent the plum-blooms yield;
But strange flowers his soul beguiled,
Pallid lilies, laurels wild,
Blooming in a crimson field.

So he plucked the laurels there,
And he found them sweet and fair
In that field of blood-red hue;
And, when on a summer night
Moonlight drenched my clovers white,
Lo! He plucked Death's lilies, too.

It may be that e'en to-night,
In the Gardens of Delight,
Where his shining soul must dwell,
He has found some flowers more sweet
Than the clovers at my feet,
Some celestial asphodel.

But while summer comes and goes,
With the primrose and the rose
Comes his footfall on the grass—
Gladly, lightly to my door—
I shall hear it echo o'er,
Though a thousand summers pass.

SYMPATHY

(Written by a stoker on one of His Majesty's ships)

The middle watch. A wicked night
With storm and driving sleet:
A grim destroyer fights her way
Through breaking seas and blinding spray,
Alert and ready for "The Day"
That's promised to our Fleet.

A gun's-crew standing by their gun
The spray completely drenches;
They stick it out—they do at sea,
And one man to his chum says he:
"What a cold, bitter night 't must be
For fellows in the trenches!"

OUR HITCH IN HELL[1]

WILLIAM CHILDS

I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I left behind,
And I hate to put on paper what is running through my mind.
We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of hell, I know it can't be found.
But there's still one consolation—gather closely while I tell—
When we die we're bound for heaven, for we've done our hitch in hell.

We've built a hundred kitchens for the cook to stew our beans;
We've stood a hundred guard-mounts and cleared the camp latrines;
We've washed a million mess-kits and peeled a million spuds;
We've strapped a million blanket-rolls and washed a million duds.
The number of parades we've made is very hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in heaven, for we've done our hitch in hell.

[1] From *Songs from the Trenches*, copyright, 1918, by Harper & Brothers.

We've killed a million cooties that tried to take our cots,
And shaken all the icicles from out our army socks;
We've marched a hundred thousand miles and made a thousand camps;
We've sat up many a cold night sewing buttons on our pants.
But when our work on earth is done our friends behind will tell,
"When they died they went to heaven, for they'd done their hitch in hell."

When the final taps are sounded, and we lay aside our cares,
And we do the very last parade right up the golden stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome, and the harps begin to play,
"Peace on earth, good-will toward men," you'll hear us loudly say.
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell,
"Just take a front seat, mister, for you've done your hitch in hell."

YANKS

JAMES W. FOLEY

O'Leary, from Chicago, and a first-class fightin' man,
Born in County Clare or Kerry, where the gentle art began;
Sergeant Dennis P. O'Leary, from somewhere on Archie road,
Dodgin' shells and smellin' powder while the battle ebbed and flowed.

And the captain says: "O'Leary, from your fightin' company
Pick a dozen fightin' Yankees and come skirmishin' with me;
Pick a dozen fightin' devils, and I know it's you who can."
And O'Leary, he saluted like a first class-fightin' man.

O'Leary's eye was piercin' and O'Leary's voice was clear:
"Dimitri Georgenopulos!" and Dimitri answered "Here!"
Then "Vladimir Slaminsky! Step three paces to the front,
For we're wantin' you to join us in a little Heinie hunt!"
"Garibaldi Ravioli!" Garibaldi was to share;
And "Ole Axel Kettelson!" and "Thomas Scalp-the Bear!"
Who was Choctaw by inheritance, bred in the blood and bones,
But set down in army records by the name of Thomas Jones.

"Van Winkle Schuyler Stuyvesant!" Van Winkle was a bud
From the ancient tree of Stuyvesant and had it in his blood;
"Don Miguel de Colombo!" Don Miguel's next kin
Were across the Rio Grande when Don Miguel went in.
"Ulysses Grant O'Sheridan!" Ulysses' sire, you see,
Had been at Appomattox near the famous apple tree;
And "Patrick Michael Casey!" Patrick Michael, you can tell,
Was a fightin' man by nature with three fightin' names as well.

"Joe Wheeler Lee!" And Joseph had a pair of fightin' eyes;
And his granddad was a Johnny, as perhaps you might surmise;
Then "Robert Bruce MacPherson!" And the Yankee squad was done
With "Isaac Abie Cohen!" once a light-weight champion.

Then O'Leary paced 'em forward and, says he, "You Yanks, fall in!"
And he marched 'em to the captain, "Let the skirmishin' begin,"
Says he, "the Yanks are comin', and you beat 'em if you can!"
And saluted like a soldier and a first-class fightin' man!

MARCHING SONG

DANA BURNET

When Pershing's men go marching into Picardy, marching, marching into Picardy—
With their steel aslant in the sunlight and their great gray hawks a-wing
And their wagons rumbling after them like thunder in the Spring—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp
Till the earth is shaken—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp
Till the dead towns waken!
And flowers fall, and shouts arise from Chaumont to the sea—
When Pershing's men go marching, marching into Picardy!

Women of France, do you see them pass to the battle in the North?
And do you stand in the doorways now as when your own went forth?
Then smile to them, and call to them, and mark how brave they fare
Upon the road to Picardy that only youth may dare!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Foot and horse and caisson—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Such is Freedom's passion—
And oh, take heart, ye weary souls that stand along the Lys,
For the New World is marching, marching into Picardy!

April's sun is in the sky and April's in the grass—
And I doubt not that Pershing's men are singing as they pass—
For they are very young men, and brave men, and free—
And they know why they are marching, marching into Picardy.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Rank and file together—
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Through the April weather.
And never Spring has thrust such blades against the light of dawn
As yonder waving stalks of steel that move so shining on!

I have seen the wooden crosses at Ypres and Verdun,
I have marked the graves of such as lie where the Marne waters run,
And I know their dust is stirring by hill and vale and lea,
And their souls shall be our captains who march to Picardy.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Hope shall fail us never —
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Forward and forever!
And God is on His Judgment seat, and Christ is on His tree —
And Pershing's men are marching, marching into Picardy.

THE ROAD

GORDON ALCHIN

When first the paving of the Road
Rang to the tread of the marching Roman,
And Cæsar's legions seaward strode
To find a yet unmastered foeman,—
Full many a curse, of ancient flavor,
Rolled far along the muddy Way;
A curse upon the highway's paver,
Whose echoes linger to this day!

A thousand years—(when England lay
Beneath the heel of the Norman raider):—
The cobbles of the age-worn Way
Echo the march of the mailed Crusader:
Whilst many an oath, of pious fervour,
Between their chaunt and roundelay,
Gives proof to any close observer,
That men are little changed to-day!

Again a thousand years—again
The ancient frontier Road enslaving,
Come horse and cannon, motor-train:—
All sweep along the narrow paving.

A wondrous change, you say? but listen!
Listen to the words they say!
What matter cannon, petrol, piston?
The *men* are just the same to-day!

KILMENY

(A Song of the Trawlers)

ALFRED NOYES

Dark, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen.
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.
O, it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come,
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

"FORM FOURS"

A Volunteer's Nightmare

FRANK SIDGWICK

If you're Volunteer Artist or Athlete, or if you defend the home,
You sacrifice "Ease" for "Attention," and march like a metronome;
But of all elementary movements you learn in your Volunteer Corps
The one that is really perplexing is known as the Forming of Fours.

Imagine us numbered off from the right: the Sergeant faces the squad,
And says that the odd files do not move—I never seem to be odd!
And then his instructions run like this (very simple in black and white)—
"A pace to the rear with the left foot, and one to the right with the right."

Of course if you don't think deeply, you do it without a hitch;
You have only to know your right and left, and remember which is which;
But as soon as you try to be careful, you get in the deuce of a plight,
With "a pace to the right with the left foot, and one to the rear with the right!"

Besides, when you're thoroughly muddled, the Sergeant doubles your doubt
By saying that rules reverse themselves, as soon as you're "turned about";
So round you go on your right heel, and practice until you're deft
At "a pace to the front with the right foot, and one to the left with the left."

In my dreams the Sergeant, the Kaiser, and Kipling mix my feet,
Saying "East is left, and Right is Might, and never the twain shall meet!"
In my nightmare squad *all* files are odd, and their Fours are horribly queer,
With "a pace to the left with the front foot, and one to the right with the rear!"

HALF-PAST ELEVEN SQUARE

C. FOX SMITH

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There's a town I know in Flanders, an' there ain't much else to say,
But it's pretty much like most towns when the war 'as passed their way;
There's tumbled shops an' 'ouses, an' there's brickbats everywhere,
An' a place that British soldiers call 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

There's a silly clock stuck up there that's forgot the way to chime,
With its silly fingers pointin' to the same old bloomin' time;

An' the world it keeps on turnin', but it makes no difference there,
For it never gets no later in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

There's a stink o' gas a-crawlin' where the people lived before,
That it used to tell the time to when there 'ad n't been no war,
In the day the whizz-bangs bustin', in the night the star-shells' glare,
An' 'oo cares what the time is in 'Alf-past Eleven Square?

You could walk for 'arf a day there, an' there's not a soul to meet
In the empty smashed-up 'ouses an' the empty sandbagged street;
They've packed their traps up long since an' they've gone for change of air,
For you bet it ain't no 'ealth-resort—'Alf-past Eleven Square.

An' it only wakes up sometimes, when the armies come and go,
With the transport an' the wounded an' the big guns crawlin' slow;
But let 'em come or let 'em go, the clock don't seem to care
If it's Fritz or Tommy marchin' through 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

But it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin' till the world goes on once more,
An' the folk come back to live there as they used to live before,
An' open wide the broken door an' climb the broken stair,
An' move along its fingers in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

Yes, it's waitin'—waitin'—waitin', just the same as you an' me,
For the same world, only better than the old one used to be;
An' I've got a barmy notion that I wish I might be there
When twelve·o'clock is strikin' in 'Alf-past Eleven Square.

M–U–D

JOHN OXENHAM

This is an Ode
To
M–U–D—Mud!
Mud the ubiquitous,
Mud the iniquitous,
Mud—you're the limit in life's vast adversities!
Mud the all-prevalent,
Mud the malevolent,
Mud! to the deuce with your ill-timed perversities!
Mud, you most wretched old
Combine of wet and cold,
What were you made for, Mud?
Sure you were n't prayed for, Mud!
What is the use of you?—if this abuse of you
Could end the sluice of you—Mud, you'd be dud!
Ill-suppressed, chill-infest, de'il possessed Mud,
You're no good!
For it's —
Mud on the ground, and mud in the air,
And mud in your grub, and mud everywhere;
Mud in your mouth, and mud in your nose,
And mud in your boots, and mud 'twixt your toes,
And mud,—O my Tailor! the mud on your clo'es!
It's mud in your ears, and mud in your hair,

And mud in your tub, and mud—everywhere.
It's mud in your bread, and mud in your bed—
(If you happen to get one, I'll bet it's a wet one!)—
It's mud in your eyes, roight down to their sockets,
It's mud in your rifle, and mud in your pockets.
It's mud Cockney bykes with each kyke that he mykes,
And Taffy is fuller of mud than he likes.
Pat says, "Now, be jabers, it's worse than the pig!"
And Chow-Chow and Hindoo go out on fatigue.
It's mud on the mewels, and mud on the 'osses,
And mud in the graveyards, and mud on the crosses.
It's mud on the tractors, and mud on the bikes,
It's mud on Lord Topknot, and mud on Bill Sykes;
It's mud in the gutters, and mud on the dykes,
It's mud on the Scotties and mud on the Tykes;
You've mud in your tin-hat, and mud on your head,
You're mud while you're living, and mud when you're dead.
There's mud on your temper, and mud on your soul,
Just mud—the beginning, the end, and the whole.
And when you go dud to a new neighborhood,
Then all that is left of you's buried in mud.
But the rest of you's clean; yes, the best of you's clean,
As it never has been since your face first was seen
In this quivering, slithering, gas-poisoned, withering, marrow-bone shivering
Land of dud mud.

THE HALF-HOUR'S FURLOUGH

JOSEPH LEE

I thought that a man went home last night
From the trench where the tired men lie,
And walked through the streets of his own old town—
And I thought that man was I.

And I walked through the gates of that good old town
Which circles below the hill,
And laves its feet in the river fair
That floweth so full and still.

Gladly and gladly into my heart
Came the old street sounds and sights,
And pleasanter far than the Pleiades
Was the gleam of the old street lights.

And as I came by St. Mary's Tower,
The old, solemn bell struck ten,
And back to me echoed the memory
Of my boyhood days again:
Musing I turned me east about
To the haunt of my fellow-men.

There were some that walked, and some that talked,
Beneath the old Arcade,
And for comfort I elbowed among the throng
And hearkened to what they said.

Some were that talked, and some that walked
By one, by two, by three;
And some there were who spake my name
As though they lovèd me.

And some who said, "Might he but return
When this weary war is spent!"
And it moved me much that their thought was such,
And I turned me well content.

I passed me along each familiar way,
And paused at each friendly door,
And thought of the things that had chanced within
In the kindly days of yore.

Till I came to the place of my long, long love,
Where she lay with her head on her arm;
And she sighed a prayer that the dear Lord should
Shield my body from all harm.

Ae kiss I left on her snow-white brow,
And ane on her raven hair,
And ane, the last, on her ruby lips,
Syne forth again I fare.

And I came to the home that will ay be home,
And brightly the fires did burn,
And at hearth, and in hearts, was a place for me
'Gainst the day that I should return.

Then I came to the glade where my mother was laid,
'Neath the cypress and the yew:
And she stood abune, and she said, "My son
I am glad that your heart was true."

And I passed me over both hill and down,
By each well-remembered path,
While the blessèd dawn, like the love o' God,
Stole over the sleeping Strath.

And from a thorn came the pipe of a thrush,
Like the first faint pipes of Peace:
It slid with healing into my heart,
And my sorrowing found surcease.

. . . . . .

Then I awoke to the sound of guns,
And in my ears was the cry:
"The Second Relief will stand to arms!"
And I rose—for that man was I.

ON LEAVING IRELAND

(July 14, 1916)

T. M. KETTLE

As the sun died in blood, and hill and sea
Grew to an altar, red with mystery,
One came who knew me (it may be overmuch)
Seeking the cynical and staining touch,
But I, against the great sun's burial,
Thought only of bayonet-flash and bugle-call,
And saw him as God's eye upon the deep,
Closed in the dream in which no women weep,
And knew that even I shall fall on sleep.

TO MY DAUGHTER BETTY, THE GIFT OF GOD

(Elizabeth Dorothy)

T. M. KETTLE

In wiser days, my darling rosebud, blown
To beauty proud as was your mother's prime,
In that desired, delayed, incredible time,
You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,
And the dear heart that was your baby throne,
To dice with death. And oh! they'll give you rhyme
And reason: some will call the thing sublime,
And some decry it in a knowing tone.
So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

THE CRICKETERS OF FLANDERS

JAMES NORMAN HALL

The first to climb the parapet
With "cricket balls" in either hand;
The first to vanish in the smoke
Of God-forsaken No Man's Land;
The first at the wire and soonest through,
First at those red-mouthed hounds of hell,
The Maxims, and the first to fall—
They do their bit and do it well.

Full sixty yards I have seen them throw
With all that nicety of aim
They learned on British cricket-fields.
Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!
Shell-hole to shell-hole, trench to trench,
"Lobbing them over" with an eye
As true as though it *were* a game
And friends were having tea close by.

Pull down some art-offending thing
Of carven stone, and in its stead
Let splendid bronze commemorate
Those men, the living and the dead.
No figure of heroic size,
Towering skyward like a god;
But just a lad who might have stepped
From any British bombing squad.

His shrapnel helmet set atilt,
His bombing waistcoat sagging low,
His rifle slung across his back:
Poised in the very act to throw.

And let some graven legend tell
Of those weird battles in the West
Wherein he put old skill to use,
And played old games with sterner zest.

Thus should he stand, reminding those
In less-believing days, perchance,
How Britain's fighting cricketers
Helped bomb the Germans out of France.
And other eyes than ours would see;
And other hearts than ours would thrill;
And others say, as we have said:
"A sportsman and a soldier still!"

WHAT CAN I DO?

LEE WILSON DODD

"What can I do?"
— Well, this I can,
Live to be free,
Or die like a man.

Take me, break me,
Cause that is Just,
Use me, bruise me—
Dust unto Dust!

I can eat less,
Little, or naught,
If my Faith be not sold,
Nor my vision bought.

I can still till the earth,
Or dig in a mine,
If I work for a Cause
That I know divine.

I can fight in a ditch
Or drown in the sea,
If I fight for, die for
Liberty!

* * *

Take me, break me,
Cause that is Just,
Use me, bruise me—
Dust unto Dust!

EASTER, 1918

JOHN RICHARDS

Gone are the gold and the rose that shone in the delicate windows,
Broken and ruined the tomb where ancient warriors sleep,
Daylight stares through the roof still arching a shell-splintered pavement,
Coffins stand by the altar, and Christ on his cross looks down.

This was thy place, O Master, where the townsfolk praised thee on Sunday,
This was thy town and thy valley—work, and laughter and love;
Dear to thy heart were the days ere the crest of a steel-capped war wave
Broke on the peaceful islet, and hamlet and people were gone.

Bloody our hands, O Master, we raise them to thee notwithstanding
(War and the world to-day are one, and the world is thine);

From West to East we have come that thy priests may return to thine altars,
And that again, of an evening, children may sing in the streets.

DAWN

("We will attack at 4:00 A.M.")

DANIEL M. HENDERSON

The hour of dawn is the hour of death—
I know by the gas on the morning's breath;
I know by the cannon's racking scream,
By the rifle's click, by the bayonet's gleam;
I know by our crouching, hushed platoon
That the word is near, that the hour is soon
When we'll leap the top to the shibboleth—
"The hour of dawn is the hour of death!"

The hour of dawn is the hour of life!
A new world springs from the womb of strife!
A world uncursed by autocracy's brood;
A world of beauty and brotherhood;
A world made true to a holy plan—
The reign of love, the rule of Man!
It is hate and lust and war we knife—
The hour of dawn is the hour of life!

THE LADS OF LIEGE

PERCY MACKAYE

("*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ.*"—CÆSAR'S "Commentaries")

The lads of Liege, beyond our eyes
They lie where beauty's laurels be—
With lads of old Thermopylæ,
Who stayed the storming Persians.

The lads of Liege, on glory's field
They clasp the hands of Roland's men,
Who lonely faced the Saracen
Meeting the dark invasion.

The lads—the deathless lads of Liege,
They blazon through our living world
Their land—the little land that hurled
Olympian defiance.

"Now make us room, now let us pass;
Our monarch suffers no delay;
To stand in mighty Cæsar's way
Beseems not Lilliputians."

"We make no room; you shall not pass,
For freedom says your monarch nay!
And we have stood in Cæsar's way
Through freedom's generations.

"And here we stand till freedom fall
And Cæsar cry, ere we succumb,
Once more his *horum omnium*
Fortissimi sunt Belgæ."

The monarch roars an iron laugh
And cries on God to man his guns;
But Belgian mothers bore them sons
Who man the souls within them.

They bar his path, they hold their pass,
They blaze in glory of the Gaul
Till Cæsar cries again "Of all
The bravest are the Belgians!"

O lads of Liege, brave lads of Liege,
Your souls through glad Elysium
Go chanting: *horum omnium*
Fortissimi sunt Belgæ!

BELGIUM THE BAR-LASS

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

The night was still. The King sat with the Queen.
She sang. Her maidens spun. A peaceful scene.

Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall.
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall.

They rush like thunder down the gallery floor . . .
. . . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door!

No pin to hold the loops, no stick, no stave,
Nothing! An open door, an open grave!

Then Catherine Bar-lass thrust her naked arm
(A girl's arm, white as milk, alive and warm)

Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
" 'Twill hold (she said) until they break the bone—

My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's King
The Poet, and Kate the Bar-lass. (Men will sing

For aye the deed one moment brings to birth—
Such moments are the ransom of our Earth.)

Brave Belgium, Bar-lass of our western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant hurled

His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand,

Whatever prove the glory of our affray,
Thine arm, thy heart, thine act have won the day!

THE MAN-BIRDS

E. D. GIBBS

High in the air where the cloud banks lie
I watch the man-made swallows fly,
And my thoughts speed far to that battle line,
Where the cannon roar and the bullets whine—
Out to those war-swept fields of France,
Where a daring man takes a brave man's chance.

Eyes of the hawk and frame of steel,
Steady hands at the pilot wheel;
He waits for the enemy he must greet
With spitting flame from the gunner's seat;
Ah! that is a risk that brave men chance
Over the battlefields of France.

* * * * *

High in the air where the cloud banks lie
I watch the daring man-birds fly,
Silhouetted against the blue,
Doing the things that the Eagles do!

EYES IN THE AIR

GILBERT FRANKAU

Our guns are a league behind us, our target a mile below,
And there's never a cloud to blind us from the haunts of
our lurking foe—

Sunk pit whence his shrapnel tore us, support-trench
crest-concealed,
As clear as the charts before us, his ramparts lie revealed.
His panicked watchers spy us, a droning threat in the
void;
Their whistling shells outfly us—puff upon puff, deployed
Across the green beneath us, across the flanking grey,
In fume and fire to sheathe us and balk us of our prey.

Before, beyond, above her,
Their iron web is spun!
Flicked but unsnared we hover,
Edged planes against the sun:
Eyes in the air above his lair,
The hawks that guide the gun!

No word from earth may reach us, save, white against
the ground,
The strips outspread to teach us whose ears are deaf
to sound:
But down the winds that sear us, athwart our engine's
shriek,
We send—and know they hear us, the ranging guns we
speak.
Our visored eyeballs show us their answering pennant,
broke
Eight thousand feet below us, a whorl of flame-stabbed
smoke—
The burst that hangs to guide us, while numbed gloved
fingers tap
From wireless key beside us the circles of the map.

Line—target—short or over—
Come, plain as clock hands run,
Words from the birds that hover,

Unblinded, tail to sun;
Words out of air to range them fair,
From hawks that guide the gun!

Your flying shells have failed you, your landward guns are dumb:
Since earth hath naught availed you, these skies be open! Come,
Where, wild to meet and mate you, flame in their beaks for breath,
Black doves! the white hawks wait you on the wind-tossed boughs of death.
These boughs be cold without you, our hearts are hot for this,
Our wings shall beat about you, our scorching breath shall kiss;
Till, fraught with that we gave you, fulfilled of our desire,
You bank—too late to save you from biting beaks of fire—
Turn sideways from your lover,
Shudder and swerve and run,
Tilt; stagger; and plunge over
Ablaze against the sun:
Doves dead in air, who clomb to dare
The hawks that guide the gun!

HYMN OF THE AIRMAN IN THE HOUR OF BATTLE

JAMES A. MACKERETH

Up, and upward, soaring, soaring,
Lift our battle to the skies!
In this world of light the roaring
Of the temporal tumult dies.

Winged from time, we strive together;
Past the wind's last wave we run,
Climbing up the gleaming weather
Toward the radiance of the sun!

Swung afar, your guns have spoken:
Little flecks of white between
Lie like wool on blue unbroken
O'er the earth—a mist of green.
Round and round, and sunward ever,
You the lustrous, I the free,
Lured to death by life's endeavor,
Soaring 'mid immensity.

Winged at length, the royal ranger
Beats his passage through the skies!
Man from danger unto danger
Fares beyondward, wanton-wise,
Seeks a goal through all betiding,
Flings the void his flecting breath,
And with rapture riding, riding,
Takes the starry way to death!

Earth beneath us, planets o'er us,
Wheeling, wheeling out of view;
Constellations speed in chorus
As we circle, I and you,
Lone 'mid grand creation's story.
Through the vastness not a cry—
Poised for battle in the glory,
We are seraphs ere we die!

Past the toils of time our flight is;
In the proud ascent we plod,

Where the heights' untainted light is
  Breathless in the gaze of God.
Here our quarrel and our questing
  End—but nearer to the sun.
Sternly at the last the testing
  Comes to all that man hath won.

Brave men strove and died before us,
  But we strive in fields profound,
Far above the star that bore us.
  In the vastness not a sound.
Only here your shell-bursts under
  Spread and fall like fiery rain,
With the gun-smoke's silver wonder
  Idle on an azure plain.

Nearer to the sun, my foemen!
  I above, and you below,
Swung o'er the abyss, where no men
  Venture, neither tempests blow,
Silent. . . . . Poising in the splendor,
  Passionate with mortal breath,
Sweeps my soul, with no surrender,
  Down the deep to you—and death!

Ruin-kissed, but gamesome ever,
  Proud we meet amid the blue:
Who shall speed the world's endeavor
  Splendid foemen, I or you?
Here we crash: the great downcasting
  Waits. May weal us all betide!
Buoyant with the Everlasting,
  Lords of death, we ride—we ride!

THE DEAD AVIATOR

BLANCHE M. KELLY

He moves how slowly through the silent street,
He that the dullard earth was wont to scorn,
For pace with him on slow and leaden feet
His fellows walk, and bow their heads and mourn.

The wings are clipt at last that used to soar,
And dark the eyes that would confront the sun.
He leaps to greet the dayspring never more,
And with the lark his last glad race is run.

He fared amid the continents of space,
Air's denizen, familiar, unafraid,
He knew the clouds as girls their garden place,
And with the vagrant winds his tryst was made.

Earth was his death and not the fields of air;
Let earth receive and hold his body fast,
But his swift soul that made his body dare
Slips from her grasp and has its will at last.

Free of the body's shard he flies, he flies,
Fleeter than thought and subtler than a breath,
Unhindered now he seeks his native skies,
Beyond the little tyranny of death.

QUI VIVE?

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Qui vive? Who passes by up there?
Who moves — what stirs in the startled air?
What whispers, thrills, exults up there?
"*Qui vive?*"
"The Flags of France."

What wind on a windless night is this
That breathes as light as a lover's kiss,
That blows through the night with bugle notes,
That streams like a pennant from a lance,
That rustles, that floats?
"The Flags of France."

What richly moves, what lightly stirs,
Like a noble lady in a dance,
When all men's eyes are in love with hers
And needs must follow?
"The Flags of France."

What calls to the heart—and the heart has heard,
Speaks, and the soul has obeyed the word,
Summons, and all the years advance,
And the world goes forward with France—with France?
Who called?
"The Flags of France."

What flies—a glory, through the night,
While the legions stream—a line of light,
And men fall to the left and fall to the right,
But *they* fall not?
"The Flags of France."

"*Qui vive?*" Who comes? What approaches there?
What soundless tumult, what breath in the air
Takes the breath in the throat, the blood from the heart?
In a flame of dark, to the unheard beat
Of an unseen drum and fleshless feet,
Without glint of barrel or bayonets' glance,

They approach—they come. *Who* comes? (Hush!
Hark!)
"*Qui vive?*"
"The Flags of France."

Uncover the head and kneel—kneel down,
A monarch passes, without a crown,
Let the proud tears fall but the heart beat high:
The Greatest of All is passing by,
On its endless march in the endless Plan:
"*Qui vive?*"
"The Spirit of Man."

"O Spirit of Man, pass on! Advance!"
And they who lead, who hold the van?
Kneel down!
The Flags of France!

THE NAME OF FRANCE[1]

HENRY VAN DYKE

Give us a name to fill the mind
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—

[1] From *The Red Flower*. Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.
I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
I give you *France!*

VIVE LA FRANCE!

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

"France is dying."—Hindenburg

If France is dying, she dies as day
In the splendour of noon, sun-aureoled.
If France is dying, then youth is grey,
And steel is soft and flame is cold.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, she dies as love
When a mother dreams of her child-to-be.
If France is dying, then God above
Died with His Son upon the Tree.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

If France is dying, then manhood dies,
Freedom and justice, all golden things.
If France is dying, then life were wise
To borrow of death such immortal wings.
France cannot die! France cannot die!

THE FATE OF FRANCE

EDWIN MARKHAM

As dawn's last dreams are vanishing from me,
The thrush comes singing in the orchard tree.
Then as I startle from the slumber road,
The earth sweeps on me with her sorrow load—
Over me crashes the sense of her vast mischance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

I rouse my soul: I plunge into the day:
Bargain and barter in the usual way—
Rip open letters pouring from the mail—
Smile where I triumph, ponder where I fail.
Yet all goes by me like a misty trance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

When all floors murmur with departing feet,
I lock the door and take the throbbing street.
The great crowds thunder round me and depart;
But over it all I hear a cry in my heart
That bodes the ruin of all the world's romance:
All hopes are hanging on the fate of France!

And in the evening hush of home, I hear
Beyond the Marne the marching heroes cheer:
I see brave lines that waver and gain breath
To hurl their valors into the front of death.
Their glad cry thrills me like a lifted lance:
The whole world's future is the fate of France.

THE GREEN ESTAMINET

A. P. H.

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The old men sit by the chimney-piece and drink the good red wine
And tell great tales of the *Soixante-dix* to the men from the English line,
And Madame sits in her old armchair and sighs to herself all day—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

For Madame wishes the war was won and speaks of a strange disease,
And Pierre is somewhere about Verdun, and Albert on the seas;
Le Patron, 'e is *Soldat*, too, but long time *prisonnier*—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

She creeps down-stairs when the black dawn scowls and helps at a neighbor's plow,
She rakes the midden and feeds the fowls and milks the lonely cow,
She mends the holes in the *Padre's* clothes and keeps his billet gay—
And she also serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

The smoke grows thick and the wine flows free and the great round songs begin.
And Madeleine sings in her heart, maybe, and welcomes the whole world in:
But I know that life is a hard, hard thing and I know that her lips look gray,
Though she smiles as she serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

But many a tired young English lad has learned his lesson there,
To smile and sing when the world looks bad, "for, *Monsieur, c'est la guerre,*"
Has drunk her honor and made his vow to fight in the same good way
That Madeleine serves the soldiers in the Green Estaminet.

A big shell came on a windy night, and half of the old house went,
But half of the old house stands upright, and Mademoiselle's content;
The shells still fall in the Square sometimes, but Madeleine means to stay,
So Madeleine serves the soldiers still in the Green Estaminet.

EDITH CAVELL

LAURENCE BINYON

She was binding the wounds of her enemies when they came—
The lint in her hand unrolled.
They battered the door with their rifle-butts, crashed it in:
She faced them gentle and bold.

They haled her before the judges where they sat
In their places, helmet on head.
With question and menace the judges assailed her, "Yes, I have broken your law," she said.

"I have tended the hurt and hidden the hunted, have done
As a sister does to a brother,

Because of a law that is greater than that you have made,
Because I could do none other.

"Deal as you will with me. This is my choice to the end,
To live in the life I vowed."
"She is self-confessed," they cried; "she is self-condemned.
She shall die, that the rest may be cowed."

In the terrible hour of the dawn, when the veins are cold,
They led her forth to the wall.
"I have loved my land," she said, "but it is not enough:
Love requires of me all.

"I will empty my heart of the bitterness, hating none."
And sweetness filled her brave
With a vision of understanding beyond the hour
That knelled to the waiting grave.

They bound her eyes, but she stood as if she shone.
The rifles it was that shook
When the hoarse command rang out. They could not endure
That last, that defenceless look.

And the officer strode and pistolled her surely, ashamed
That men, seasoned in blood,
Should quail at a woman, only a woman,—
As a flower stamped in the mud.

And now that the deed was securely done, in the night
When none had known her fate,
They answered those that had striven for her, day by day:
"It is over, you come too late."

And with many words and sorrowful-phrased excuse
Argued their German right
To kill, most legally; hard though the duty be,
The law must assert its might.

Only a woman! yet she had pity on them,
The victim offered slain
To the gods of fear that they worship. Leave them there,
Red hands, to clutch their gain!

She bewailed not herself, and we will bewail her not,
But with tears of pride rejoice
That an English soul was found so crystal-clear
To be the triumphant voice

Of the human heart that dares adventure all
But live to itself untrue,
And beyond all laws sees love as the light in the night,
As the star it must answer to.

The hurts she healed, the thousands comforted — these
Make a fragrance of her fame.
But because she stept to her star right on through death
It is Victory speaks her name.

JOAN OF ARC TO AN ENGLISH SISTER

I. M. Edith Cavell, Nurse

J. H. S.

"Pitié que estoit au royaume de France."

Pity had I for France my land
In the days so far that be,
Pity of heart and pity of hand—
And who had pity on me?
England's daughter, led out to die

For a deed of mercy and truth,
Guerdon of helper thou hast as I
From the men that have murdered ruth.
Sister of Joan by the pity, the spite,
Joy yet in the pain be thine:
We have armed our folk with a quenchless might,
Fire of thy bosom and mine.

KITCHENER'S MARCH

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men;
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again.

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, raise your hero's cairn!
He is worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve,
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While a heart is left to leap

In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent,
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him,
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men!
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

"ALL THE HILLS AND VALES ALONG"

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

All the hills and vales along
Earth is bursting into song,
And the singers are the chaps
Who are going to die perhaps.
O sing, marching men,
'Till the valleys ring again,
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass,
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
'Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall rejoice and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.
Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth
Shouts back the sound of mirth,
Tramp of feet and lilt of song
Ringing all the road along.
All the music of their going,
Ringing, swinging, glad song-throwing,
Earth will echo still, when foot
Lies numb and voice mute.
On, marching men, on
To the gates of death with song.
Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
So you may be glad, though sleeping.
Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
So be merry, so be dead.

A LARK ABOVE THE TRENCHES

JOHN WILLIAM STREETS

Hushed is the shriek of hurtling shells: and hark!
Somewhere within that bit of deep blue sky,
Grand in his loneliness, his ecstasy,
His lyric wild and free, carols a lark.

I in the trench, he lost in heaven afar;
I dream of love, its ecstasy he sings;
Both lure my soul to love till, like a star,
It flashes into life: O tireless wings
That beat love's message into melody—
A song that touches in the place remote
Gladness supreme in its undying note,
And stirs to life the soul of memory—
'Tis strange that while you're beating into life
Men here below are plunged in sanguine strife.

A SOLDIER'S LITANY

"RICHARD RALEIGH"

When the foemen's hosts draw nigh,
When the standards wave on high,
When the brazen trumpets call,
Some to triumph, some to fall,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
"Libera nos Domine!"

When the opposing squadrons meet,
When the bullets fall like sleet,
When the vanguards forward dash,
When the flames of cannon flash,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
"Libera nos Domine!"

When mingled in the awful rout,
Vanquished's cries and victor's shout,
Horses' screams and wounded's groan,
Dying, comfortless, alone,
Lord of Hosts, we cry to thee,
"Libera nos Domine!"

And when night's shadows round us close,
God of Battles, succor those,
Those whose hearts shall ever burn
For loved ones, never to return;
Lord of Hosts, we cry to Thee,
"*Libera nos Domine!*"
(Save us, Lord.)

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

JOYCE KILMER

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

FACING THE SHADOWS[1]

WILLIAM I. GRUNDISH

When I behold the tense and tragic night
  Shrouding the earth in vague, symbolic gloom
And when I think that, ere my fancy's flight
  Has reached the portals of the inner room
Where knightly ghosts, guarding the secret ark
  Of brave romance, through me shall sing again,
Death may engulf me in eternal dark—
  Still I have no regret nor poignant pain.

Better in one ecstatic, epic day
  To strike a blow for Glory and for Truth,
With ardent, singing heart to toss away
  In Freedom's holy cause my eager youth,
Than bear, as weary years pass one by one,
  The knowledge of a sacred task undone.

A PRAYER FROM THE RANKS[2]

JOHN FLETCHER HALL

Silent, the snowy mountain-tops
  Keep watch through the starlit night;
Safe in her valley the village sleeps,
  Wrapped in her mantle of white.
Can this be France, of the cannon's roar
  And the shell-torn battle-field—
France of a thousand thousand graves
  And war's grim harvest yield?

In the gently swaying treetop there
  A withered leaf still clings;

[1]Reprinted by permission of *The New York Herald.* The poem won the prize in a contest conducted by the European edition of the *Herald.*

[2]From *Songs from the Trenches*, copyright, 1918, by Harper & Brothers.

And, venturous harbinger of spring,
A lone little song-bird swings.
Yet why are the young men seen no more,
And why do the women wear black?
Ask of that distant, muttering roar
Which the hillsides echo back.

Maker of Earth! Can Thy children be blamed
If they fling up their question to Thee,
When the husbandman sleeps 'neath the soil he should till,
Why such things as these things must be?
Yet, lo! we have come a long, weary way
To slay with the sword and be slain,
Men's feet to restore to the pathways of peace,
Though *we* never tread them again.

Grant us this prayer: That the toll that we pay
May not have been levied in vain;
That when it is sheathed the sword of the world
May never see sunlight again.
When the roses shall climb o'er the crumbling trench
And the guns are all silenced in rust,
May War find a grave where no hand shall disturb,
Through the ages, his moldering dust!

DEATH AND THE FAIRIES

PATRICK MACGILL

Before I joined the Army
I lived in Donegal,
Where every night the Fairies
Would hold their carnival.

But now I'm out in Flanders,
Where men like wheat-ears fall,
And it's Death and not the Fairies
Who is holding carnival.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH[1]

ALAN SEEGER

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

[1] From *Poems by Alan Seeger.* Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ALAN SEEGER

GRANTLAND RICE

Somewhere in France where crosses lean
  Above so many graves today;
Where faded lilies place their screen
  And summer winds kneel down to pray—
You who first ventured overseas
  To watch, at last, the light grow dim,
God must have sent his gentlest breeze
  To bring your spirit back to Him.

Somewhere in France, dust unto dust,
  You wait beyond the Inn of Life,
Where through lone nights the guarding crust
  Shuts out the clamor of the strife;
But far above the crimson sod
  No barrier your soul might stop,
When from the great white throne of God
  You see the Legion cross the top.

A year ago today you knew
  The endless melody of song;
You saw that summer skies were blue—
  That drifting summer days were long;
You waited, while the twilight's breath
  Came crooning some old serenade,
To hold your "rendezvous with Death
  At some disputed barricade."

Today the Legion holds the line
    Unbroken by the driving mass,
  Where you have helped to write the sign
    In dripping blood—"They Shall Not Pass!"

And now beyond the far divide
You see the starry flag advance
Among the millions who have died
For love of Liberty—and France.

The Eagle's wings at last are spread
Above a never-beaten shield,
Where still among the deathless dead
Your specter haunts the clotted field;
And borne afar on summer's breath
You send this message hurtling through—
"I had a rendezvous with Death—
I did not fail that rendezvous!"

FROM HOME

E. A. MACKINTOSH

The pale sun woke in the eastern sky
And a veil of mist was drawn
Over the faces of death and fame
When you went up in the dawn;
With never a thought of fame or death,
Only the work to do,
When you went over the top, my friends,
And I not there with you.

The veil is rent with a rifle-flash
And shows me, plain to see,
Battle and bodies of men that lived
And fought along with me.
O God! it would not have been so hard
If I'd been in it too,
But you are lying still, my friends,
And I not there with you.

So here I sit in a pleasant room
By a comfortable fire,
With everything that a man could want,
But not the heart's desire.
So I sit thinking and dreaming still,
A dream that won't come true,
Of you in the German trench, my friends,
And I not there with you.

THE SOLDIER

RUPERT BROOKE

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE VOLUNTEER

HERBERT ASQUITH

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:

Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS[1]

JOHN MCCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie
    In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high!
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
    In Flanders fields.

[1]From *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* by John McCrae. Copyright, 1918, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE STAR-SHELL

(Loos)

PATRICK MACGILL

A star-shell holds the sky beyond
Shell-shivered Loos, and drops
In million sparkles on a pond
That lies by Hulluch copse.

A moment's brightness in the sky,
To vanish at a breath,
And die away, as soldiers die
Upon the wastes of death.

RELEASE

W. N. HODGSON

(Composed while marching to rest-camp after severe fighting at Loos)

A leaping wind from England,
The skies without a stain,
Clean cut against the morning
Slim poplars after rain,
The foolish noise of sparrows
And starlings in a wood—
After the grime of battle
We know that these are good.

Death whining down from heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound,
Doubting we charged and conquered—
Hopeless we struck and stood;
Now when the fight is ended
We know that it was good.

We that have seen the strongest
  Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
  The cleanest hands defiled,
We that have known the heart-blood
  Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
  We know man is divine.

THE FALLEN SUBALTERN

HERBERT ASQUITH

The starshells float above, the bayonets glisten;
We bear our fallen friend without a sound;
Below the waiting legions lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Wound in the flag of England, here we lay him;
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave;
What other winding sheet should now array him,
What other music should salute the brave?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,
When all his golden banners are unfurled,
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way, in days hereafter,
Will know that here a boy for England fell,
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute; the bayonets clash and glisten;
With arms reversed we go without a sound:
One more has joined the men who lie and listen
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

"— BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE"

LESLIE COULSON

Our little hour,—how swift it flies
  When poppies flare and lilies smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
  Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dream, to sing our song,
  To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The Gods—they do not give us long,—
  One little hour.

Our little hour,—how short it is
  When Love with dew-eyed loveliness
Raises her lips for ours to kiss
  And dies within our first caress.
Youth flickers out like wind-blown flame,
  Sweets of to-day to-morrow sour,
For Time and Death, relentless, claim
  Our little hour.

Our little hour,—how short a time
  To wage our wars, to fan our hates,
To take our fill of armoured crime,
  To troop our banners, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
  Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
  Our little hour?

Our little hour,—how soon it dies:
  How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies,
  To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.

The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
Our little hour.

THE RED CROSS BLOKE

(The following poem was found among the effects of a badly wounded British soldier.)

Not a blinkin' rap do we care for the chap
With a Red Cross on his sleeve,
Till we get to the front, on the stand to shunt,
An' a farewell bomb when you leave.

Midst that flying death you hold your breath,
An' life seems suddenly dear,
While the Red Cross Chap is out of the scrap,
In the safest part of the rear.

It does n't seem fair for him to be there,
While we face the powder and smoke,
An' check the Huns with red-hot guns,
An' cheer and curse and choke.

But many a lad feels thundering glad,
When the night lends a sheltering cloak,
To be overhauled by the chap he's called
The bloomin' Red Cross Bloke.

My own turn came—it's part of the game—
In a scrap we had before Loos,
When the blinkin' Huns tried to pinch the guns
Of the 15th—never mind whose.

They tried and tried, and you bet they died,
While we lost many a chum,

When the message came through: "Now lads, stand to,"
And the next was, "Here they come!"

We charged and yelled, an' the line we held,
But I don't remember the rest,
For the earth spun round, and I hit the ground,
With daylight inside my chest.

When next I woke a Red Cross Bloke
Was crossing that zone of death;
An' I watched him come through that shrapnel hum—
Just watched and held my breath.

He reached my side with a crawl and glide,
An' I blessed his crimson crest,
When he'd made me snug with a comfy plug
In the painful hole in my chest.

Then away he crept, and I must have slept,
But when I awoke with pain,
I was down at the base as a hospital case,
An' booked down for "Blighty" again.

We landed all right on a wet stormy night,
But what did we care for the rain,
For a Red Cross Bloke fixed me up with a smoke
An' a crib on a Red Cross train.

So that's why I'm here, feeling shaky and queer,
In this clinkin' Red Cross bed,
With a Red Cross nurse, when I'm feeling worse
To lay cool things on my head.

An' though it all seems to be part of my dreams,
Yet I know it is not all a hoax.
There are thousands to-day who are ready to say,
"Thank God for the Red Cross Blokes!"

DEATH SONG OF THE NINTH LANCERS

J. LAURENCE RENTOUL

O soldier lads and tars,
It makes you hold your breath—
The Lancers and Hussars
Rode singing on to death!
Britain, my Mother, beyond the sea,
They sang for home, and they died for thee!

Like schoolboys loosed for play
(You read and hold your breath!)
The fighters all the way
Sang as they rode to death.
Mother, the tears are upon your face
For the gallant dead and the pride of race!

Balked by the meshed barb-wire,
'Cross all the snarling guns
And through the red hell-fire
They rode, my Britain's sons!
Mother, proud Mother, beyond the sea,
They smote for us all, and they died for thee!

And few came back, that day,
Shell-scathed and scant of breath;
But still the song shall say
How England faces death!
Mother, strong Mother, beyond the sea,
Call to thy sons, and they die for thee.

IN THE MORNING

(Loos, 1915)

PATRICK MACGILL

The firefly haunts were lighted yet,
As we scaled the top of the parapet;

But the east grew pale to another fire,
As our bayonets gleamed by the foeman's wire;
And the sky was tinged with gold and grey,
And under our feet the dead men lay,
Stiff by the loop-holed barricade;
Food of the bomb and hand-grenade;
Still in the slushy pool and mud—
Ah, the path we came was a path of blood,
When we went to Loos in the morning.

A little grey church at the foot of the hill,
With powdered glass on the window-sill—
The shell-scarred stone and the broken tile
Littered the chancel, nave and aisle—
Broken the altar and smashed the pyx,
And the rubble covered the crucifix;
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the gas-clouds paled in the rising sun,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain,
Where Death and the Autumn held their reign—
Like banded ghosts in the heavens grey
The smoke of the powder paled away;
Where riven and rent the spinney trees
Shivered and shook in the sullen breeze,
And there, where the trench through the graveyard wound,
The dead men's bones stuck over the ground
By the road to Loos in the morning.

The turret towers that stood in the air,
Sheltered a foeman sniper there—
They found, who fell to the sniper's aim,
A field of death on the field of fame;

And stiff in khaki the boys were laid
To the sniper's toll at the barricade,
But the quick went clattering through the town,
Shot at the sniper and brought him down,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the cellar stair,
Toll of the bomb that found them there.
In the street men fell as the bullock drops,
Sniped from the fringe of Hulluch copse.
And the choking fumes of the deadly shell
Curtained the place where our comrades fell.
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the east blushed red to the rising sun
In the town of Loos in the morning.

COURAGE

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Alone amid the battle-din untouched
Stands out one figure beautiful, serene;
No grime of smoke nor reeking blood hath smutched
The virgin brow of this unconquered queen.
She is the Joy of Courage vanquishing
The unstilled tremors of the fearful heart;
And it is she that bids the poets sing,
And gives to each the strength to bear his part.

Her eye shall not be dimmed, but as a flame
Shall light the distant ages with its fire,
That men may know the glory of her name,
That purified our souls of fear's desire.
And she doth calm our sorrows, soothe our pain,
And she shall lead us back to peace again.

BEFORE ACTION

W. N. HODGSON

By all the glories of the day,
And the cool evening's benison:
By the last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done;
By beauty lavishly outpoured,
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived,
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears,
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing:
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavor that was his,
By all his mad catastrophes,
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this: —
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

INTO BATTLE

Flanders, 1915

JULIAN H. F. GRENFELL

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees

Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing."

In dreary doubtful waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,

The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only joy of battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

ROUGE BOUQUET

JOYCE KILMER

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopt his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And fled away.

Now over the grave, abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there,
His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!

Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

"THIS IS THE LAST"

GILBERT WATERHOUSE

Coming in splendor thro' the golden gate
Of all the days, swift passing, one by one,
Oh, silent planet, thou hast gazed upon
How many harvestings, dispassionate?
Across the many-furrowed fields of Fate,
Wrapt in the mantle of oblivion,
The old, gray, wrinkled Husbandman has gone,
Sowing and reaping, lone and desolate—
The blare of trumpets, rattle of the drum,
Disturb him not at all—He sees,
Between the hedges of the centuries,
A thousand phantom armies go and come,
While reason whispers as each marches past,
"This is the last of wars,—this is the last!"

THE ANXIOUS DEAD[1]

JOHN MCCRAE

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone).

[1] From *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* by John McCrae. Copyright, 1918, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

PART V

SOME IDEALS OF DEMOCRACY IN STORIES AND SKETCHES

The golden hopes of mankind can be realized only by men who have iron in their blood; by men who scorn to do wrong and equally scorn to submit to wrong; by men of gentle souls whose hearts are harder than steel in their readiness to war against brutality and evil.

—Theodore Roosevelt

PART V

INTRODUCTORY

The unity of the present with the past has been one of the most prominent ideas in the literature of the war. The patriotic figures in our history have lived again as we have fancied their interest in and approval of our stand. Particularly, we have chosen to invoke the great name of Washington. Around him, it is clear, Mr. Rhodes has woven his delicate and suggestive story of "Extra Men." And it seems quite natural that to dear old Mrs. Buchan, last proud member of a proud family (for George is of the newer democracy) some member of which was always in the armies of the Republic, the shadowy figures of our heroic past should appeal for directions as they hasten to join the first of the sailing transports. No doubt she has been made especially sensitive to such presences by the fact that her grandson, the only one left of the Buchan name besides herself, is to sail on one of those first ships. The story reflects the great background of American participation in the war, love of liberty, the desire to be worthy of our past, the unity of all sections in a common purpose, the uncomplaining acceptance of sacrifice, long-brought friendship for France, and assurance of the triumph of the right.

Civilians have had great difficulty in actually picturing for themselves the activities at the front, because the conditions surrounding the fighting men were so different from the old romantic conceptions of war. The official reports were in cold, unimaginative language. Here was a great opportunity for a writer with sufficient

power and adequate experience to translate these reports into vivid, concrete language. At least one such writer has appeared in the person of Boyd Cable, who had done all sorts of things in all sorts of places before the war and who, coming with the Australians, served in various positions at the front. His favorite method is to take a colorless passage from an official despatch and by means of a realistic sketch make us see just what was going on. This "reading between the lines" suggested the title, "Between the Lines," for the first of his several books. From this book we have chosen the story called "A Hymn of Hate," which illustrates the line in the report, "The troops continue in excellent spirits." It tells the experience of a dyed-in-the-wool cockney battalion while occupying a portion of a forward trench. The fact that the Tower Bridge Rifles were "English to the backbone" adds tremendously to the humor of their success in getting the tune and singing back at the Germans that egregious expression of hate toward England, Ernst Lissauer's "Hymn of Hate," which was so prominent in the earlier days of the war. The crude "ragging" jokings and retorts in cockney dialect and German brogue seem very real, coming as they do from the very real characters who take the lead in them. "This story," says one enthusiastic critic, "filled our hearts with great glee. It is and it is n't a war-story. There is hardly any fighting in it, no heroics, no pathos, no sentiment. Yet it actually smells of the trenches and gives one an inside view of soldier life and psychology that takes the sting out of the conflict, in a measure, and gives a new association of ideas."

An English brigadier was greatly amused and a French staff officer equally astonished at the singing antics of the Tower Bridge Rifles as they "tramped along the road

towards 'reserve billets.'" Farther back some of the soldier's most pleasant memories are particularly of those weeks spent in the rest billets in the background of the theater of war. One of the most vivid accounts of such a memory is that quoted from Major Ian Hay. It is, he says, "an average billet as most of us recollect it." The arrangements for the comfort of the members of the battalion are made clear and we are thoroughly introduced to the members of the family. We are quite willing to agree when he characterizes Madame as "one of the most wonderful women in the world." She is made intensely human to us by the "only approach to a breakdown" in her cheerfully energetic attitude when reference is made to her husband and eldest son, "fighting, she knows not where, amid dangers and privations which can only be imagined." She is "the finest exponent, in all this war, of the art of carrying on!" It is interesting, in the light of more recent events, to know that Major Hay's account was written at the time when in the early campaign of 1918 the Germans seemed to be on the point of breaking the allied lines. It was hard for the world to feel the same confidence that "a mile or two of territory more or less matters little." Now, the quietly expressed hope that it was the enemy's "final convulsion" seems little less than prophecy.

Americans at home were thrilled with enthusiastic pride at the news of the safe arrival in France of the early convoys that carried our soldiers across the seas. How much more thrilling it must have been to Americans already in France who could witness that coming and vicariously take to themselves, as Americans, some part of that wonderful welcome. "They Have Come for the Sake of France" has been chosen as an excellent picture of that coming. The introduction of several individual

characters and the telling of individual incidents connected with the arrival make it seem as real as if we were observers also.

The basic element in American character is typified for us in the sketch called "The American Pioneer," an address delivered by Secretary Lane at the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, February 20, 1915. Among all the symbolic work of the sculptors on the buildings and grounds of the exposition Mr. Lane finds the real significance of the whole enterprise in one of the least conspicuous figures representing the pioneer. This pioneer made America what is it and "in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering." It is worth while to keep before our minds the spirit of that figure and to realize that our success as individuals and as a nation will depend on our willingness and ability to come to grasp with great realities. Mr. Lane has that most valuable of all qualities in a speaker, the power of "getting his meaning over." This selection is a very fine example of that power.

A very remarkable instance of the myth-making power of the great war is found in the story of "The Bowmen." While a pure work of fancy on the part of its author, the story at once took root in the imaginations of people unable to grasp the bigness and horror of the sudden conflict. It was copied far and wide as a real explanation of the success of the heroic resistance offered by the English in the famous retreat from Mons in the fall of 1914. Just as the sailing of our troops for France called Washington and the heroes of the past to be their companions as told in "Extra Men," so the bowmen of Agincourt come to the assistance of the "Old Contemptibles" in their need. It is not surprising that it should

be so. Always the human mind hunts for a supernatural explanation of whatever is beyond its grasp.

A favorite dictum of our democracy is that it allows no limitations of birth or circumstance to hold one down from achieving whatever possibilities are in one's nature. And in that respect those who have already arrived have no natural advantage over those who are on the way. In "Yokels" these points of view are humorously set forth in the conversation of three men, during which it develops that a large group of men prominent in the nation's life at present were all born in small towns, and that that fact was equally true of prominent public men in the past. And the third man, who proves the point, is obliged to admit "rather sheepishly" that he is a yokel, a "country bumpkin," since he comes from Brooklyn!

A splendid picture of instinctive, apparently unconscious—at least not self-conscious—reverence for the flag is "The Man with His Hat in His Hand." He represents the great solid heart of the folk. He has come down from the mountains, "a soul as rugged but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth," to say farewell to an only son. In such as he, the speaker sees the nation's reserve strength which "shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."

The story "Americanus Sum" presents in striking form the extension of the American doctrine of opportunity to all who come. We are allowed to hear of what happened indirectly from the Italian end of the story. A disappointing eldest son has found his opportunity in his new land, and the fault-finding father in the old home is at last driven to change his opinions of America. While still holding that America has no pictures, no music, no great statuary, he is obliged to admit that it has

made a man out of his son and that that is "the grandest, the noblest art." As Americans, we wish to believe that this is really what America means to the worthy immigrant. By a humorous aside or two in the course of the story some of our national shortcomings are suggested so that we may not too much vaunt ourselves.

"The Soldier Who Conquered Sleep" is a good example of the finer French short stories inspired by the war. It has the simplicity of structure and the perfect unity of impression characteristic of the type. The account of an advance in the face of a curtain of fire is the basis of the story. The affectionate relationship of officer and subordinate which we are told is so characteristic of the French army is strikingly set forth. The modesty of the young sergeant wearing his Croix de Guerre is most winning. The recognition of his bravery by the captain was most generous and fully deserved. The psychology of the incident is clearly set forth, so that we feel that one more of the chambers of horrors that constitute war has been opened for us.

Our final selection is a vivid sketch of a night scene in war time. From the top of a dune just over the line in Holland, the observer looks southward over the sleeping plain of Flanders, with its "cities of ancient glory and fame," full of memories of the "great leaders of a great race." In the midst of the weird setting the eternal spirit of the land, hated of the Germans, passes overhead through the storm. Our attention is directed not only to the fact that the spirit of a nation cannot be destroyed, but also to the marvelous way in which a piece of folk literature may become the embodiment of that spirit.

EXTRA MEN[1]

HARRISON RHODES

The pretty, peaceful Jersey farm-land slopes gently up from the Delaware River to the little hill which Princeton crowns. It is uneventful country. The railway does not cross it, nor any of the great motor trunk roads. On the river itself there is no town of considerable size, though on the map you read the quaint name of Washington Crossing for a little hamlet of a few houses. This will remind you of the great days when on these sleepy fields great history was made. But the fields have lain quiet in the sun now for more than a century, and even the legends of Revolutionary days are for the most part forgotten along these country roads.

As for modern legends, the very phrase seems proof of their impossibility. And in spite of her spacious and resounding past, New Jersey's name now seems to mean incorporations and mosquitoes and sea-bathing and popcorn-crisp rather than either legend or romance. But with the coming of the Great War strange things are stirring in the world, and in the farthest corners of the land the earth is shaken by the tramp of new armies. In the skies by day and night there is a sign. And the things one does not believe can happen may be happening, even in New Jersey.

The small events on the Burridge Road which are here set down cannot even be authenticated. There are people down by the river who say they saw a single horseman go through the village at dusk, but not one seems to know which way he came. There is no ferry at Washington Crossing and the bridge at Lambertville had, since

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three that afternoon, been closed for repairs. What facts are set down here—and indeed they are scarcely facts—were acquired because a chauffeur missed the road and a motor then broke down. What story there is—and indeed there is perhaps not much story—has been pieced together from fragments collected that afternoon and evening. And if the chronicle as now written is vague, it can be urged that, though it all happened so recently as last year, it is already as indeterminate and misty as a legend.

We may, however, begin with undisputed facts. When her grandson enlisted for the war old Mrs. Buchan became very genuinely dependent on the little farm that surrounded the lovely old colonial house on the Burridge Road. (Meadows, and horses, and hay and the quality and price of it, have much to do with our story—as, indeed, befits a rural chronicle.) The farm had been larger once, and the hospitality which the old house could dispense more lavish. Indeed, the chief anecdote in its history had been the stopping there once of Washington, to dine and rest on his way to join the army in New York. Old Mrs. Buchan, who, for all her gentleness, was incurably proud, laid special stress on the fact that on *that* night the great man had not been at an inn—which was in the twentieth century to cheapen his memory by a sign-board appeal to automobile parties—but at a gentleman's house. A gentleman's house it still was; somehow the Buchans had always managed to live like gentlemen. But if George, the gay, agreeable last one of them, could also live that way, it was because his grandmother practiced rigid heart-breaking economy. The stories of her shifts and expedients were almost fables of the countryside. When George came home—he had a small position in a New York broker's office—

there was gaiety and plenty. He might well have been deceived into thinking that the little he sent home from New York was ample for her needs. But when he went back his grandmother lived on nothing, or less than that. She dressed for dinner, so they said, in black silk and old lace, had the table laid with Lowestoft china and the Buchan silver, and ate a dish of corn-meal mush, or something cheaper if that could be found!

George Buchan's enlistment—it was in the aviation service—had been early. And very early he was ordered to France to finish his training there. Two days before he expected his ship to sail the boy got a few hours' furlough and came to the Burridge Road to say good-by to his grandmother.

What was said we must imagine. He was all the old lady had left in the world. But no one ever doubted that she had kissed him and told him to go, and to hold his head high as suited an American and a Buchan. Georgie would perhaps have had no very famous career in Wall Street, but no one doubted that he would make a good soldier. There had always been a Buchan in the armies of the Republic, his grandmother must have reminded him. And very likely Georgie, kissing her, had reminded her that there had always been a Buchan woman at home to wish the men Godspeed as they marched away, and told her too to hold her old head high.

There must have been some talk about the money that there would n't be now; without his little weekly check she was indeed almost penniless. It is quite likely that they spoke of selling the house and decided against it. Part of the boy's pay was of course to come to his grandmother, but, as she explained, there were so many war charities needing that, and then the wool for her knitting —she must manage mostly with the farm. There was

always the vegetable-garden, and a few chickens, and the green meadow, which might be expected to yield a record crop of hay.

We may imagine that the two—old lady and boy—stepped out for a moment into the moonlit night to look at the poor little domain of Buchan that was left. Under the little breeze that drifted up from the Delaware the grass bent in long waves like those of the summer seas that Georgie was to cross to France. As the Buchans looked at it they might have felt some wonder at the century-old fertility of the soil. Back in the days of the Revolution Washington's horse had pastured there one night. Then, and in 1812, and during the great battle of the States, the grass had grown green and the hay been fragrant, and the fat Jersey earth had out of its depths brought forth something to help the nation at war. Such a field as that by the old white house can scarcely be thought of as a wild, primeval thing; it has lived too long under the hand of man. This was a Buchan field, George's meadow, and by moonlight it seemed to wave good-by to him.

"You are n't dependent on me now, dear," he may have said, with his arm around his grandmother. "I just leave you to our little garden patch and our chickens and the green meadow."

"You must n't worry, dear. They'll take care of me," she must have answered.

So George went away; and the night after, the night before he sailed, the horseman and his company came.

It was at dusk, and a gossamer silvery mist had drifted up from the Delaware. He had hitched his horse by the gate. He was in riding-breeches and gaiters and a rather old-fashioned riding-coat. And in the band of his hat

he had stuck a small American flag which looked oddly enough almost like a cockade. He knocked at the door, quite ignoring the new electric bell which George had installed one idle Sunday morning when his grandmother had felt he should have been at church. As it happened, old Mrs. Buchan had been standing by the window, watching the mist creep up and the twilight come, thinking of Georgie so soon to be upon the water. As the horseman knocked she, quite suddenly and quite contrary to her usual custom, went herself to the door.

His hat was immediately off, swept through a nobler circle than the modern bow demands, and he spoke with the elaboration of courtesy which suited his age; for, though his stride was vigorous, he was no longer young. It was a severe, careworn face of a stern, almost hard, nobility of expression. Yet the smile when it came was engaging, and old Mrs. Buchan, as she smiled in return, found herself saying to herself that no Southerner, however stern, could fail to have this graceful lighter side. For his question had been put in the softer accents of Virginia and of the states farther south.

"I've lost my way," he began, with the very slightest, small, gay laugh. But he was instantly serious. "It is so many, many years since I was here."

Mrs. Buchan pointed up the road.

"That is the way to Princeton."

"Princeton, of course. That's where we fought the British and beat them. It seems strange, does it not, that we now fight with them?"

"We must forget the Revolution now, must we not?" This from Mrs. Buchan.

"Forget the Revolution!" he flashed back at her, almost angrily. Then more gently: "Perhaps. If we remember liberty!" He glanced an instant up the road

to Princeton hill and then went on. "They fought well then, madam. As a soldier I am glad to have such good allies. But I was forgetting. Yonder lies Princeton, and from there there is the post-road to New York, is there not? I must be in New York by morning."

Mrs. Buchan was old-fashioned, but she found herself murmuring amazedly something about railroads and motor cars. But he did not seem to hear her.

"Yes," he continued. "I must be in New York by morning. The first transport with our troops sails for France."

"I know," she said, proudly. "My grandson, George Buchan, sails for France."

"George Buchan? There was a George Buchan fought at Princeton, I remember."

"There was. And another George Buchan in the War of Eighteen twelve. And a John in the Mexican War. And a William in Eighteen sixty-three. There was no one in the Spanish War—my son was dead and my grandson was too young. But now he is ready."

"Every American is ready," her visitor answered. "I am ready."

"You?" she broke out. And for the first time she seemed to see that his hair was white. "Are you going?"

"Every one who has ever fought for America is going. There is a company of them behind me. Listen."

Down the road there was faintly to be heard the clatter of hoofs.

"Some joined me in Virginia, some as we crossed the Potomac by Arlington, where there is a house which once belonged to a relative of mine. And there were others, old friends, who met me as we came through Valley Forge in Pennsylvania. You would not now know Valley Forge," he finished, half to himself.

The river mist had crept farther up and was a little thicker now. The moon had risen and the mist shimmered and shone almost as if by its own light. The world was indeed of the very substance of a dream. The hoof beats on the road grew nearer, and at last, while old Mrs. Buchan stood in a kind of amazed silence, they came into sight, even then mere shadowy, dim, wavering figures behind the gossamer silver veil which had drifted there from the lovely Delaware. The horses looked lean and weary, though perhaps this was a trick of the moonlight. Yet they dropped their heads and began eagerly to crop the short, dusty grass by the roadside. The moonlight seemed to play tricks with their riders, too. For in the fog some of them seemed to have almost grotesquely old-fashioned clothes, though all had a sort of military cut to them. Some few, indeed, were trim and modern. But the greater part were, or seemed to Mrs. Buchan to be, in shabby blue or worn gray. The chance combination of the colors struck her. She was an old woman and she could remember unhappy far-off days when blue and gray had stood for the fight of brother against brother. Into her eyes the tears came, yet she suddenly smiled through them—a pair of quite young men lounged toward the fence, and then stood at ease there, the blue-clad arm of one affectionately and boyishly thrown around the other's gray shoulder.

"These go with you?" asked old Mrs. Buchan, still held by her memories.

"Yes. They are of all kinds and all ages, and some of them were not always friends. But you see—" He smiled and pointed to the lads by the fence. "One of them is from Virginia and the other from Ohio. Virginia and Ohio fought once. But I only say that I can remember that Ohio was part of Virginia once long ago. And

is not Virginia part of Ohio and Ohio part of Virginia again now? I should be pushing on, however, not talking. It is the horses that are tired, not the men."

"And hungry?" suggested Mrs. Buchan.

"The horses, yes, poor beasts!" he answered. "For the men it does not matter. Yet we must reach New York by morning. And it is a matter of some five-and-fifty miles."

"Rest a half-hour and let the horses graze. You can make it by sunrise."

Mrs. Buchan went a little way down the path. It was lined with pink and white clove pinks and their fragrance was sweet in the night.

"Open the gate there to the left, men," she called out, and her voice rang, to her, unexpectedly strong and clear. "Let the horses graze in my green meadow if they will."

They gave an answering cheer from out the mist. She saw the meadow gate swing open and the lean horses pass through, a long, long file of them.

"But they will spoil your hay crop," objected the horseman. "And it should be worth a fair sum to you."

Mrs. Buchan drew herself up. "It is of no consequence," she answered.

He bowed again.

"But I don't understand," she almost pleaded, staring again at his white hair and the little flag in his hatband that looked so oddly like a cockade. "You say you sail to-morrow with my boy?"

"I think you understand as well as any one."

"Do I?" she whispered. And the night suddenly seemed cold and she drew her little shawl of Shetland wool more tightly about her shoulders. Yet she was not afraid.

Her guest stooped and, rising, put one of her sweet-smelling clove pinks in his buttonhole.

"If you permit, I will carry it for your boy to France. We are extra men, supercargo," he went on. "We shall cross with every boatload of boys who sail for France—we who fought once as they must fight now. They said of me, only too flatteringly, that I was first in peace. Now I must be first in war again. I must be on the first troopship that goes. And I shall find friends in France. We have always had friends in France, I imagine, since those first days. Of course, madame, you are too young to remember the Marquis de la Fayette."

"Yes, I am too young," answered old Mrs. Buchan. And she smiled through her tears at the thought of her eighty years.

"You're a mere chit of a girl, of course," he laughed—one of the few times his gravity was relaxed. "Shall I know your boy, I wonder?" Then, without waiting for her answer, "The George Buchan who fought at the battle of Princeton was about twenty-two, slim and straight, with blue eyes and brown hair and an honest, gallant way with him, and a smile that one remembered."

"You will know my boy," she told him. "And I think he will know you, General."

Even now she swears she does not quite know what she meant by this. The magic of the June night had for the moment made everything possible. Yet she will not to this day say who she thinks the horseman may have been. Only that George would know him, as she had.

"I want them all to know that I am there," he had replied. "They will know. They will remember their country's history even as we remember. And when the shells scream in the French sky they will not forget the

many times America has fought for liberty. They will not forget those early soldiers. And they will not forget Grant and Lee and Lincoln. The American eagle, madam, has a very shrill note. I think it can be heard above the whistle of German shrapnel."

He drank a glass of sherry before he went, and ate a slice of sponge cake. Perhaps altogether he delayed a scant quarter of an hour. The lean horses came streaming forth from the green meadow, a long, long file; and while the moon and the river mist still made it a world of wonder, the company, larger somehow than she had thought it at first, clattered off up the Princeton road toward New York and salt water and the ships.

The mist cleared for a moment and the great green meadow was seen, so trampled that it seemed that a thousand horses must have trampled it. Al Fenton, dignified by Mrs. Buchan as "the farmer," had now belatedly roused and dressed himself. He stood by the old lady's side and dejectedly surveyed the ruin of the hay crop. He is a sober, stupid, serious witness of what had happened. And this is important; for when the sun rose, and Mrs. Buchan opened her window, the breeze from the river rippled in long green waves over a great green meadow where the grass still pointed heavenward, untrampled, undisturbed. The Buchan meadow could still, as George had believed it would, take care of his grandmother.

This is the story, to be believed, or not, as you like. They do as they like about it in Jersey. But old Mrs. Buchan believes that with each American troopship there will sail supercargo, extra men. And she believes that with these extra men we cannot lose the fight. George, too, writes home to her that we shall win.

A HYMN OF HATE

BOYD CABLE

"*The troops continue in excellent spirits.*" — EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

A biggish battle had died out about a week before in the series of spasmodic struggles of diminishing fury that have characterized most of the battles on the Western Front, when the Tower Bridge Rifles found themselves in occupation of a portion of the forward line which was only separated from the German trench by a distance varying from forty to one hundred yards. Such close proximity usually results in an interchange of compliments between the two sides, either by speech or by medium of a board with messages written on it — the board being reserved usually for the strokes of wit most likely to sting, and therefore best worth conveying to the greatest possible number of the enemy.

The "Towers" were hardly installed in their new position when a voice came from the German parapet, "Hello, Tower Bridge Rifles! Pleased to meet you again."

The Englishmen were too accustomed to it to be surprised by this uncannily prompt recognition by the enemy of a newly relieving regiment of which they had not seen so much as a cap top.

"Hullo, Boshy," retorted one of the Towers. "You're makin' a mistake this time. We ain't the Tower Bridges. We're the Kamchatka 'Ighlanders."

"An' you're a liar if you says you're pleased to meet us again," put in another. "If you've met us afore I lay you was too dash sorry for it to want to meet us again."

"Oh, we know who you are all right," replied the voice. "And we know you've just relieved the Fifth

Blankshires; and what's more, we know who's going to relieve you, and when."

" 'E knows a bloomin' heap," said a Tower Bridge private disgustedly; "an' wot's more, I believe 'e does know it." Then, raising his voice, he asked, "Do you know when we're comin' to take some more of them trenches o' yours?"

This was felt by the listening Towers to be a masterstroke, remembering that the British had taken and held several trenches a week before, but the reply rather took the wind out of their sails.

"You can't take any more," said the voice. "You have n't shells enough for another attack. You had to stop the last one because your guns were running short."

"Any'ow," replied an English corporal who had been handing round half a dozen grenades, "we ain't anyways short o' bombs. 'Ave a few to be goin' on with," and he and his party let fly. They listened with satisfaction to the bursts, and through their trench periscopes watched the smoke and dust clouds billowing from the trench opposite.

"An' this," remarked a Tower private, "is about our cue to exit, the stage bein' required for a scene shift by some Bosh bombs," and he disappeared, crawling into a dug-out. During the next ten minutes a couple of dozen bombs came over and burst in and about the British trench and scored three casualties, "slightly wounded."

"Hi there! Where's that Soho barber's assistant that thinks 'e can talk Henglish?" demanded the Towers' spokesman cheerfully.

That annoyed the English-speaking German, as of course incidentally it was meant to do.

"I'm here, Private Petticoat Lane," retorted the voice, "and if I could n't speak better English than you I'd be shaming Soho."

"You're doing that anyway, you bloomin' renegade dog-stealer," called back the private. "W'y did n't you pay your landlady in Lunnon for the lodgin's you owed when you run away?"

"Schweinhund!" said the voice angrily, and a bullet slapped into the parapet in front of the taunting private.

"Corp'ril," said that artist in invective softly, "if you'll go down the trench a bit or up top o' that old barn behind I'll get this bloomin' Soho waiter mad enough to keep on shootin' at me, an' you'll p'raps get a chance to snipe 'im."

The corporal sought an officer's permission and later a precarious perch on the broken roof of the barn, while Private Robinson extended himself in the manufacture of annoying remarks.

"That last 'un was a fair draw, Smithy," he exulted to a fellow private. "I'll bet 'e shot the moon, did a bolt for it, when 'e mobilized."

"Like enough," agreed Smithy. "Go on, ol' man. Give 'im some more jaw."

"I s'pose you left without payin' your washin' bill either, did n't you, sowerkrowt?" demanded Private Robinson. There was no reply from the opposition.

"I expeck you lef' a lot o' little unpaid bills, did n't you?—if you was able to find anyone to give you tick."

"I'll pay them—when we take London," said the voice.

"That don't give your pore ol' landlady much 'ope," said Robinson. "Take Lunnon! Blimy, you're more like to take root in them trenches o' yours—unless we comes over again an' chases you out."

Again there was no reply. Private Robinson shook

his head. " 'E's as 'ard to draw as the pay that's owin' to me," he said. "You 'ave a go, Smithy."

Smithy, a believer in the retort direct and no trafficker in the finer shades of sarcasm, cleared his throat and lifted up his voice. " 'Ere, why don't you speak when you're spoke to, you lop-eared lager-beer barrel, you? Take your fice out o' that 'orse-flesh cat's meat sossidge an' speak up, you baby-butcherin' hen-roost robber."

"That ain't no good, Smithy," Private Robinson pointed out. "Y'see, callin' 'im 'ard names only makes 'im think 'e's got you angry like—that 'e's drawed you."

Another voice called something in German.

"Just tell them other monkeys to stop their chatter, Soho," he called out, "an' get back in their cage. If they want to talk to gen'l'men they must talk English."

"I like your d—d impertinence," said the voice scornfully. "We'll make you learn German, tho, when we've taken England."

"Oh, it's Englan' you're takin' now," said Private Robinson. "But all you'll ever take of Englan' will be same as you took before—a tuppenny tip if you serves the soup up nice, or a penny tip if you gives an Englishman a proper clean shave."

The rifle opposite banged again and the bullet slapped into the top of the parapet. "That drawed 'im again," chuckled Private Robinson, "but I wonder why the corp'ril did n't get a whack at 'im?"

He pulled away a small sandbag that blocked a loophole, and, holding his rifle by the butt at arm-length, poked the muzzle out slowly. A moment later two reports rang out—one from in front and one behind.

"I got 'im," said the corporal three minutes later. "One bloke was looking with a periscope and I saw a little cap an' one eye come over the parapet. By the

way 'is 'ands jerked up an' 'is 'ead jerked back when I fired, I fancy 'e copped it right enough."

Private Robinson got to work with a piece of chalk on a board and hoisted over the parapet a notice: "R.I.P. 1 Boshe, late lamented Soho garçon."

"Pity I dunno the German for 'late lamented,' but they've always plenty that knows English enough to unnerstand," he commented.

He spent the next ten minutes ragging the Germans, directing his most brilliant efforts of sarcasm against made-in-Germany English-speakers generally and Soho waiters in particular; and he took the fact there was no reply from the Voice as highly satisfactory evidence that it had been the "Soho waiter" who had "copped it."

"Exit the waiter—curtain, an' soft music!" remarked a private known as 'Enery Irving throughout the battalion, and whistled a stave of "We shall meet, but we shall miss him."

"Come on, 'Enery, give us 'is dyin' speech," someone urged, and 'Enery proceeded to recite an impromptu "Dyin' Speech of the Dachshund-Stealer," as he called it, in the most approved fashion of the East End drama, with all the accompaniments of rolling eyes, breast-clutchings, and gasping pauses.

"Now then, where's the orchestra?" he demanded when the applause had subsided, and the orchestra, one mouth-organ strong, promptly struck up a lilting music-hall ditty. From that he slid into "My Little Gray Home," with a very liberal measure of time to the long-drawn notes especially. The song was caught up and ran down the trench in full chorus. When it finished the orchestra was just on the point of starting another tune, when 'Enery held up his hand.

" ' 'E goes on Sunday to the church, an' sits among the choir,' " he quoted solemnly and added, "Voices 'eard, off."

Two or three men were singing in the German trench, and as they sang the rest joined in and "Deutschland über Alles" rolled forth in full strength and harmony.

"Bray-vo! An' not arf bad neither," said Private Robinson approvingly. "Though I dunno wot it's all abart. Now s'pose we gives 'em another."

They did, and the Germans responded with "The Watch on the Rhine." This time Private Robinson and the rest of the Towers recognized the song and capped it in great glee with "Winding up the Watch on the Rhine," a parody which does not go out of its way to spare German feelings.

"An' 'ow d' you like that, ol' sossidge scoffers?" demanded Private Robinson loudly.

"You vait," bellowed a guttural voice. "Us vind you op — quick!"

"Vind op — squeak, an' squeakin'," retorted Private Robinson.

The German reply was drowned in a burst of new song which ran like wild-fire the length of the German trench. A note of fierce passion rang in the voices, and the Towers sat listening in silence.

"Dunno wot it is," said one. "But it sounds like they was sayin' something nasty, an' meanin' it all."

But one word, shouted fiercely and lustily, caught Private Robinson's ear.

" 'Ark!" he said in eager anticipation. "I do believe it's—s-sh- ! There!" triumphantly, as again the word rang out—the one word at the end of the verse . . . "*England.*"

"It's *it.* It's the ' 'Ymn of 'Ate!' "

The word flew down the British trench—"It's the 'Ymn! They're singin' the ' 'Ymn of 'Ate,' " and every man sat drinking the air in eagerly. This was luck, pure gorgeous luck. Had n't the Towers, like many another regiment, heard about the famous "Hymn of Hate," and read it in the papers, and had it declaimed with a fine frenzy by Private 'Enery Irving? Had n't they, like plenty other regiments, longed to hear the tune, but longed in vain, never having found one who knew it? And here it was being sung to them in full chorus by the Germans themselves. Oh, this *was* luck.

The mouth-organist was sitting with his mouth open and his head turned to listen, as if afraid to miss a single note.

"'Ave you got it, Snapper?" whispered Private Robinson anxiously at the end. "Will you be able to remember it?"

Snapper, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, began to play the air over softly, when from further down the trench came a murmur of applause, that rose to a storm of handclappings and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore— 'core—'core!"

The mouth organist played on unheedingly and Private Robinson sat following him with attentive ear.

"I'm not sure of that bit just there," said the player, and tried it over with slight variations. "P'raps I'll remember it better after a day or two. I'm like that wi' some toons."

"We might kid 'em to sing it again," said Robinson hopefully, as another loud cry of "Encore!" rang from the trench.

"Was you know vat we haf sing?" asked a German voice in tones of some wonderment.

"It's a great song, Dutchie," replied Private Robinson. "Fine song—goot—bong! Sing it again to us."

"You haf not understand," said the German angrily, and then suddenly from a little further along the German trench a clear tenor rose, singing the Hymn in English. The Towers subsided into rapt silence, hugging themselves over their stupendous luck. When the singer came to the end of the verse he paused an instant, and a roar leaped from the German trench . . . "England!" It died away and the singer took up the solo. Quicker and quicker he sang, the song swirling upward in a rising note of passion. It checked and hung an instant on the last line, as a curling wave hangs poised; and even as the falling wave breaks thundering and rushing, so the song broke in a crash of sweeping sound along the line of the German trench on that one word—"England!"

Before the last sound of it had passed, the singer had plunged into the next verse, his voice soaring and shaking with an intensity of feeling. The whole effect was inspiring, wonderful, dramatic. One felt that it was emblematic, the heart and soul of the German people poured out in music and words. And the scorn, the bitter anger, hatred, and malice that vibrated again in that chorused last word might well have brought fear and trembling to the heart of an enemy. But the enemy immediately concerned, to wit His Majesty's Regiment of Tower Bridge Rifles, were most obviously not impressed with fear and trembling. Impressed they certainly were. Their applause rose in a gale of clappings and cries and shouts. They were impressed, and Private 'Enery Irving, clapping his hands sore and stamping his feet in the trench-bottom, voiced the impression exactly. "It beats Saturday night in the gallery o' the old Brit," he said enthusiastically. "That bloke—blimy—'e ought to be doin' the star part at Drury Lane"; and he wiped his hot hands on his trousers and fell again to

beating them together, palms and fingers curved cunningly, to obtain a maximum of noise from the effort.

Each evening after that, for as long as they were in the trenches, the men of the Tower Bridge Rifles made a particular point of singing the "Hymn of Hate," and the wild yell of "England" that came at the end of each verse might almost have pleased any enemy of England's instead of aggravating them intensely, as it invariably did the Germans opposite, to the extent of many wasted rounds.

"It's been a great do, Snapper," said Private 'Enery Irving some days after, as the battalion tramped along the road towards "reserve billets." "An' I 'ave n't enjoyed myself so much for months. Did n't it rag 'em beautiful, an' won't we fair stagger the 'ouse at the next sing-sing o' the brigade?"

Snapper chuckled and breathed contentedly into his beloved mouth-organ, and first 'Enery and then the marching men took up the words:

'Ite of the 'eart, an' 'ite of the 'and,
'Ite by water, an' 'ite by land.
'Oo do we 'ite to beat the band?

(deficient memories, it will be noticed, being compensated by effective inventions in odd lines).

The answering roar of "England" startled almost to shying point the horse of a brigadier trotting up to the tail of the column.

"What on earth are those fellows singing?" he asked one of his officers while soothing his mount.

"I'm not sure, sir," said the officer, "but I believe—by the words of it—yes, it's the Germans' 'Hymn of Hate.'"

A French staff officer riding with the brigadier stared in astonishment, first at the marching men, and then at

the brigadier, who was rocking with laughter in his saddle.

"Where on earth did they get the tune? I've never heard it before," said the brigadier, and tried to hum it. The staff officer told him something of the tale as he had heard it, and the Frenchman's amazement and the brigadier's laughter grew as the tale was told.

We 'ave one foe, an' one alone — England!

bellowed the Towers, and out of the pause that came so effectively before the last word of the verse rose a triumphant squeal from the mouth-organ, and the appealing voice of Private 'Enery Irving — "*Naw* then, put a bit of 'ate into it."

WHAT WE OWE TO FRANCE

A Soldier's Memory

IAN HAY

The sense of indebtedness to France which most soldiers cherish, and will always cherish most deeply, is human and personal. A front-line battalion is not always in the front line; it spends many weeks, in the aggregate, in the civilian zone that lies in the background of the theatre of war. That is where our memories linger. Over four million British soldiers have crossed the Straits of Dover during the past four years, and of those who come back there will be few who will not cherish some pleasant memory of life behind the line, in rest billets among people — *poor* people; chiefly women, children, and old men — whose amazing faculty for cheerful companionship no anxiety could depress, and no suffering abate. As for those who are not coming back, you may rest assured that their graves will never be neglected.

Here is an average billet as most of us recollect it.

A farmhouse, accommodating some two hundred British

soldiers and their officers. The men sleep in the barn, their meals being prepared for them upon the company cooker, which stands in the muddy road outside. The officers occupy any room which may be available within the farmhouse itself. The company commander has the best bedroom—a low-roofed, stone-floored apartment, with a very small window and a very large bed. The subalterns sleep where they can—usually in the *grenier*, a loft under the tiles, devoted to the storage of onions and the drying, during the winter months, of the family washing, which is suspended from innumerable strings stretched from wall to wall.

For a mess there is usually a spare apartment of some kind. If not, you put your pride in your pocket and take your meals at the kitchen table. A farm kitchen in Northern France is a scrupulously clean place—the whole family gets up at half-past four in the morning and sees to the matter—and despite the frugality of her home menu, the *fermière* can produce you a perfect omelette at any hour of the day or night.

Then, the family. First, Angèle. She may be twenty-five, but is more probably fifteen. She acts as adjutant to Madame, and rivals her mother as a deliverer of sustained and rapid recitative. She milks the cows, feeds the pigs, and dragoons her young brothers and sisters. But though she works from morning till night, she has always time for a smiling salutation to all ranks. She also speaks English quite creditably—a fact of which Madame is justly proud. "Collège!" exclaims the mother, full of appreciation for an education which she herself has never known, and taps her learned daughter affectionately upon the head.

Next in order comes Emile. He must be about fourteen, but war has forced manhood on him. All day long

he is at work, bullying very large horses, digging, hoeing, even ploughing. He is very much a boy, for all that. He whistles excruciatingly—usually English music-hall melodies — grins sheepishly at the officers, and is prepared at any moment to abandon the most important tasks in order to watch a man cleaning a rifle or oiling a machine gun. We seem to have encountered Emile in other countries than this.

After Emile, Gabrielle. Her age is probably seven. If you were to give her a wash and brush-up, dress her in a gauzy frock, and exchange her thick woolen stockings and wooden sabots for silk and dancing slippers, she would make a very smart little fairy. Last of the bunch comes Petit Jean, a chubby and close-cropped youth of about six. Petit Jean is not his real name, as he himself indignantly explained when so addressed. "Moi, z'ne suis pas Petit Jean; z'suis Maurrice!" He is an enthusiast upon matters military. He possesses a little wooden rifle, the gift of a friendly *Ecossais*, tipped with a flashing bayonet cut from a biscuit tin; and spends most of his time out upon the road, waiting for some one to salute. If his salute is acknowledged—as it nearly always is—Petit Jean is crimson with gratification.

Last of all we arrive at the keynote of the whole fabric —Madame herself. She is one of the most wonderful women in the world. Consider. Her husband and her eldest son are away—fighting, she knows not where, amid dangers and privations which can only be imagined. During their absence she has to manage a considerable farm, with the help of her children and one or two hired labourers of more than doubtful use or reliability. In addition to her ordinary duties as a parent and *fermière* she finds herself called upon, for months on end, to maintain her premises as a combination of barracks and

almshouse. Yet she is seldom cross,—except possibly when the *soldats* collect her fallen apples and pelt the pigs with the cores—and no accumulations of labour can sap her energy. She is up by half-past four every morning; yet she never appears anxious to go to bed at night. The last sound which sleepy subalterns hear is Madame's voice, uplifted in steady discourse to the circle around the stove. She has been doing this, day in and day out, since the combatants settled down to trench warfare. Every few weeks brings a fresh crop of tenants, with fresh peculiarities and unknown proclivities; and she assimilates them all.

The only approach to a breakdown comes when, after paying her little bill, and wishing her "Bonne chance!" ere you depart, you venture on a reference, in a few awkward, stumbling sentences, to the absent husband and son. Then she weeps copiously, and it seems to do her a world of good. All hail to you, Madame—the finest exponent, in all this war, of the art of carrying on! We know now why France is such a great country.

To-day the enemy, by what we hope is his final convulsion, has overrun yet another strip of French soil. A mile or two of territory more or less matters little. The real tragedy of the last German advance is that the folk with whom we lodged in Armentières and Albert and Baileul, and a thousand hamlets and farms of the Pas de Calais—folk who had lived secure for more than three years behind the bulwark of the British trenches, accommodating soldiers and refugees with a hospitality which no mere considerations of cubic space seem able to limit—are now refugees themselves. This to the British soldier is again a personal matter. He has taken it deeply to heart. He feels somehow that he has failed in his trust towards his good friends; and we know that

when the great day comes, and the boche is finally relegated to his proper place in the animal kingdom, not the least of the joys of the home-coming soldier will be the certainty that he is leaving behind him those simple, kindly, voluble hosts of his restored once and for all to their own hospitable roof-tree.

— From *The London Times*, July 19, 1918, p. 559

"THEY HAVE COME FOR THE SAKE OF FRANCE"

An Arrival of American Troops in a French Port, and the Meaning of the Welcome They Received

HAWTHORNE DANIEL

An automobile was waiting at the door when the signalman brought us word that a convoy had anchored ten miles down the river to wait for the turn of the tide. Fortunately we were not busy, and consequently were able to ride down to —— in order to be among the first to welcome the arriving soldiers.

It was a matter of minutes to be bowling along the strip of white road, through the American army camp, deserted now but soon to be filled to overflowing, across a railroad, past a siding filled with strange little freight cars, between two rows of beautiful old poplars on our way to a point from which we could see the ships as they passed. Two airplanes soared overhead on their way back to the aviation field after sweeping the river mouth for possible German mines. Children waved to us as we passed, shouting "*les Américains!*" as they recognized our nationality.

We turned off the main road before reaching —— and rolled down a pretty little lane, that ended near a villa

at the water's edge. Already the ships had started again. We could hear the rattle of their windlasses as they heaved in their anchors. One by one they slid up the channel, passing near us as they made a turn that brought them close to shore. The beach was dotted with delighted French people. On the low wall of a garden that sloped down from the villa near which we had stopped, a French girl was standing. She was, perhaps, sixteen, and she held an American flag that waved over her head and threatened to lift her from the wall as the breeze caught its brilliant folds. A ship passed close in, and she waved the flag with all her strength. On the crowded deck of the transport the troops waved in return. Another ship passed, and again she waved the flag. Again the crowded decks answered. And then, steaming sedately up the channel, came one of the former German liners, once named for a member of the royal house of Hohenzollern. Its decks were crowded with three thousand men. The rigging was filled with them. The rails were lined. Every inch of the ship's enormous length seemed alive with men in khaki and sailors in blue.

The girl on the wall seized her flag with renewed vigor, and waved it madly. We expected to see the same answer the other ships had given, but instead, as I trained my glasses on the bridge, I saw an officer seize a megaphone. The gold on his sleeve glistened in the sun as he spoke to the men below him. The distance was too great for us to hear his words, but a moment later the ship seemed swayed by a common impulse. Every hat waved in the air for an instant, waved again—and again. Then over the glistening water came three mighty cheers.

The girl stood amazed. For a moment she failed to grasp it all, and finally it dawned on her that they had returned her greeting—that the spirit of America had

answered that of France. She seized her flag, and waved it until it snapped in the breeze. Then, overcome by her emotions, she jumped from the wall, and threw her arms about the neck of a little woman in black who was standing there.

"Chère mère," she cried, "ils sont venus pour la France." ("Darling mother, they have come for the sake of France.")

Stopping at Army Headquarters on the way back to town, we found that the first two transports had passed through the lock before we reached our office, the balcony of which overlooked the lock at about the elevation of the bridges of the transports as they passed. The third ship was being warped through the gates as we returned, and we found that our balcony was occupied by several young women from the Y. M. C. A. who had accepted our invitation to view the arrival from our point of vantage.

The third ship entered the lock, and the gates closed astern of her, while the crowd in the street below our balcony waved their hats, and cheered.

" 'Allo, Sammee," shouted the onlookers, whereat the boys who crowded the decks of the ship cheered with typical American abandon.

Cigarettes, candy, fruit were tossed aboard, and in return the new arrivals sang American songs that to those of us who had been long away from home seemed to be the latest echo from Broadway.

Our balcony was not more than fifty feet from the bridges of the ships as they passed. It was easily possible for us to shout our greetings to old shipmates as they lay in the lock waiting for the water level to change. We had shouted to several and had found that the trip had been uneventful so far as submarines were concerned,

when one of the young women of our party gave a shriek of delight, and seizing a signal flag that lay near, she waved it enthusiastically at the crowded deck.

"Bob," she cried, "Bob!"

For a moment no one answered, and then a handsome young lieutenant leaned over the rail, looked intently for a moment, and took off his hat in astonishment. He looked again to make doubly sure, and waved his hat in greeting.

"Mary," he called, and could say no more.

The ship began to move, and in a few minutes had slid into the inner basin, where his form melted into the khaki-colored blot that covered the deck.

The girl turned to those of us who had watched the incident. Her eyes were bright with tears she could not hold back.

"That's my brother," she said. "I did n't even know he had gotten his commission."

The upper gate of the lock closed. The water level dropped quickly. The lower gate opened, and the —— entered. She was formerly a German liner. Slowly she crept into the lock, with squads of men carrying her hawsers. She filled the lock from end to end, and towered high above the surrounding buildings. Her decks were filled with thousands of men. The lock gate closed, and she was made fast. A babel rose from her decks. The crowd in the street below cheered with renewed vigor, and then on the forward deck an army band appeared. The soldiers cleared a place for it. The leader waved his baton, and the music started. The crowd leaned forward, listening eagerly. One by one the men in uniform straightened, and stood stiffly at attention. The shouting ceased, and every Frenchman stood with his hand at his visor in the French military salute. The band played

on, and the blood of those of us who came from across the Atlantic rushed in thrilling vigor through our veins, as the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" floated out over the heads of that silenced multitude.

The music ceased. For a moment the crowd was quiet, and then, with the energy born of the enthusiasm the music had imparted, the cheering commenced. Wave on wave of sound passed up and down the street. And then the band master again waved his baton. Quickly the crowd was silenced. Once more French hands met French visors. The silence of the crowd was remarkable, but it lasted only a minute. Then in low, but ever-increasing volume, their voices joined the music. The soldiers on the ship joined in, humming when they did not know the words, and the rapidly increasing sound boomed across the bay, until a squad of German prisoners, begrimed by their work on the coal pile, stood spellbound by the marvelous music of the "Marseillaise."

The scene was too large to grasp: I could not get it all, but one incident forced itself upon me.

Below us, in the dusty street, stood an old woman. She was dressed in mourning, probably for a son she had lost in the fight for liberty. She was bent from toil. Her hands, as she leaned on her cane, were gnarled and crooked. Her dress was shabby. I had not seen her until the crowd had surged toward the ship, leaving her in a little open spot. As the band played the national anthem of her country, her hands tremblingly searched in her bag for her handkerchief. She drew it forth, and wiped her eyes. Then a wave of sound surged over her, and she broke down. Crying as if her heart would break, she tottered through the crowd, and I saw her last as she turned a corner, where she disappeared from sight.

Dusk had fallen, and the lights on the ships shone

softly. The —— passed from the lock, and another ship entered. The supper hour came and went, but the crowd remained. As each ship entered, the crowd found its energy renewed. It was dark before the last one passed into the security of the basin, where the thousands in khaki were safe for the moment from the submarines they had passed and the shells they are to meet.

It was early the next morning when I heard the bugle that started the disembarkation of the newly arrived contingent. Dressing hurriedly, I walked down to the docks. Already troops were filing down the gangways, and forming into companies. An hour later one of the ships was unloaded, and the troops marched down the street, across the bridge, and up through town, halting just as the first of the column disappeared over a rise in the street.

Another ship landed its men, who joined the first companies, and the transport, having gotten rid of her soldiers, swung a scaffolding over her stern. Sailors swarmed down the lines that held it, and, with chipping chisels in their hands, started to work cleaning away the marks in the paint where the former name of the ship had been. The letters had been removed long since, but the accumulation of paint made the name still easily legible. The street was crowded with soldiers. They reached out of sight over the rise, and still four huge ships were crowded with men.

A squad of German prisoners, guarded by several French soldiers with long bayonets fixed to longer rifles, marched down the street. They wound in and out among the companies of soldiers, and finally found their way barred by a regiment waiting for its place in line.

The faces of the Germans bore a puzzled look. They seemed to be wondering what witchcraft these Americans

had used to get through the invulnerable zone of the submarines. They looked around at the thousands of troops in the street, and at the other thousands on the ships. They glanced up, and found themselves under the overhanging stern of the huge liner on which the American bluejackets were changing the name. One man touched another, calling his attention to work going on above them. Others glanced up, and soon the squad had gathered the meaning of what was happening. They stood there for ten minutes or more, while overhead the laughing American sailors were chipping away the remains of a Hohenzollern name. I wondered if that could be taken as an omen.

The squad of prisoners marched away, disappearing among the khaki uniforms. A band marched down the street, playing a lively air. By noon not a soldier remained of the thousands that had landed, but the camp outside the town that had been all but deserted on the previous day had become a crowded city—another contingent of Americans had arrived in France, unheralded and unsung.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER

FRANKLIN K. LANE

The sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this exposition tells. Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

Prophets, priests, and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which

look down upon the court of the nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day.

Without him we should not be here.

Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

Without him San Francisco would not be to-day the gayest city of the globe.

Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

To me, indeed, he is far more; he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command, "Sail on, sail on, and on." But the westward way was barred.

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent.

His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges, where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide;

dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where some one fell.

Each farm, brightening now with the first smile of Spring, was once a battlefield, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why?

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp-fire of his race and he has gathered his sons that they

may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ships across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they have filled the night with jeweled light conjured from the melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade, and court.

We have but to anchor his quaint covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

For after all Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville are not far memories to the pioneer.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doors of the nations.

We are to know each other and to grow in mutual understanding.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

Here in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy — strong, valiant, confident, conquering — upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist. the American pioneer.

THE BOWMEN — A FANTASY OF THE WAR

ARTHUR MACHEN

It was during the Retreat of the Eighty Thousand, and the authority of the Censorship is sufficient excuse for not being more explicit. But it was on the most awful day of that awful time, on the day when ruin and disaster came so near that their shadow fell over London far away; and, without any certain news, the hearts of men failed within them and grew faint; as if the agony of the army in the battlefield had entered into their souls.

On this dreadful day, then, when three hundred thousand men in arms with all their artillery swelled like a flood against the little English company, there was one point above all other points in our battle line that was for a time in awful danger, not merely of defeat, but of utter annihilation. With the permission of the Censorship and of the military expert, this corner may, perhaps, be described as a salient, and if this angle were crushed and broken, then the English force as a whole would be shattered, the Allied left would be turned, and Sedan would inevitably follow.

All the morning the German guns had thundered and shrieked against this corner, and against the thousand or so of men who held it. The men joked at the shells, and found funny names for them, and had bets about them, and greeted them with scraps of music-hall songs. But the shells came on and burst, and tore good Englishmen limb from limb, and tore brother from brother, and as the heat of the day increased so did the fury of that terrific cannonade. There was no help, it seemed. The English artillery was good, but there was not nearly enough of it; it was being steadily battered into scrap iron.

There comes a moment in a storm at sea when people say to one another, "It is at its worst; it can blow no harder," and then there is a blast ten times more fierce than any before it. So it was in these British trenches.

There were no stouter hearts in the whole world than the hearts of these men; but even they were appalled as this seven-times-heated hell of the German cannonade fell upon them and overwhelmed them and destroyed them. And at this very moment they saw from their trenches that a tremendous host was moving against their lines. Five hundred of the thousand remained, and as

far as they could see the German infantry was pressing on against them, column upon column, a grey world of men, ten thousand of them, as it appeared afterwards.

There was no hope at all. They shook hands, some of them. One man improvised a new version of the battle-song "Good-by, good-by to Tipperary," ending with "And we shan't get there." And they all went on firing steadily. The officers pointed out that such an opportunity for high-class fancy shooting might never occur again; the Germans dropped line after line; the Tipperary humorist asked, "What price Sidney Street?" And the few machine guns did their best. But everybody knew it was of no use. The dead grey bodies lay in companies and battalions, as others came on and on and on, and they swarmed and stirred and advanced from beyond and beyond.

"World without end. Amen," said one of the British soldiers with some irrelevance as he took aim and fired. And then he remembered—he says he cannot think why or wherefore—a queer vegetarian restaurant in London where he had once or twice eaten eccentric dishes of cutlets made of lentils and nuts that pretended to be steak. On all the plates in this restaurant there was printed a figure of St. George in blue, with the motto "Adsit Anglis Sanctus Georgius" ("May St. George be a present help to the English"). This soldier happened to know Latin and other useless things, and now, as he fired at his man in the gray advancing mass—three hundred yards away—he uttered the pious vegetarian motto. He went on firing to the end, and at last Bill on his right had to clout him cheerfully over the head to make him stop, pointing out as he did so that the King's ammunition cost money and was not lightly to be wasted in drilling funny patterns into dead Germans.

For as the Latin scholar uttered his invocation he felt something between a shudder and an electric shock pass through his body. The roar of the battle died down in his ears to a gentle murmur; instead of it, he says, he heard a great voice and a shout louder than a thunder peal crying, "Array, array, array!"

His heart grew hot as a burning coal, it grew cold as ice within him, as it seemed to him that a tumult of voices answered to his summons. He heard, or seemed to hear, thousands shouting, "St. George! St. George!"

"Ha! messire; ha! sweet Saint, grant us good deliverance!"

"St. George for merry England!"

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur St. George, succour us."

"Ha! St. George! Ha! St. George! a long bow and a strong bow."

"Heaven's Knight, aid us!"

And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and with another shout, their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air towards the German hosts.

. . . . . .

The other men in the trench were firing all the while. They had no hope; but they aimed just as if they had been shooting at Bisley.

Suddenly one of them lifted up his voice in the plainest English.

"Gawd help us," he bellowed to the man next to him, "but we're blooming marvels! Look at those grey . . . gentlemen, look at them! D'ye see them? They're not

going down in dozens nor in 'undreds; it's thousands, it is. Look! look! there's a regiment gone while I'm talking to ye."

"Shut it!" the other soldier bellowed, taking aim. "What are ye gassing about?"

But he gulped with astonishment even as he spoke, for, indeed, the grey men were falling by the thousands. The English could hear the guttural scream of the German officers, the crackle of their revolvers as they shot the reluctant; and still line after line crashed to the earth.

. . . . . .

All the while the Latin-bred soldier heard the cry:

"Harow! Harow! Monseigneur, dear Saint, quick to our aid! St. George, help us!"

"High Chevalier, defend us!"

The singing arrows fled so swift and thick that they darkened the air; the heathen horde melted from before them.

. . . . . .

"More machine guns!" Bill yelled to Tom.

"Don't hear them," Tom yelled back. "But, thank God, anyway; they've got it in the neck."

In fact, there were ten thousand dead German soldiers left before that salient of the English army, and consequently there was no Sedan. In Germany, a country ruled by scientific principles, the Great General Staff decided that the contemptible English must have employed shells containing an unknown gas of a poisonous nature, as no wounds were discernible on the bodies of the dead German soldiers. But the man who knew what nuts tasted like when they called themselves steak knew also that St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English.

YOKELS

HAROLD SETON

Three men sat at the window of a famous New York club and looked out on Fifth Avenue. Crowds of well-dressed men and women walked up and down, swarms of costly motor cars rushed to and fro; everything denoted activity, affluence, assurance.

"I never tire of this view," said one of the men, "although I have sat in this same chair, looking out of this same window, at this same scene, for years and years. London may have only one Piccadilly, and Paris may have only one Champs Elysées, but the world has only one Fifth Avenue. It is unrivaled. It is unique."

"I agree with you entirely," said the second man. "New York is the center of the world, and Fifth Avenue is the center of New York. Everybody who is anybody gravitates here sooner or later. The greater they are, the sooner they get here. My ancestors, for instance, got here three hundred years ago. And we have stayed here ever since."

"In that respect you have the advantage of me," said the first man. "My ancestors only came here two hundred and fifty years ago. But they have seen the marvelous growth of the Empire City of the Empire State. That is why I feel so sorry for the people in the other parts of the country, in such minor cities as Baltimore, and Denver, and Los Angeles. How can the people there feel the spirit of ambition, the pride of achievement?"

"If you feel that way about what you call the minor cities," said the third man, "how do you feel about the really small places, the towns and villages?"

"How do I feel about them?" said the second man. "I don't feel at all. I don't think about them."

"Neither do I," said the first man. "Does anybody—except the poor unfortunates who happen to be born yokels instead of privileged characters?"

The third man got up, went over to a table, picked up a book, and came back with it. The book was *Who's Who in America*. The man turned the pages of the fat red volume.

"Yokels instead of privileged characters, eh?" said the third man. "Ahem! Let's see. Here is a man who was born in Watertown, New York. That's a small town. His name is Robert Lansing, and he is Secretary of State. Pretty good for a yokel! Here is a man who was born in Martinsburg, West Virginia. That's a small town. His name is Newton Diehl Baker, and he is Secretary of War. Pretty good for a yokel! Here's a man who was born in Washington, North Carolina. That's a small town. His name is Josephus Daniels, and he is Secretary of the Navy. Pretty good for a yokel!"

"But—" protested the first man.

"Here's a man who was born near Marietta, Georgia," continued the third man, ignoring the interruption. "The place was not even mentioned on the map. The man's name is William Gibbs McAdoo, and he is Secretary of the Treasury. Pretty good for a yokel! Here's a man who was born in West Branch, Iowa. That's a small town. His name is Herbert Clark Hoover, and he is the Food Controller of the United States. Pretty good for a yokel! Here's a man who was born in Linn County, Missouri. Another place not even on the map. His name is John Joseph Pershing, and he is the general in command of the United States forces in France. Pretty good for a yokel!"

"But—" protested the second man.

The third man slammed the fat red book, and, still

regardless of the interruption, continued talking. "There was a man who was born in Bridges Creek, Virginia. That's a small town. His name was George Washington, and he was the first President of the United States. Pretty good for a yokel! There was a man who was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky. That's a small place. His name was Abraham Lincoln, and he was the sixteenth President of the United States. Pretty good for a yokel! And there was a man who was born in Staunton, Virginia. That's a small town. His name is Woodrow Wilson, and he is the twenty-eighth President of the United States. Pretty good for a yokel!"

"But you are prejudiced," cried the first man. "You are a yokel yourself."

"You must be a yokel," cried the second man. "It takes a thief to catch a thief."

"I plead guilty to the charge," said the third man, rather sheepishly. "I come from Brooklyn."

THE MAN WITH HIS HAT IN HIS HAND

CLARK HOWELL

The Twenty-ninth Regiment of United States Volunteers was quartered at Atlanta. They had received orders for their departure. The troops were formed in full regimental parade in the presence of thousands of spectators, among whom were anxious and weeping mothers, loving sisters and sweethearts, and a vast multitude of others who had gone to look, possibly for the last time, upon departing friends. Of the enlisted men a great percentage were from Georgia, most of them from simple farmhouses and the quiet and unpretentious hearthstones which abound in the rural communities. A few had seen service in Cuba, but most of them had

volunteered as raw recruits from the farm. There were sturdy and rugged mountaineers from the Blue Ridge counties—strong, steady, and intrepid, with the simplicity characteristic of the mountain fastnesses from which they came. There were boys from the wire grass—plain, unassuming, and unaffected, their eyes lighted with the fire of determination and their hearts beating in unison with the loyalty of their purpose. The men moved like machines. The regiment of raw recruits had become in a few months a command of trained and disciplined soldiers. The very air was fraught with the impressive significance of the scene, which had its counterpart in many of the states where patriots enlisted faster than the muster roll was called.

Leaning against a tree was a white-haired mountaineer who looked with intent eyes and with an expression of the keenest sympathy upon the movements of the men in uniform. His gaze was riveted on the regiment, and the frequent applause of the visiting multitude fell apparently unheard on his ears. The regiment had finished its evolutions; the commissioned officers had lined themselves to make their regulation march to the front for their report and dismissal. The bugler had sounded the signal; the artillery had belched its adieu as the king of day withdrew beyond the hills; the halyard had been grasped, and the flag slowly fell, saluting the retiring sun. As the flag started its descent the scene was characterized by a solemnity that seemed sacred in its intensity. From the regimental band there floated upon the stillness of the autumn evening the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Instinctively, and apparently unconsciously, the old man by the tree removed his hat from his head and held it in his hand in reverential recognition until the flag had been furled and the last

strain of the national anthem had been lost in the resonant tramp of the troops as they left the field.

What a picture that was—the man with his hat in his hand, as he stood uncovered during that impressive ceremony! I moved involuntarily toward him, and, impressed with his reverential attitude, I asked him where he was from. "I am," said he, "from Pickens County"; and in casual conversation it developed that this raw mountaineer had come to Atlanta to say farewell to an only son who stood in line before him, and upon whom his tear-bedimmed eyes might then be resting for the last time. The silent exhibition of patriotism and loyalty had been prompted by a soul as rugged but as placid as the great blue mountains which gave it birth, and by an inspiration kindled from the very bosom of nature itself.

There was the connecting link between the hearthstone and the capitol. There was the citizen who, representing the only real, substantial element of the nation's reserve strength—"the citizen standing in the doorway of the home, contented on his threshold"—had answered his country's call—the man of whom Henry Grady so eloquently said: "He shall save the Republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted." There was that in the spontaneous action of the man that spoke of hardships to be endured and dangers to be dared for country's sake; there was that in his reverential attitude that said, even though the libation of his heart's blood should be required in far-off lands, his life would be laid down as lightly as his hat was lifted to his country's call. Denied by age the privilege of sharing the hardships and the dangers of the comrades of his boy, no rule could regulate his patriotic ardor, no limitation could restrain the instincts of his homage.

AMERICANUS SUM[1]

EDWARD A. STEINER

"I wonder why Mrs. Salciccioli is so nervous this morning," I said to my wife. "She acts like a hen on a hot griddle."

Now I have never seen a hen on a hot griddle except when properly prepared for the ordeal, and then the hen did not behave at all as our landlady was behaving. She wiped the dust from my desk six times in succession, from the topmost pigeonholes down to the claws of its ill-shaped legs. I endured this, until she began the seventh attack, and then, with an oft-repeated *bene, bene*, I gently pushed her out of the room.

I had just succeeded in putting Mrs. Salciccioli out of my mind and was trying hard to make up my lost twenty minutes when, after a nervous knock on the door, the cause of my trouble again entered the room. This time she was accompanied by Mr. Salciccioli, who never by any chance permitted me to forget that he was a Roman with an ancient lineage, while I was only a barbarian from beyond the seas. How contemptuously he shrugged his shoulders when he deigned to talk to me about "the dollar country," as he called it.

"No sculpture, no music, no painting, except that which you bring from Italy.

"Look at the poor Italian! No coal, no water-power, no silver, no gold; but he takes a block of marble from Carrara and carves a god out of it."

There was no use arguing with a man who believed that our flowers have no fragrance, our birds no song, and our children no talent except for making money.

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However, he was never too proud to accept the handsome sum of American money we paid for our lodgings, or the tips frequently bestowed. Never did I hear him say more than the courtly *grazia;* while to my cordial greetings, he replied with an abbreviated *giorno* minus the flourishes to which one becomes accustomed in Italy.

On this particular morning Mr. Salciccioli carried a newspaper, which by its bulk betrayed its overseas origin. His wife held a letter which she pressed into my reluctant hand.

"Pardon, Signor, it is a letter from our son, our Rocco, our eldest who has been in America seven years. It is the biggest letter he ever sent."

"Will you not look at the newspaper?" asked the husband. "A grand American newspaper! It is wonderful! Glorious!"

To hear Mr. Salciccioli speak in such appreciative terms of anything American was so unheard-of an occurrence that I hastily told him to show me the paper. Eagerly, while Mrs. Salciccioli hovered around, he spread out before us twenty-odd sheets of newspaper. Page after page of wasted forest and whatever stuff printer's ink is made from; then his thin, long finger pointed to a picture.

"This is our dear Rocco," he said proudly, "our eldest, and his picture is in the American paper."

"I wonder what he has been cured of," murmured my wife, and I did not tell the proud Roman that in America one might have his picture in the paper for various reasons.

It was well that I did not so humiliate my haughty landlord, for I saw in large headlines, over columns of closely printed matter, the reason that Rocco's picture was there, and it fully justified the father's pride.

"New citizens banqueted." Thus the headlines ran.

"Brilliant speeches made. Cordial welcome to the naturalized," and so down the column, as follows:

"The Leading Men of the City Were Hosts at a Banquet and Newly Made Americans Listened to Kindly, Cordial Speeches.

"One hundred and sixty men who once were subjects of kings and queens and czars and emperors sat down to a great dinner table in R—— the evening of July 4th, subjects no longer, but citizens of the United States. With them sat down judges and clergymen and educators —the most widely known and influential men of the city. These men were the hosts; and the ex-subjects of a half dozen potentates, many of whom could speak English only brokenly, diggers of ditches whose hands were hard from outdoor toil, were the guests. The city was bidding its new citizens welcome.

"It was an effort to make this assemblage of new-made Americans feel that they really were Americans, that the old residents of R—— were glad that the new ones had come, and that they were eager to help them in every way. The guests, Germans, Italians, Greeks, men of Holland, Englishmen, Irishmen, Russians, and Poles, went away feeling that they were no longer 'strangers in a strange land' but fellow citizens of their hosts, and that those hosts had a real interest in their welfare.

"Dr. R——, president of the university, told the new citizens that the stability of the American government depended upon a reverence for law and a recognition of the fact that liberty under the law is the only true liberty.

" 'The signers of the Declaration of Independence,' he said, 'were all immigrants or the sons of immigrants, but they were all united in the purpose of seeking liberty in this new land. The America of to-morrow will not be the land of the free and the home of the brave unless it is growing and triumphant by liberty under the law.'

"The most brilliant addresses were made by the immigrants themselves, who with deep emotion told what America meant to them."

Then came that part of the story told in Rocco's letter to his parents, which his mother had brought for me to see. I gladly read it.

"My adorable and much loved Parents:

"I am sending you by this post fifty lire, which is a little more than I sent last month. The ten extra lire are 'my treat.' That is what the Americans say when they are very happy and want to give somebody something, because they are happy. Often they do it by drinking much beer in a saloon. I think it would be wrong for me to spend money that way, for my happiness is a high and lofty one; too high for drink. I am too happy even for writing. My pen jumps all over the paper.

"I am still working in the big shop as I wrote you. The shop is big and nice and clean, and I have a good foreman. The only thing I do not like is that he never calls me by my right name. He says it would break his jaw to pronounce it. Americans want everything quick and easy; so they call me Rock. The name of our honorable family they do not even attempt to write or pronounce. They say that it would twist their tongues out of joint.

"In the night school where I have been going, they were teaching about how to be a good citizen, so I asked my foreman how to become a citizen of the United States.

"He went with me to the court where I was asked if I had my first papers, which I was glad to say I could answer by saying Yes. Then the judge asked me many questions and when I answered he said: 'Very good,' which means *Molto bene.*

"He asked me to swear allegiance to my new country and I did it; but it made no great impression on me, a it was done so simply. The Americans do not believe in ceremonials as we do. I went away with my papers in my pocket, and then I forgot all about it.

"Last month one day, I received a beautiful invitation to a banquet at the finest hotel in the city. It was printed in the colors of this free country: red, white, and blue. I showed it to the foreman and he said I ought to go.

"It was on the 4th of July. That is the day the Americans celebrate as the great national holy day. Always before, the shop closed on that day and we had nothing to do but drink and shoot firecrackers, of which the Americans are very fond. Many of them get hurt on that day, and kill themselves in memory of the time when they killed the Englishmen.

"This time I did not buy drink or firecrackers; but a new suit of clothes, and a white shirt and a collar and a beautiful cravat. I went to the hotel, the same one where I used to scrub the floors and wash the windows when I first came here.

"The man who used to call me Dago, an ugly name they give the Italians here, took my hat and gave me a piece of pasteboard and I was taken in the elevator that the guests ride in, to a beautiful room, all decorated with flags. I had a seat at the chief table by the side of the consul of our country.

"The dinner was the finest I have ever eaten. I think not even the highest nobles in Rome eat finer than we did; but better than the eating was the music; and then, best of all, the speeches.

"The Judge of the Supreme Court of the state was master of ceremonies. The president of the university

made a speech, and so did the padre, who they say is a good man, although you know I have not much love for the padres of our church.

"Then the master of ceremonies asked me to make a speech!

"Beloved and much honoured parents, I felt as if that whole room was going around and around. There I stood, your son, before those noble men and women, and did speak. I would have given anything in the world if you, my beloved parents, had been there to have seen my triumph. They clapped their hands and shouted bravo! at everything I said.

"I told them that I am a Roman, that my father's ancestors were once citizens of old Rome; I told them how through ignorance and heavy taxation my forefathers lost everything, even their citizenship, and how thankful I am that now in America, though I am working at a menial job, citizenship has been restored to me in a more powerful, richer and better country.

"I told them how I wished my beloved and revered parents were here to see the triumph of their son. I also said that as my ancestors fought for Rome and then for Italy, so I want to fight, like our great Garibaldi!

"I told them that my honoured father belonged to the Young Italy, that he knew the great Mazzini, our statesman, scholar and philosopher.

"I told them that he fought against the Austrians and later against the Papal army, at Castelfidardo; how he was wounded on the 17th of September (I am not sure about that date, much honoured and respected father, but the Americans are ignorant of our history and it does not matter).

"At last I could not hear myself talk, for the Americans clapped their hands all the time.

"Then, my beloved and much honoured parents, came the great event of the evening. All rose to their feet and together we vowed for the good of the city in which we live.

"This is what we all vowed:

" 'We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul them and set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; that thus, in all these ways, we may transmit this city not only not less but greater, better and more beautiful, than it was transmitted to us.'

"When it was all done we sang together the American national hymn.

"After I got home to my lodgings I could not sleep, but I went to my trunk and took out my citizenship papers. I spread them out upon my bed, and I knelt down before them and I kissed them a hundred times, and I said, over and over again: 'Americanus sum—Americanus sum.'

"Now, my beloved and adored parents, I send you the paper which tells about it and has my picture, that you only see that I report correctly to you.

"My picture is not very well done. I think I look much better in life. In the big picture which is also in the paper, where all are taken together, I look like a ghost; for it was taken with a big flash of light, and I was frightened very much.

"Now, my beloved and much esteemed parents—" Here the father asked me to read no farther—but his wife urged me to go on.

"I hope you are not worrying any more over your son, and that you feel you have cause to be proud of him.

"I like the work and am honoured by the foreman. I do not gamble any more, and some of these days when everything is forgotten in Rome I shall come home to see you—"

I returned the letter unfinished to Mrs. Salciccioli, for her husband was growing more and more uneasy.

Taking the newspaper and the letter, he disappeared with scant courtesy, leaving his excited wife to follow at her leisure. She was eager to tell about her Rocco, and we were not unwilling to hear her.

Rocco was born into genteel poverty, the oldest of many. The father was proud and harsh, and the boy was on the streets more than at school or at home. He fell in with evil-minded people and before his twelfth year was arrested for picking pockets.

He went from bad to worse, until he was drafted into the army; there, chafing under the restraint, he deserted and went to America.

The father became morose and silent, and forbade the boy's name to be mentioned in the family.

When letters finally came from Rocco he never read them. Even when the letters brought enclosures of ten lire, twenty lire, thirty, and as much as fifty lire a month the father refused to believe in the boy.

"Not until last night, Signor, when the newspaper came would he speak our boy's name. Now he is happy and proud. And I, Signorina," turning to my wife. "You will know how I feel when your boys grow up. Ah! the blessed Virgin only knows how I have prayed.

"Honoured Signor, will you do me one great favor? When you return to that wonderful America of yours will you go to its ruler and carry to his honourable highness

the gratitude of an Italian mother for what that noble country has done for her son?"

It had taken Mrs. Salciccioli a long time to tell her story; so the morning was over and the luncheon hour near, when at last, with many apologies, she bowed herself out.

I felt repaid for my lost morning, however, when, a few moments later as we were going out into the glory of an Italian noon, Mr. Salciccioli stopped me at the foot of the long, cold staircase.

"Signor,— I beg your pardon. I have said to you often that your country has no pictures, no music,— that it cannot make gods out of Carrara marble. That is all true, I still believe, but—" and he said it with evident reluctance—"it has made a man out of my son Rocco, and that is true Art—the grandest, the noblest art."

THE SOLDIER WHO CONQUERED SLEEP[1]

PIERRE MILLE

He was a little sergeant, very young, undoubtedly of the class of 1914. Pinned to his coat he wore the Croix de Guerre. At the sight of the captain, alongside of whom I was walking the afternoon of one of the last Sundays in July, he saluted hurriedly. It was not on his part the ordinary salute imposed by discipline—the salute which every subordinate owes to his superior. These two men knew each other. I recognized that fact from the warmth of the gesture. I recognized it also from the manner in which the officer responded to the homage of the youthful soldier. He stopped and began conversation:

[1] Copyright 1918 by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc.

"Well, my boy, are you on leave?"

The face of the young sub-officer lighted up. It became sublime in its enthusiasm, its devotion, its admiration, its gratitude, and its love—yes, in its love. We had the right, before the war, to believe that the visage of a very young man could be transfigured only by a meeting with the first woman he has ever loved. To-day we know better. We know that a young man will never give himself as completely to a woman as to a chief whom he has recognized on the field of battle to be really a chief.

It is necessary to describe things as they are. If a man vows to a woman, on a certain occasion, that he is ready to die for her, it is very seldom that she puts him under any obligation to perform that supreme sacrifice. But that same oath is the basis of military discipline. And in the latter case it must be kept. And it is kept.

So this injunction of fatal self-abnegation is all the more certain to embody itself in some particular being, chosen because of one knows not what mysterious qualities—a man who possesses, sometimes unwittingly, the gift of authority and of whom those who follow him say: "We will die for him!" That love—the love of the soldier for his chief—is the highest of all loves. Women can never help being jealous of it.

The little sub-officer had blushed with joy. He stammered:

"Yes, my captain, I am on leave. Yes, my captain. And you, too, as I see! That gives me pleasure!"

He was incapable of expressing himself any more clearly. And I felt that what he meant to say was:

"It gives me the greatest pleasure to see that you are

still alive, as I am—more pleasure, indeed, than to know that I am still alive."

"Do you still recite Latin verses, you young intellectual?" asked the captain.

The sub-officer had the air of not understanding. Perhaps he did n't catch the point.

"And they have given you that," continued the captain, putting his finger on the Croix de Guerre. "That will go well later on your frock coat when you are a professor."

"Oh, my captain," said the boy, "you know very well that it was you—that you are the one to whom I owe it."

"My boy," answered the captain, "the decisions of the military tribunals are always right. Good-bye."

"That little fellow," said the captain to me, "is naturally chic. He is about the best I have in my company. On one occasion he was magnificent. And no one will ever know about it if I don't tell you the story. It is I who framed the recommendation on which he received that cross; and the recommendation was untrue. A lie from beginning to end, I repeat. Yet I could not do otherwise.

"You understand what a *tir de barrage* is? When an attack is launched the enemy establishes in advance of the position assaulted a curtain of projectiles—a curtain which ought to be maintained, if the supply of munitions lasts long enough, until the physical, and especially the moral, forces of the adversary are exhausted. It is a curtain of steel against which he is going to hurl himself, if he has the energy to complete his advance.

"The first lines of the attack melt away. The others have to lie down and wait. That is where the courage is required—for lying down and waiting. Less well in hand, less determined to die rather than not reach their

goal, the troops recoil. There is nothing else to do but to begin over again, if one can.

"That little blond whom you have just seen was then only a corporal. He had been with my company but two months when he set out with his section to carry the trenches at N——. The other section was in support and I accompanied it.

"Many things happened. The bombardment was frightful. It seemed to me that the attack had failed. Our losses were severe, most of the officers being disabled. I was astonished to come through myself without a scratch. As they often tell me, I must be 'varnished'! But what astonished me more, and greatly upset me, was not to see the other section come back. It had completely disappeared. It was impossible for me to distinguish the place which it had occupied, or even to guess where the section was. For it no longer fired a shot. There was no sign of a man. Had it been captured in a body? Or worse?

"Finally I decided to go forward myself and hunt for it. The route was not comfortable. But at last I arrived. I arrived, and I must tell you that it is a disagreeable, an infinitely disagreeable, sensation to approach, all alone and in cold blood, a hell which one has quitted only a short time before, when one was surrounded by his men, when one still had hopes of success, when, in a word, one was in the heat of an attack.

"When I discovered the section which I was seeking I saw that it was on the inner edge of that abominable curtain of fire, of monstrous explosions, and of death, having attempted in vain to recross it. And when I said hell a moment ago, I meant what I said. There was the rending and tearing of the hundreds of big shells,

which cut away like razors or crush like hammers everything they strike—stones, trees, or men. There were the displacements of the air caused by the explosions, which loosen the muscles from the chest, which can kill one in an instant by stopping the beating of the heart. And there was the incessant and fearful din. The displacements of the air, as I told you, can arrest the movements of the heart. The noise, the shock of the noise, is powerful enough to halt the mechanism of the brain.

"The section was there, almost intact. It seemed to lack not more than fifteen men. But those whom I saw —the survivors, the entire remnant—were they not dead? Lying in the brushwood, and especially in the holes dug by the big shells, they seemed inert; they made no movement. Crawling behind the brushwood, almost flat on my stomach, I ran across a trench where some one was evidently still alive and stirring.

"It was the boy whom you just saw, the corporal of the class of 1914, from the Sorbonne or the Normal. I don't remember which. He was making very queer motions, as if he was forcing himself to gesticulate. And at the same time he was mumbling incomprehensible things. At the moment when I came upon him he was declaiming:

Et jam nox humida cœla
Praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.

"I had gone through the Lyceum and I recognized Virgil. He stopped short when he saw me and blushed a little, at the same time, I thought, lifting his eyes to me with absolute confidence—eyes which were deliciously clear.

" 'How about the others?' I asked.

" 'Lieutenant D. is dead. Lieutenant V. is wounded. The men? The men are asleep, my captain. I did n't

want them to go back. But I could n't prevent them from going to sleep, because of the noise.'

"And that was true. It is an effect of this incessant cannonading—of this thunder that racks the brain—that it reduces one internally to a sort of pulp. A new means for hypnotizers to put their subjects to sleep with, but a very costly one. Men sleep in spite of themselves, as in hypnosis or delirium.

" 'And you?' I said.

" 'When I saw that,' he answered, 'I thought that the essential thing was to stay here. I said to them: "Sleep. For me I will see to it that I don't go to sleep. And that will be all that I shall need to do." And I did see to it. I made gestures, I talked, I recited.'

"In that way he held the section there—this boy. I reflected a moment, and then dashed off an order on a sheet of my notebook.

" 'I shall watch now,' I said to him. 'Carry this to the rear. Our advance must not be lost.'

"It was in this way that the ground conquered on that side was preserved for us. But when I wanted to recommend this boy for mention in the regimental order of the day I saw that I could never tell the truth—never! On paper, you see, all this would have a semi-comic air. And how to invent some variant of it? No, it was n't possible. It was n't possible.

"So I wrote:

" 'He contributed to hold the ground won by the section, all of whose officers had been disabled, by encouraging it during the long hours by voice and gesture.'

"A pure fiction, was it not, from beginning to end? But you will admit he earned them all the same—his citation and his cross."

THE SOUL OF FLANDERS

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Outside, the wind was blowing a gale. The little hotel, high on top of the dunes of Cadzand, shook with the effort of the storm. The single kerosene lamp flickered and threw uncertain shadows on the old yellow table of the taproom. Through the windows one saw the angry clouds, Valkyrie-like, racing past the pale moon. With some trouble I opened the door and stepped outside. In the dark of the porch, a freezing Dutch sentinel was stamping his feet. He wore a heavy gray coat, and carried his gun under his right arm as if it were a gigantic umbrella. "A cold night," I said. "A cold night," he answered. "Anything new?" I asked. "A few signals from Zeebrugge. A U-boat must be trying to get in. If you wait a moment you will see some fine fire-works."

At the foot of the dunes, the sea stretched toward the lighter horizon, dark as pitch Where the water met the sand of the shore a faint light of phosphorescent foam moved to and fro. Near us, two uncertain lanterns bobbed violently up and down—a belated Dutch torpedo-boat guarding the mouth of the Scheldt. Suddenly, far out toward the West a rocket illuminated the sky. It showed green and then red. On the mole of Zeebrugge a red light burned brightly for a moment, spelling out dots and dashes. Then all was darkness again, and another German submarine crept back into its lair, surreptitiously, like a beast of prey, coming home from its nightly hunt.

"That will be all," said the sentinel, "unless there is going to be another bombing attack"; and looking at the sky, "It is too stormy for that. It will be a quiet night."

"Tell me," I asked, "where is the highest point here in the dunes?" "Right behind the house. But it is very dark and the place is full of barbed wire. What do you want to do?" "I want to see Flanders sleep," I answered. "That can be done. Poor Flanders has been asleep now for four years. You won't see much."

We followed a narrow path that began a few feet away from the house. "Careful," the soldier warned me, and in the sudden light of the bare moon I caught the cold gleam of polished steel. An anti-aircraft gun stood there silent and lonely, like a patient horse, waiting the word of its master to come and serve. Then we entered a labyrinth of barbed wire, and after some stumbling in the slippery sand we reached the top of the flat dune. "There," the soldier said, "there is Flanders."

Over the endless expanse of the flat Flemish land, the night had thrown her merciful cloak. Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, cities of ancient glory and fame, the center of a world of commerce and art and good cheer—centuries before our American continent was dreamed of they lay there, submerged in the common misery of foreign invasion, while the heavy boots of strange masters stamped the ground where Jan Breidel and Pieter de Coninck and Artevelde and Rubens and all the great leaders of a great race had so long slept their last peaceful slumbers. High above our heads a flock of seagulls circled. They shrieked their angry and plaintive wail. Suddenly they were quiet. In the midst of the storm and the noise of the surf, a mysterious beast of the night laughed aloud—laughed as if he mocked at all the world—then beat his invisible wings and departed for unknown regions.

The soldier made ready to go back to his post. "That was the ghost of Tyl Ulenspiegel," he said; "every night

at this time he flies across Flanders land. The Germans hate him. They shoot at him. But they cannot kill him. He lives forever." Just then there was a short, sharp click, and from the nearby frontier came the report of a shot.

Soon at Versailles the age-old Flemish question will come up for final settlement. Endless books and endless pamphlets and endless articles will be written to prove one point of view and to disprove another contention. The answer to the Flemish puzzle is to be found in the pages of this Flemish Bible [*The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel*].

For peace conferences come, and peace conferences go, the map of Europe is shaped one way at one time and the next year is arranged along different lines, but the invisible spirit of Tyl Ulenspiegel stays with his people forever. During the many years of slavery he has become their patron Saint. The Flemish people have endured and have survived everything. And they have kept on smiling.

PART VI

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY IN DRAMA AND SONG

One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy

PART VI

INTRODUCTORY

The dramatic method has always been one of the most effective methods of expressing the ideals that dominate the world at any particular time. The concrete presentation through characters actually present to the eye and ear makes a directness of appeal often lacking where the active imagination of the reader must be relied upon to visualize wholly the background settings and relationships of the actors. Besides, such concrete presentation gives the participants a chance actually to *be* the personages taking part in some crisis and adds the sense of actuality to the dream.

The first selection for this section is Mrs. Garnett's excellent little one-scene play, "The Fiery Pillar." It is clearly an allegory of the Great War, and reflects with both force and delicacy the various points of view with which the call to conflict were regarded by various groups in our country, as well as the unity of spirit into which the discussion settled down as the final decision was made.

The Plainsmen, a quiet, peaceable people, have been wantonly attacked by the savage Hill Men, to whom they have given not the least offence. Unable to defend themselves, they ask aid of a stronger neighboring people, but this latter people is divided in its counsels as to whether or not to give the help so desperately needed. The arguments which are advanced at the forest council meeting sound very familiar to any American reader. One man feels that his people should rush into war just to save themselves from the evil effects of continued

peace—"We're weak and flabby from neglected arms"; another feels that "war for the sake of war's but wanton sport"; one woman believes that the doctrine "of blow for blow, of life for human life" cannot be justified on any grounds, while another insists that mere human decency demands that they go to the relief of the peaceable, unoffending Plainsmen against "these marauders from the North."

Back and forth the feelings of the crowd are swayed, until at length there enter two refugees from the Plains people—a boy and a girl. They tell of the cruelty that has been shown to their innocent countrymen, and the war party in the forest council triumphs. The old chief declares himself too feeble to lead them in battle, and charges them to choose a new leader; but first he urges them to decide on

> ". . . . a valiant watchward, and a sign,
> An emblem we may follow to the death,"

declaring that when the right word is spoken it will "leap a fiery pillar to the skies!"

One suggests *Strength* as the watchword, and offers his blue scarf as the emblem; a woman offers her white scarf, and the slogan "A righteous cause"; another woman urges *Self-Sacrifice* as the watchword, and presents her scarf of red as the symbol; and the chief puts forward his chain of stars as emblematic of the watchword he suggests—*Loyalty.*

Then the young smith of the forest, who has been at work fashioning a shield and spear and ornamenting them with an eagle, steps forward and speaks so forcibly that a hush descends upon the people. He declares that he sees "written on the walls encompassing the earth" a word "gleaming with fires impossible to quench." *His* word is LIBERTY; *his* emblem a banner made of the

combined red, white, and blue of the scarfs, with the chief's stars added. His choice is hailed with acclamation, and he is chosen the leader.

The second selection, "Peace with a Sword," may fitly be called a dramatic song program. The arrangement constitutes a musical interpretation of America's part in the war. The performance admits all degrees of simplicity or of elaborateness according to the needs of the occasion or the skill of the musical director. Most of the music required is familiar, and the whole program is within the range of any group of high-school students.

A chorus and a single narrator or announcer are the performers. This latter is the Spirit of America, or the Spirit of Liberty. The narrator should be a person with a good voice, one that can reach all parts of the auditorium and that can impress the spirit of the connecting passages upon the listeners. These connecting passages give the sense of movement demanded, as the nation rouses herself to the crusade in behalf of liberty, joins the other free nations in a common patriotism of self-sacrifice, and moves irresistibly to the triumphant vision of peace for a war-wearied world.

The musical numbers are arranged in an especially significant and effective order. They begin with the national hymns which constitute the individual patriotic expressions of the various allied nations. As the program progresses, the song becomes the "one song of democracy for all," moving with solemn stateliness to the doxology of peace, and then rising to the heights in the great "Hallelujah Chorus."

Thus the music and the slight dramatic thread of movement reënforce each other, and great poets and great composers alike join hands in expressing the deep-seated

realities of our hearts. The contrast indicated in the title by the words "peace" and "sword" appears in the program, which includes such widely differing songs as Browning's "The Year's at the Spring" and "The Marseillaise."

THE FIERY PILLAR

A Play in One Scene

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

CHARACTERS

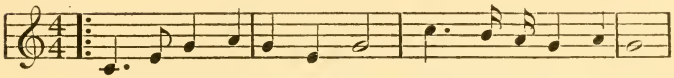
VICTOR	FIRST BOY
THE CHIEF	SECOND BOY
BASIL	LAD } Refugees
MALCOLM	GIRL }
FENTRESS	SARAH
CHARLES	MARTHA
SIMON	A WOMAN

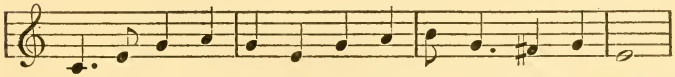
A CROWD OF MEN, WOMEN, YOUTHS, AND GIRLS

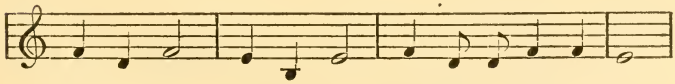
(This play may be presented by an entire male cast. Change the names of the characters where necessary.)

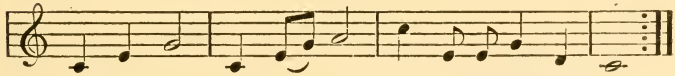
THE FIERY PILLAR

SCENE: *A clearing in the woods, a forge near middle foreground against which a shield is resting.*
At forge is VICTOR, *a youth clad in tawny skins, bare arms gleaming as he swings his hammer.*









VICTOR (*singing*): At my forge I sing, I sing
Straight from the heart of me.
At my forge I swing, I swing
The hammer strong and free.
Swing and sing,
Swing and sing,
Forging a fearless soul.

Give and live,
Give and live,
Mine is the free man's goal.

At my forge I strive, I strive,
Shapening at my will.
At my forge alive, alive,
I labor and fulfil.
Strive, alive,
Strive, alive,
Making my spear and shield.
Mine to choose,
Mine to lose,
And mine to never yield.

[*A youth rushes on, excitement pressing him.*]

BASIL: Victor! Victor!

VICTOR (*ceasing his blows*): What is it, friend? Come close.

BASIL: The people! Some are clamoring to fight,
And some are urging peace with peaceless hate.
Oh, hear them!

[*Sounds of distant voices massed in protest rise, then ebb away.*]

VICTOR: I had drowned them with my forge.
What makes their babel—trouble from the Hills?

BASIL: Within the hour a messenger arrived
With news of wanton warfare from the North.
The Hill Men have descended on the Plains,
And countless of our neighbors lie besieged.

VICTOR: I've felt that it was coming.

BASIL: They appeal
For help. Upon our men and neighboring men
They look for their salvation.

[*Again the massed voices rise and ebb, and continue to make a background of intermittent sound.* VICTOR *throughout the scene works on the spear, swinging his hammer, and shaping and burnishing.*]

VICTOR: Just as stars
Must wheel into their places, so I knew
These mad barbarians would some day come
And yoke their bloody policies to deeds.
Such greed as theirs, such lust, could not be stayed.
And at my forge I, too, have been preparing.
The shield is finished, and the spear will soon
Be ready for my wielding. I'm on fire
To try the temper of my arms, to go
Crusading for the righting of men's wrongs!
See, Basil—'tis an eagle I have wrought
Upon my shield, and that same fearless bird
Surmounts my spear.

BASIL: Oh, shield and spears are well,
But who will lead us? We're a quiet folk
Without a thought of strife or preparation.

VICTOR: Think you our clan will pledge the Plainsmen's cause
And stand by them like brothers?

BASIL: Who can say?
People are but pendulums a-swinging:
They may, may not; they may, may not; they—

VICTOR: Must!
O Basil! We *must* go.

BASIL: But who would lead?
Our Chief is full of wisdom, but too old—

VICTOR: Too old to lead.

[*The sounds in the distance grow in volume.*]

BASIL: And that is why dispute
Is waxing hot and hotter in the town.
VICTOR: They fan the air with syllables of speech
And think that words mean action.
BASIL: I've a dread
Our honor may be dashed upon the rocks.
VICTOR (*hands at sides and head thrown back as he faces front*): Our God shall raise a leader in our midst
And point to us the way.

[*Two boys run on gaily.*]

FIRST BOY (*tossing his arms*): Hurrah! hurrah!
VICTOR: Hush, lad! What are they saying in the town?
FIRST BOY: Oh, some would fight at once, and some would wait—
SECOND BOY: And others say this trouble is not ours.
FIRST BOY: The Chief will put it to a vote, he says—
SECOND BOY: They're going to the council house.
BASIL: Then we
May join them as they pass here on the way.

[*Enter a group of men and women, some in earnest argument. A great shout goes up in the distance. They stop and listen.*]

MALCOLM: It's time our peaceful citizens were roused.
We're weak and flabby from neglected arms.
We need to war if but to teach our men
The virtue of resistance.

[*They are about to move on when* VICTOR *speaks, still busy at his task.*]

VICTOR: That's no base
On which to build a tower that will stand.

[*They turn back.*]

War for the sake of war's but wanton sport—
The kind the Hill Men wage upon the Plains.

[*People continue to enter, pausing to listen to the discussion.*]

FENTRESS: Victor is right. What call have we to risk
The lives and homes of law-abiding men?
Shall thirst for blood put out the family fires
And make the windows dark?

VICTOR: Wait, friend! Not so.
I never urged abolishment of war.
I meant to fight for lusty joy of fighting
Is no just ground on which to build a cause.

MALCOLM: I say: strike from the shoulder with your fists.
Stand back for no one; never yield an inch.

[*Cheers.*]

MARTHA: Shame! shame! How can you lend a heedful ear
To words that long to spill the blood of men?
How seek to justify the savagery
Of blow for blow, of life for human life?
Have we so stumbled on the upward climb
That life is held a bauble of no price?
Must we go forth, an unmolested band,
And choose the scarlet trail that leads to death?

SARAH: But think of all the deeds of butchery
Flaunted by these marauders from the North!
The Plainsmen were as peaceable as we,
And just as unoffending; yet the foe
Swept ruthlessly upon them, murder-driven,
And seized their comely meadows, quiet hearths,
The whole bright treasury of heart and hand.

[*Murmurs arise that grow into a shout.*]

SIMON (*pushing forward*): How know you they are true—
these tales we hear?

MARTHA: Yes, who can sift the fraudulent from real?
Sensation travels double with desire.

[*Cheers and hisses greet her words. The noises which were in the distance draw near. Enter the* CHIEF, *a man of dignity and age, a chain of stars with a pendent key, insignia of his position, about his neck. He is followed by men, women, girls, and youths, some of the latter with drums and fifes slung across their shoulders. Many of the crowd wear scarfs of varied colors. The* CHIEF *has nearly crossed the clearing.*]

MARTHA (*shrilly*): Who knows the false from real?

SIMON: Who knows? who knows?

[*More cheers and hisses.*]

CHIEF (*pausing*): Silence! Each one of you shall have
a chance
To empty clean the pocket of his mind.
And what more worthy temple could we find
For frank, free speech than spacious court like
this?

[*Cries of "Free speech! Hurrah!"*]

I heard you in the market place ripe-cocked
With pompous phrases and impetuous words.
Here let us gravely and with temperance
Make our decision. It is long, indeed,
Since war has come a-pounding at our gates.
It's ours to say if we will bid it enter.

CHARLES: The tales we hear are most disquieting.
Rumors, like witches, fly about our heads,
Dropping their broomstick straws until our
skins
Are prickled with them like the porcupine.

SIMON (*belligerently*): That's what I say: how know the
tales are true

That fill our ears and thicken all the air?
We brew a tempest from the teapot's steam!

[*Two refugees from the Plains, a lad and a girl, ragged, passionate with despair, showing the havoc of hunger and hardship, come on and with a cry throw themselves at the feet of the* CHIEF.]

LAD: Mercy, sir! Have mercy on my people!
CHIEF: Your people, boy? Arise and tell their name.
LAD (*rising proudly*): The Plainsmen, sir.

[*The crowd murmurs.*]

CHIEF: Plainsmen, you say? Speak on
And tell us if the bloody tales we hear
Are tales of truth.
LAD: May God destroy my body
And offer me as bait meat to the beasts
If what I say be not the speech of truth.
GIRL (*passionately, standing*): We'll tell you somewhat less than more than truth,
For should we tell the whole you'd shake your heads
And say: They lie, or else they have gone mad.
CHIEF: Say what you may, our ears shall speed your words
With sympathy's momentum.
LAD: We have come,
The prey of endless dangers, to beseech
Your help in arms. The enemy attacked
Without a whispered warning; for no cause
They've driven us to battle, and our towns
Are sacked, our churches pillaged, our fair fields
All charred and wasted by the flames of hate.
GIRL: I cannot help my weeping when I think
Of colored windows with their holy scenes,

Angels white and golden under skies
As blue as Mary's robe of innocence,
Shattered for sport by madmen's turbulence.
And just before I fled to you I saw
An altar window of our Shepherd King
Bidding the little ones of earth to come
And rest upon His bosom. Morning light
Was pouring through it in a radiant flood,
And as I looked and worshiped I beheld
One of the Hill Men swaggering to my side;
And when he saw the window I adored
He stooped and with gruff laughter raised a stone
Which higher still he held, prepared to throw.
Seeing his plan I struck aside his arm
And begged him not to desecrate his God;
But with an oath he flung me off and hurled
Straight through the tender Shepherd and His babes
That rock of blasphemy—and then he laughed,
Threw me to earth, and spat upon my face.

LAD: I saw them driving women through the streets
And lashing them with rawhides made for beasts.

[*He drops his voice.*]

And babes that clung with frightened arms about
Their mothers' necks were sabered through the wrists,
And little hands, still clasped, fell to the earth.

GIRL: One baby, like an innocent young Christ,
Was crucified upon a temple door—

VICTOR: Oh, cease! The blood of manhood in my veins
Bursts in a torrent and submerges me.
Men! women! — all of you who pray for peace
And say this is no problem of our own!—

Is this a time to draw around our hearths
And idle there in safety?

[*Murmurs from the crowd.*]

Do the cries
Of these our neighbors fall on statues' ears?

[*Shouts of "No!"*]

Shall we have purring comfort at the price
Of letting these our brothers die betrayed?

["*No! No!*"]

Shall babes be mutilated out of sport
And crucified in ribald mockery?

[*Waves of protest, subdued but intense, start at the edge of the crowd and sweep over its entire length.*]

Where is our manhood? Where our dream of life?

[*Murmurs.*]

War for the sake of war is spawn of hell,
But if with selfless purpose we go forth
To save the holy cause of brotherhood,
Then do we dedicate ourselves to truth
And make a consecration out of war.
Men! women! Are you slaves?

[*Protests ripple the crowd.*]

Or are you free?

["*Free! free! We are free!*" *the people shout.*]

What is our life if lived ingloriously?
And what is death if gladly ventured on?
And if we die in this supreme crusade,
Like champions victorious we shall sleep.
O Sleep! Why should we fear you—noble Sleep,
Bringing immortal dreams of Brotherhood!

[*"Let us fight for truth! Let us die for truth! War! War!" even those who had plead for peace joining with shouts of "Brotherhood! Stand by our brothers!"*]

CHIEF: Hush, comrades! I can see that all would urge
The prosecution of this righteous cause.
If there be one who doubts, let him stand forth
And utter now his protest.

[*Silence.*]

It is well.
In union do we recognize our strength
And spell the name of country.

LAD: I would live,
O God, to show that I am of a race
Eternal in its memory of good.

GIRL: And let me serve these brothers all my days
As hostage to my deathless gratitude.

CHIEF: Now must we choose a leader.

[*Cries of "You shall lead us! You shall be our leader!"*]

Unprepared
Are we to meet this sudden call to arms.
Wrapped in the long, sweet lethargy of peace,
No thought of battle had forecast its shade.

[*Renewed cries of "You shall lead us! You shall be our leader!"*]

Not so. I'll fight beside you till the end;
But I am old, and not of that staunch mold
Of which a warrior's fashioned. First we've need
To choose a valiant watchword, and a sign,
An emblem, we may follow to the death.
Oh, pour your hearts in this inspiring task,
And when the right word's spoken we shall know:
'Twill leap a fiery pillar to the skies!

[*Cheers greet him.*]

No laggards, you! Speak out the eager thought
That burns its bright insistence in your minds.
The hand of God may trace that sudden kindling.

[*Murmurs sweep the crowd.* MALCOLM *steps forward.*]

MALCOLM: *Strength* is the watchword I would choose for all,
Strength that shall bear us through the battle's stress
And to the goal victorious. For a sign,
A pennant blue as heaven that shall be
The strength of that same heaven for our needs.

[*He strips a blue scarf from his neck. Cries from the crowd.*]

CHIEF: Well spoken, Malcolm.

A WOMAN: Let us go to war
Shouting, "*A righteous cause! A righteous cause!*"
And white shall be our banner—white as snow,
A banner clean, unspotted from the world.

[*She seizes her white scarf and waves it. Shouts from the people.*]

CHIEF: Without the binding tie of loyalty
Our efforts all were useless. I would say,
Loyalty forever, and the sign
The watchful, steadfast, never-fading stars.

[*He takes from about his neck the chain of stars. Cries of "Loyalty! Loyalty!"*]

SARAH: O men and women! Let us wash ourselves
Pure in the cleansing blood of sacrifice.
Blood-red be our banner, and our cry
"*Self-sacrifice! Self-sacrifice!*"

[*The cry is taken up and repeated as* SARAH *waves aloft her scarf of crimson.* VICTOR *stands forth and looks with seeing eyes beyond. A hush descends upon the people. Out of the silence he speaks.*]

VICTOR: 'Tis plain.
As if I saw it written on the walls
Encompassing the earth, I see a word
Gleaming with fires impossible to quench.
Like as an eagle free and unafraid
That has the whole of space to venture in,
So does the word command us, free and brave,
To venture where our stricken brother calls.
Upon this fearless standard let us float
The crimson glory of self-sacrifice;

[*Draws* SARAH'S *scarf through an opening beneath the eagle which surmounts his spear end.*]

The snowy pureness of a righteous cause;

[*Takes the white scarf from the* WOMAN *and adds it to the crimson streamer.*]

The ageless, tireless strength of heaven's blue;

[MALCOLM'S *scarf follows the others.*]

And to these colors add the loyal stars,
Serene and undiminished in their fires.

[*Takes the* CHIEF'S *chain of stars and slips it over the eagle.*]

See yonder, O ye people! See the word
Emblazoned on the reaches of the sky,
The sum of all these emblems — LIBERTY!

[*A great cry rises from the hearts of the people. "Lead the way! Victor! Victor! Lead the way!" they shout; the lads with the drums and fifes sound their martial music, and* VICTOR, *with his shield and the new-born flag of liberty, leads the way.*]

[CURTAIN.]

PEACE WITH A SWORD

A Musical Interpretation of America in the War, suggested and arranged by OSBOURNE MCCONATHY with connecting narrative by LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

O Peace, thou art of God, born of His dreams!

PEACE WITH A SWORD

AMERICA ..... Henry Carey (?)

AMERICAN PATRIOTIC HYMN

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

—Samuel F. Smith

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

And the world grew and the men of earth divided themselves into nations, and each nation strove in that light according to its understanding.

And so it was that in the midst of purple vineyards and smiling slopes, beside seas of lazuli, a people, sure of its powers and triumphing in its destiny, sang

GARIBALDI'S HYMN.....Melody attributed to Olivieri

ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

All forward to battle! the trumpets are crying,
All forward! all forward! our old flag is flying,
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer;
Rebels come on! tho' a thousand to one!
Liberty! Liberty! deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us, and battle be won.
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

All forward to conquer! Where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
Liberty calls us from mountain to valley;
Waving her banner she leads to the fight.
Forward! all forward! the trumpets are crying;

The drum beats to arms, our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
Forward to battle, for God and the right.
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

Another people, upstanding and self-confident, bound by many waters whereon its vessels ruled the waves of the world, sang fearlessly and certainly

RULE, BRITANNIA!.....Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne

ENGLISH PATRIOTIC SONG

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.

—Thomson

And a nation sanguine of spirit, blithe of heart, proud of its past, assured of its morrow, wove brillant patterns and flung them from tower and turret, shouting invincibly

THE MARSEILLAISE.....Rouget de Lisle

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

—Rouget de Lisle

And yet another nation, young and dauntless, glad and swift of foot, strong and eager of hand, whose existence was builded on the love of peace and hospitality to brother-nations, sang exultantly, and with the surety of youth

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.....John Stafford Smith

AMERICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
O say does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our Trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—Francis Scott Key

So sang these peoples, happy in the pride of self-assurance, expectant of to-morrow's rhythmic dawn and the healing round of night. And the earth was washed green and fair by the waters of peace, and the Christ-message, like a great dove, brooded over all and gave the comfort of its wings.

GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD (The Crucifixion).....Stainer

God so loved the world
That He gave his only begotten Son,
That whoso believeth in Him should not perish,
But have everlasting life.
For God sent not His Son into the world
To condemn the world,
But that the world through Him might be saved.

And from budding bush to heaven, like the golden trail of a song-bird, mounted the buoyant cry of faith.

THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

SOPRANO SOLO

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

—Robert Browning

Then did hell open and rend the earth with its thunders of savage greed, shivering the mirror-brightness of day with the lust of hate, the clamor for dominion. Black clouds with blood-red linings swept across the sun. The armored fist of the Hun smote the unsuspecting bodies of its brothers, splashing crimson patterns on the garments of peace. To the cries of Crucify him! Crucify him! the Christ of Nations was martyred on the cross; and the Hun scourged his naked body with ropes of torn treaties, and offered him the gall of mockery to drink, and crowned him immortally with a crown of thorns. To the ends of earth was flung the arrogant challenge of Teutonic power, and from the cannon's throat came the defiance of a half-century of hostile preparation. The earth was stunned and looked upon its Judas with bewildered eyes, reaching toward the sun obscured by bloody clouds of war. And Germany laughed and marched its millions of waiting men across the neighboring borders.

So began the conflict of the pagan god against the living Christ.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR (King Olaf)..... Edward Elgar

I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,
Miölner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations!

Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder;
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-day!

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean!
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Dare I defy thee!

— H. W. Longfellow

The world awoke from its dream of peace and answered that pagan cry. Its soul shook off its bewilderment and arose tall and strong to look upon its foe. And it saw

that its dream of peace, to be established on the eternal hills, must be bought by the untrafficked gold of spirits unafraid and deaths triumphant.

But America, the young, recoiled before the shock of arms and clung to her ideal of civilization and brotherhood. She hoped that her youth need not be mown by the machines of destruction, that the backs of her men need not be bowed by the sins of the lawless, that the hearts of her mothers and fathers need not be racked by the supreme sacrifice. But even as she was clinging to her old ideal, the foe of the world invaded the open sea and took wanton toll of her people, setting a bloody seal on many a home.

Then did America know that she must take up her burden and consecrate herself to service. And she saw that only the blood of self-sacrifice could make clean the rape of hate and tyranny, and that her peace and the peace of the world could be earned only with the sword.

PEACE WITH A SWORD.....Mabel W. Daniels

Peace! how we love her and the good she brings
On broad, benignant wings!
And we have clung to her, how close and long
While she has made us strong.
Now we must guard her lest her power cease
And in the harried world be no more peace,
Ev'n with a sword,
Help us, O Lord!

For us no patient peace, the weary goal of a war-sickened soul,
No peace bought for us by the martyred dead of countries reeking red,

No peace flung to us from a tyrant's hand
Sop to a servile land,
No peace bending the knees before a calf of gold
With nerveless fingers impotent to hold
The freeman's sword
Not this, O Lord!

America's strong arm holds high and free
That "placid Peace we seek in liberty,"
Yea, with a sword
Help us, O Lord!

Unfurl the banners that defied a king,
Then tattered colors bring
That made a nation one from sea to sea
In godly liberty.
Unsheath the patriot steel in time of need,
America, forth your armies lead!
Peace with a sword!
Help us, O Lord!

—Abbie Farwell Brown

And so America, glad and swift of foot and strong and eager of hand, dedicated to justice, fraternity and the pursuit of happiness, shod her feet with enduring brass and unsheathed her sword that the enemy of God and man might be conquered and redeemed. She fired her forges until the sky was aglow, and with her hammers wrought sternly for her hosts; she tilled her fields that a starving world might be fed; she launched her ships that her treasury of men and munitions and brimming grain-sacks might bear their message of salvation; she leaped into the trenches to fight the good fight, not to lay down arms until is proven the mastership of right. Her singing armies

have gone forth to join the chorus of the valorous and free, and more stirring than the songs of many nations is the one song of democracy for all.

SONG OF DELIVERANCE[1].....Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

Clang, clang, clang rings the challenge
And it echoes round the wide world's girth,
For America is blazoning her forges,
She is fashioning defenses for the earth.
Clang, clang, clang rings the challenge
That shall prove her valor and her worth.

Deep, deep, deep drive the ploughshare
That deliverance take root in the loam.
America is sowing in gladness
In the faith of a harvest that shall come.
Deep, deep, deep drive the ploughshare:
Feed the world and defend the hearths of home.

Sail, sail, sail through the darkness
'Mid the perils of a foe-swept sea,
America is sending forth her armies
As a pledge to the world that is to be.
Sail, sail, sail through the darkness
To the dawn of a universe made free.

Fight, fight, fight in the trenches,
Struggle onward o'er the crimson sod,
For America is terrible with purpose
As she smites with the sacrificial rod.
Fight, fight, fight in the trenches,
There are strong men fighting for their God.

—Louise Ayres Garnett

[1] Reprinted by permission of the Oliver Ditson Company, publishers of the words and music.

To a war-wearied world comes the vision of Peace roaming the eternal hills, the light of love in her face, the gift of healing in her hands.

O Peace, thou art of God, born of His dreams!

LOVELY APPEAR (The Redemption).....Charles Gounod

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down.
Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession.
Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy fade away and are gone.

In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding,
Shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground;
Under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound;
Void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding;
Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly,
Shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.

From the lips of nations ascends a prayer of worship glorifying the Father of all men, the Brother of all men, the Comforter of all men, for even as it has always been, so shall it ever be.

GLORIA PATRI.....G. B. da Palestrina

Gloria patri et filio, et spiritui sancto. Amen.

Now is the heart of man grown great with rejoicing as he lifts it up to the God of Fulfilment, for he has recognized the imperishable kingdom and is partaker of its everlastingness. And spacious as the skies is his spirit, for he knows, he knows, that his Redeemer liveth!

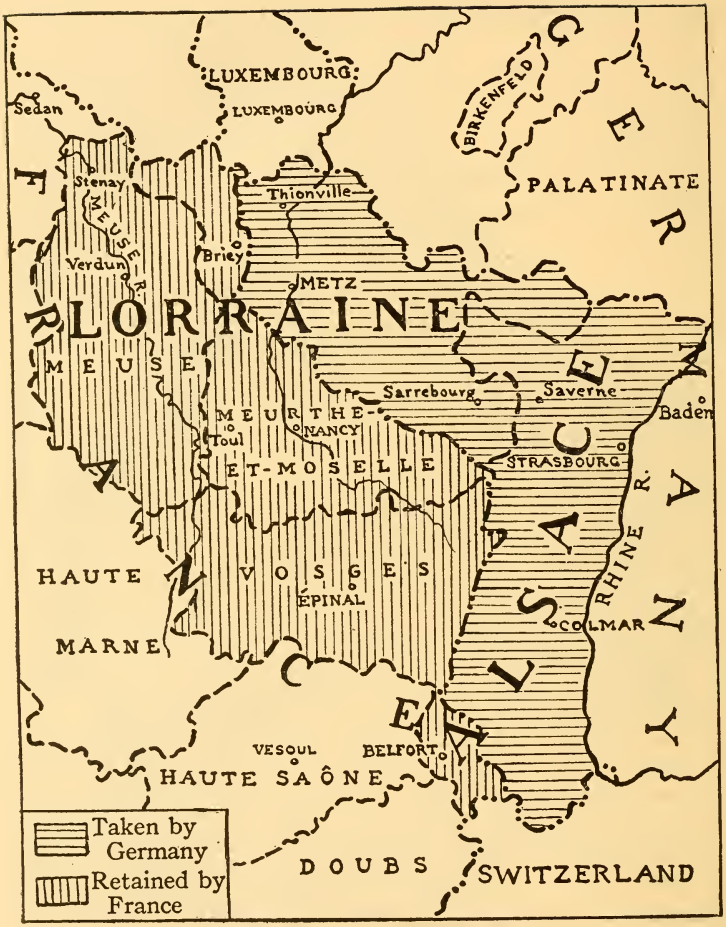
HALLELUJAH CHORUS (The Messiah).....G. F. Handel

Hallelujah!
For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
THE KINGDOM OF THIS WORLD IS BECOME
THE KINGDOM OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST;
And He shall reign forever and ever.
KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

THE APPENDIX
MAPS AND NOTES

I. THE WESTERN BATTLE FRONT

According to the terms of the armistice, Germany agreed to evacuate all territory from the final battle line to the eastern edge of the neutral zone.



II. ALSACE-LORRAINE BEFORE AND AFTER 1871

By the Treaty of Frankfort, signed May 10, 1871, following the defeat of France, Germany secured about one-third of Lorraine and all of Alsace with the exception of the fortress of Belfort and surrounding territory 235 square miles in extent.

III. MITTEL-EUROPA

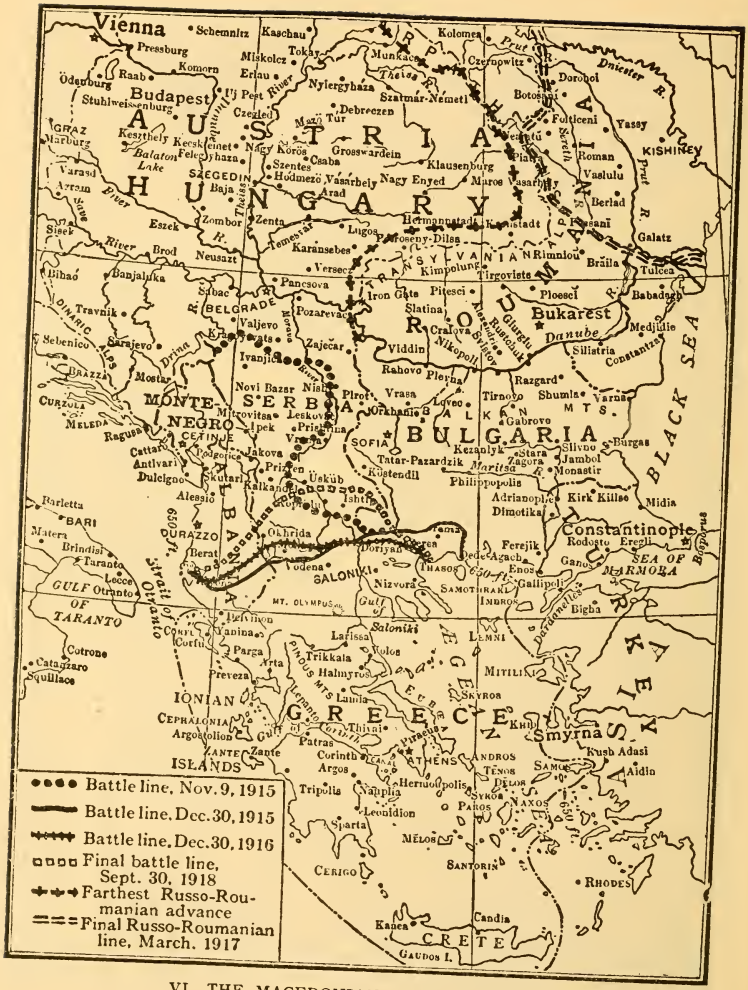
The map shows the nearest approach (June, 1918) to a realization of the Pan-German dream of Mittel-Europa. With the advance of the British and Arabs in Asiatic Turkey, the structure which the Germans had erected collapsed.

IV. GERMANY'S BLOCKADE ZONES

The shaded areas show the blockade zones as announced by Germany, January 31, 1917. Lanes were provided for neutral ships, one (A) leading to Falmouth, and the other (B) leading to Greek territorial waters. Because of this announcement, the German ambassador to the United States was handed his passports on February 3.

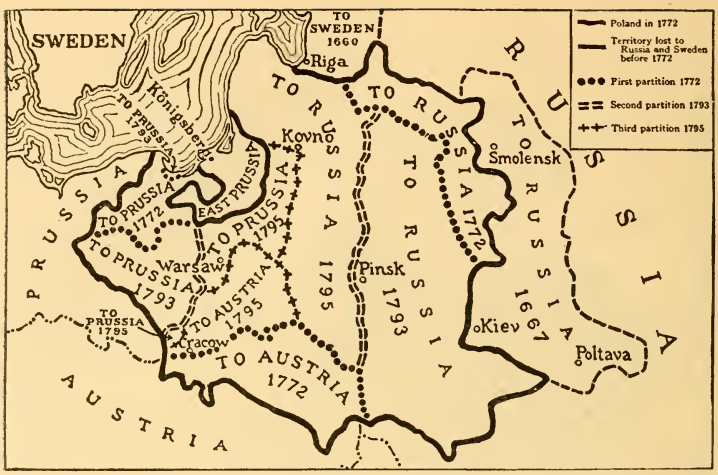
V. THE ITALIAN BATTLE LINE

Italy entered the war for the emancipation of territory under Austrian control, claimed to be predominatingly Italian in population. The "unredeemed" territory, as shown in the map, accords with the claim of Italian Irredentists, but conflicts with the claims of the Jugo-Slavs. The solution of the dispute is one of the problems of the Peace Conference.



VI. THE MACEDONIAN BATTLE FRONT

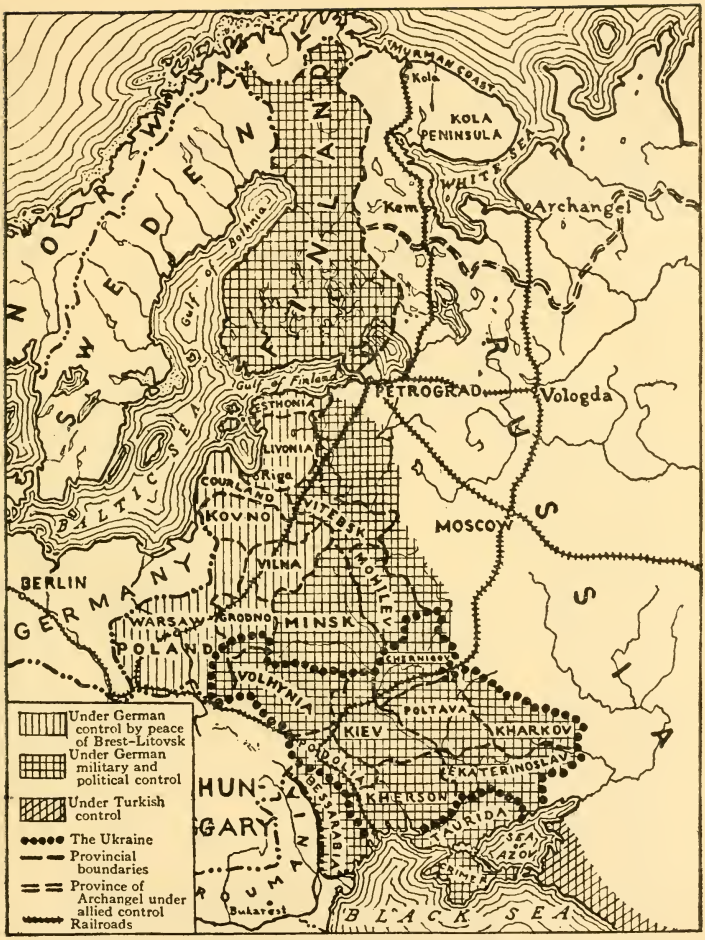
VII. AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND ITS PEOPLES



VIII. THE PARTITIONS OF POLAND, 1772–1795

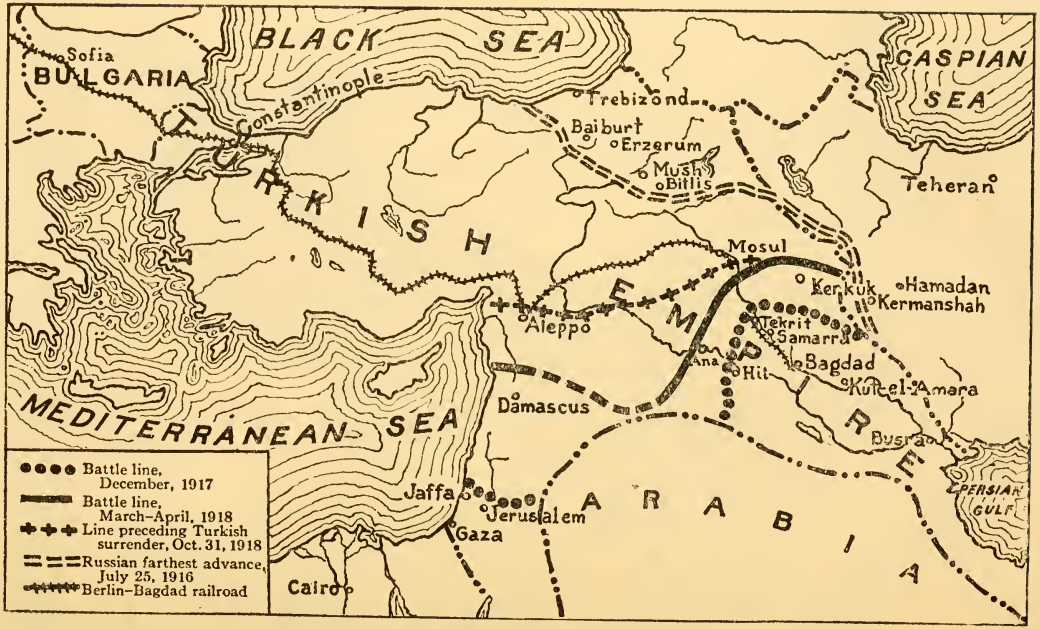
IX. THE GRAND DUCHY OF WARSAW AND ITS FINAL DISPOSITION

The Grand Duchy of Warsaw was erected by Napoleon and at his downfall became the prey of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The portion falling to Russia was made a kingdom under Russian control and remained so until 1831, when it became a Russian province. The republic of Cracow was occupied by Austria in 1848.

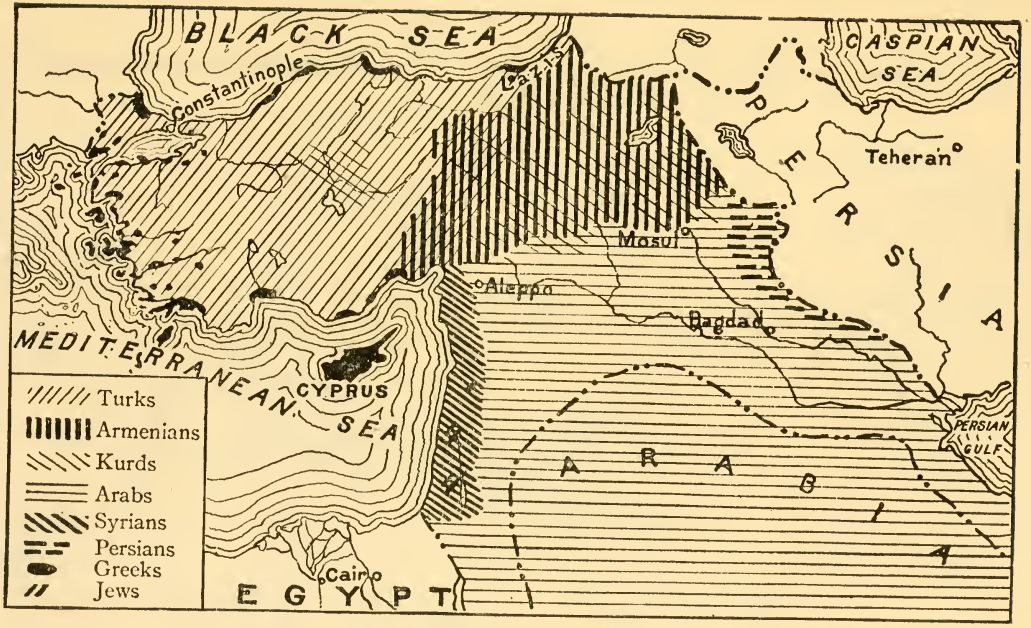


X. RUSSIA'S ENDANGERED PROVINCES

The shaded area includes the provinces under German political and military control. Vitebsk, Minsk, Mohilev, and portions of Smolensk and Pskov were outside the treaty boundaries, but were overrun and held under control by the German armies to secure the resources of the region.

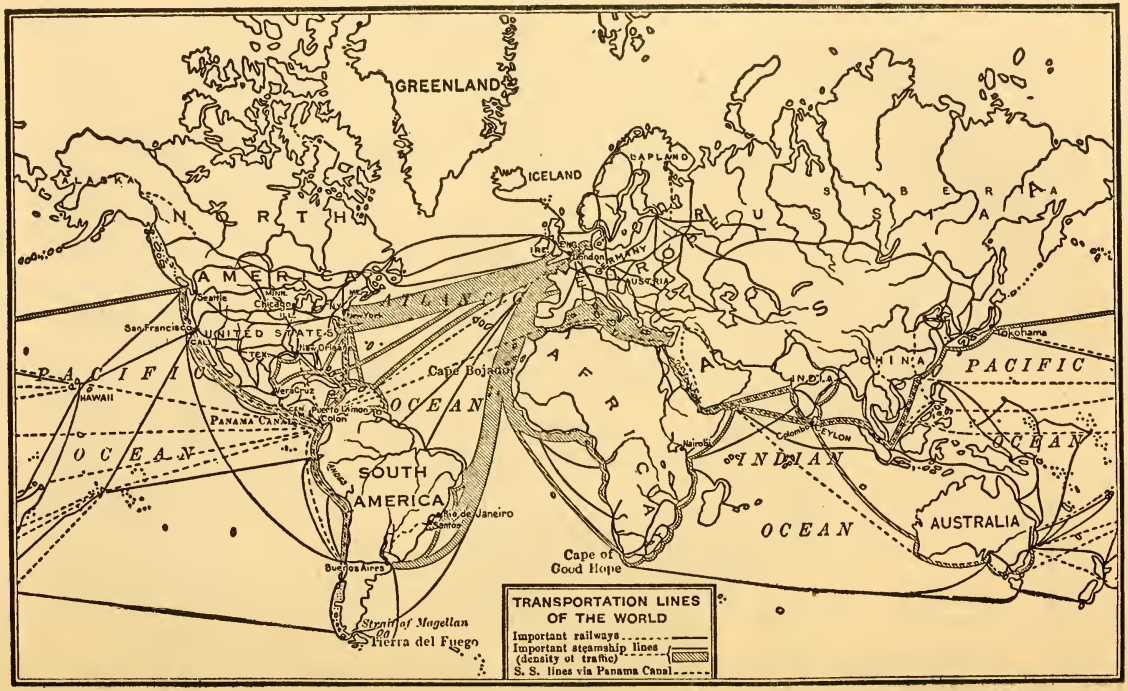


XI. THE BATTLE FRONT IN ASIATIC TURKEY



XII. NATIONALITIES IN TURKEY

The principal divisions of the population of Turkey in Asia and Europe are shown in the map. In addition there are a large number of lesser groups and colonies. In Syria, besides the Jews and Syrians, are scattered groups of Druses, Maronites, Metauilehs, Ansariyehs, Ismailyehs, Arameans, Yezidis, and Samaritans. East and northeast are colonies of Yezidis, Nestorians, Chaldeans, Karapapaks, Lazis, Baliki, and Jacobites. Others north and northwest are the Kizilbash, Circassians, Tatars, Avshars, Tahtaji, and a number of wandering tribes.



XIII. THE COMMERCIAL HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD

THE NOTES

The "Introductory" chapters to the sections of this book, together with the head-notes in Parts I and II, constitute the main thing attempted in the way of annotation and interpretation. The notes that follow are biographical and occasional. They offer a considerable body of material that may help in following an author's meaning, and where they do not help they may be disregarded.

Page 9. Americanism

Hartley Burr Alexander was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1873; graduated at the University of Nebraska; later studied at the University of Pennsylvania and at Columbia University. For some years he was engaged in editorial work on the *New International Encyclopaedia* and on *Webster's Dictionaries*. He has been professor of philosophy in the University of Nebraska since 1908. He has written a number of very illuminating discussions which interpret various phases of the meaning of America's position in the present affairs of the world. These essays have been published under the title *Liberty and Democracy* (Boston: Marshall Jones Co.).

67. Mason and Dixon's Line, the disputed boundary line between the state of Pennsylvania and the states of Maryland and Virginia —the border line between the free and the slave states—fixed by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, English mathematicians and surveyors employed for the purpose, between 1763 and 1767. In the debates on slavery before the admission of Missouri, John Randolph used the words "Mason and Dixon's line" as figurative of the division between the two systems of labor. The press and the politicians echoed it; and in that connection it was used until the destruction of slavery by the Civil War.

73. Alexander de Tocqueville (1805–1859), French statesman and author, wrote a famous book called *Democracy in America*. It gives a most sympathetic account of, and defense of, the methods of government in this country.

79. The Holy Alliance was a league formed in 1815 by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, afterward joined by all the sovereigns of Europe with the exception of those of Rome and England. Its professed object was to unite the nations in a Christian

brotherhood, but its real purpose was to prevent changes that threatened the ruling dynasties. Spain, in 1823, demanded the assistance of the league in securing the return of her revolting colonies in South America. This action, together with Russian activity looking toward further colonization with Alaska as a nucleus, called forth from the United States the statement of the Monroe Doctrine.

94. The tremendous increase in the number of immigrants from Europe in recent years has led to much agitation for some sort of restriction. No very generally acceptable plan of solving the problem has yet been found. At present there are about 13,000,000 foreign born in the United States and about 18,000,000 more with parents born abroad, almost one-third of the entire population. The **open-door principle** does not apply to immigrants from China and Japan. This limitation is carried out by a Chinese Exclusion Act and by a sort of "gentleman's agreement" with Japan.

132. In a speech before the Illinois Republican State Convention, at Springfield, June 16, 1858, Lincoln said, " 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free."

180. This **penetrating phrase** and those in the next paragraph are well-known expressions in President Wilson's "War Message."

Page 16. American Tradition

Franklin Knight Lane was born near Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada, July 15, 1864. He was educated at the University of California and practiced law in San Francisco. From 1905 to 1913 he was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. In 1913 he became Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's cabinet. He has been especially active in plans for reconstruction to follow the war, particularly in plans for returning soldiers who wish to go on farms. Secretary Lane's addresses have been published in a little volume called *The American Spirit* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.) There are a baker's dozen of these splendidly idealistic speeches, and they are full of the finest inspiration. Three of them, in part or in full, are included in this text.

1 ff. In reading the opening paragraphs, keep in mind that this address was made on Washington Day (February 22, 1912) at the University of Virginia. A speaker from the far West, the newest part of our country, addresses an audience of one of the oldest parts of our country. The conservatism naturally expected of the old, and the radicalism naturally expected of the new, at once suggest

themselves as forming a barrier between speaker and audience. This barrier the speaker destroys by means of two admirable stories illustrating the fanatical extremes of the two points of view, thus suggesting a meeting ground in the domain of reasonableness.

80 ff. Magna Charta was signed by King John at Runnymede, near Windsor, June 15, 1215. It gave various important rights to all classes of freemen. **Marcus Junius Brutus** took part in the conspiracy leading to the assassination of Julius Cæsar in 44 B.C. **Charles Martel** (*c.* 690–741) defeated the Saracens on the plains of Poitiers in 732. **Martin Luther** (1483–1546) made his vigorous defense of his doctrines before the Diet of Worms, April, 1521. For the **Columbus** incident, read Joaquin Miller's "Columbus."

89. The **Melting Pot** is a name given to the United States with reference to its open-door policy of receiving the oppressed of all nations and merging them into a nation of common language and political ideals.

107 ff. The illustrations in this paragraph seem even more significant in the light of the great war. In **England** the land has been held by a comparatively few great landlords. The **German people** seem likely to emerge from the war with supreme power over the military class. **Portugal** became a republic as the result of a revolution in 1910. The **Douma,** a Russian parliament or council of state, was created in 1905. Since it could be dissolved at the will of the Czar, its efforts to introduce constitutional government in Russia came to nothing. **Morgan Wright Shuster,** an American, became treasurer-general of Persia in 1911. Opposition of some of the great powers to his plans for regenerating the country led to his resignation after eight months. Mr. Shuster tells his own story in his book *The Strangling of Persia.* Delhi was made the capital of **India** in place of Calcutta, in December, 1910. **Marco Polo,** celebrated Venetian traveler, spent several years in China in the latter part of the thirteenth century, afterward relating his romantic story in his famous *The Book of Marco Polo.*

135. Rembrandt (1607–1669) was a celebrated Dutch painter, the leader of what is known as the Dutch school of painting. As the reference in the text shows, he was remarkable for his power in handling light and shadow, technically known as *chiaroscuro.*

179 f. This quotation from Pope's "Essay on Man" is the expression of that extreme conservatism which opposes all change. The **red flag** is the symbol of revolution, which is likely to run through certain stages of excess before settling down into order.

197. See Exodus, xxiv, 12.

247. Rasselas is the hero of Dr. Samuel Johnson's *History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.* The story gives an account of a vain search over the world for happiness.

Page 24. The Meaning of the Declaration of Independence

Woodrow Wilson was born at Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. He graduated at Princeton University and afterward studied at the University of Virginia and at Johns Hopkins University. He started the practice of law at Atlanta, Georgia, but soon gave that up for teaching, occupying successively professorships at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan University, and Princeton. From 1902, he was for eight years president of Princeton University. In 1910 he was elected to the governorship of New Jersey by a large plurality, and by his advocacy of many liberal reforms became a national figure. In 1912 he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for the presidency and elected, thus becoming the twenty-eighth President of the United States. In 1916 he was reëlected. His high conception of duty, his sincerity, his patience, his advocacy of democratic ideals for all lands, have given him very generally the confidence of the people in the United States and in other nations as well. President Wilson was an author of recognized scholarship and consummate style before he became known as a statesman. Among his books are *Mere Literature, and Other Essays* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.), *The State* (Boston: D. C. Heath and Co.), a *History of the United States* (4 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers), and *The New Freedom* (New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.). His messages and speeches have been published in various forms.

28. The Declaration of Independence is a carefully arranged document made up of three main parts: (1) an assertion of fundamental principles, (2) a list of specific instances of "injuries and usurpations," (3) the justified conclusion arrived at by the Congress. Point (2) is the **bill of particulars** referred to by the President.

Page 30. The War Message

[The Committee on Public Information at Washington issued under the title *The War Message and the Facts Behind It* the text of the message with elaborate annotations prepared by Professor William Stearns Davis of the University of Minnesota and his colleagues, Professors C. D. Allin and William Anderson. Most of the material in the notes below is taken from this publication.]

President Wilson always addresses Congress in person. It seemed a somewhat startling innovation in method when Congress assembled in 1913 and the President came to the Capitol to deliver his message instead of communicating it as had been the custom of presidents. Curious persons, upon investigation, found that it was probably the original expectation of the fathers that messages would be orally delivered. Washington and John Adams, the first two presidents, had addressed Congress in person. It seems that Thomas Jefferson was a very ineffective public speaker and adopted the plan of communication by writing, and subsequent presidents followed in his footsteps. It would thus appear that President Wilson was simply returning to an old custom which certainly makes for brevity and conciseness, and adds dramatic effectiveness.

5. The duty of the President in such a crisis is to lay the facts before Congress and recommend to it the needful action. The Constitution lays the duty and power of declaring war directly upon Congress. The vote of the Senate was 82 to 6 for war; of the House, 373 to 50. The joint resolution declaring war — effective April 6, 1917, at 1.18 P.M. — was as follows:

"*Whereas*, The Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America; therefore, be it

"*Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled*, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

8. The German Chancellor frankly admitted that this policy involved "ruthlessness" toward neutrals. "When the most ruthless methods are considered the best calculated to lead us to victory and to a swift victory . . . . they must be employed. . . . . The moment has now arrived. Last August [when he was, as he himself here admits, allowing the American people to believe that in response to its protest he had laid aside such ruthless methods] the time was not yet ripe, but to-day the moment has come when, with the greatest prospect of success, we can undertake this enterprise."

19. The broken "Sussex" pledge: The "Sussex" was an English channel boat from Folkestone to Dieppe. It was attacked by a submarine, March 24, 1916, and eighty of its passengers were killed or injured, two of these being Americans. On May 4, 1916, the German Government, in reply to the protest and warning of the United States following the sinking of the "Sussex," gave this promise: That "merchant vessels both within and without the area declared a naval war zone shall not be sunk without warning, and without saving human lives, unless the ship attempt to escape or offer resistance."

Germany added, indeed, that if Great Britain continued her blockade policy, she would have to consider "a new situation."

On May 8, 1916, the United States replied that it could not admit that the pledge of Germany was "in the slightest degree contingent upon the conduct of any other Government" (*i. e.*, on any question of the English blockade). To this Germany made no reply at all, and under general diplomatic usage, when one nation makes a statement to another, the latest statement of the case stands as final unless there is a protest made.

The promise made by Germany thus became a binding pledge.

29. As to the proper usages in dealing with merchant vessels in war, here are the rules laid down some time ago for the American navy, and these rules hardly differed in other navies, including the Russian and Japanese:

"The personnel of a merchant vessel captured as a prize . . . . are entitled to their personal effects.

"All passengers not in the service of the enemy, and all women and children on board such vessels, should be released and landed at a convenient port at the first opportunity.

"Any person in the naval service of the United States who pillages or maltreats in any manner any person found on board a merchant vessel captured as a prize shall be severely punished."

"If a seized neutral vessel cannot for any reason be brought into court for adjudication it should be dismissed."

"The destruction of a vessel which has surrendered without first removing its officers and crew would be an act contrary to the sense of right which prevails even between enemies in time of war."

36 ff. The British hospital ships "Asturias" and the "Gloucester Castle" had been sunk although protected by the most solemn possible of international compacts. Somewhat earlier in the war the great liner "Britannic" had been sunk while in service as a

hospital ship, and the evidence seems to be that it was torpedoed by a U-boat. Several hospital ships were sunk after the date of the message.

The Belgian relief ships referred to were probably the "Camilla," "Trevier," and "Feistein," but most particularly the large Norwegian steamer "Storstad," sunk with 10,000 tons of grain for the starving Belgians. Other relief ships were attacked.

66. Even in the most troubled period of the Middle Ages there was consistent effort to spare the lives of nonbelligerents. Thus in the eleventh century not merely did the church enjoin the "truce of God" which ordered all warfare to cease on four days of the week, but it especially pronounced its curse upon those who outraged or injured not merely clergymen and monks, but all classes of women. We also have ordinances from this "dark period" of history forbidding the interference with shepherds and their flocks, the damaging of olive trees, or the carrying off or destruction of farming implements.

72. Between the date of the German decree of ruthless submarine policy (January 31, 1917) and the date of the message, the following ships had been sunk: February 3, 1917, "Housatonic"; February 13, 1917, "Lyman M. Law"; March 2, 1917, "Algonquin"; March 16, 1917, "Vigilancia"; March 17, 1917, "City of Memphis"; March 17, 1917, "Illinois"; March 21, 1917, "Healdton" (claimed to have been sunk off Dutch coast, and far from the so-called "prohibited zone"); April 1, 1917, "Aztec."

In all, up to the declaration of war by the United States, 226 American citizens, many of them women and children, had lost their lives by the action of German submarines, and in most instances without the faintest color of international right. The most horrible of these wholesale assassinations was in the case of the "Lusitania." About 2:00 P.M., on May 7, 1915, this great Cunard liner, on a voyage from New York, with 1,918 persons on board, was sunk without notice by the German submarine "U-39," ten miles off Old Head of Kinsale. The vessel went down twenty-one minutes after the attack, with resultant loss of 1,154 lives, including men, women, and children, of whom 114 were Americans. The Berlin Government at first asserted that the "Lusitania" was, "of course, armed"; and German agents in New York procured testimony, which was subsequently proved in court to have been perjured, to bolster up this falsehood. In further justification, the German Government adduced the fact that the "Lusitania" was carrying ammunition,

which, it said, was "destined for the destruction of brave German soldiers." This contention our Government rightly swept aside as "irrelevant." The essence of the "Lusitania" case was stated by our Government in its note of June 9, as follows: "Whatever be the other facts regarding the 'Lusitania,' the principal fact is that a great steamer, primarily and chiefly a conveyance for passengers, and carrying more than a thousand souls who had no part or lot in the conduct of the war, was sunk without so much as a challenge or a warning, and that men, women, and children were sent to their death in circumstances unparalleled in modern warfare."

74. The United States Government made an official estimate that by April 3, 1917, no less than 686 neutral vessels had been sunk by German submarines since the beginning of the war. This did not include any American vessels.

77. Nearly all the civilized neutral countries of the earth protested at the German policy. Many broke diplomatic relations with Germany, and several followed the United States in declaring war against Germany.

105. In Oxford, 1913, at a meeting of the Institute of International Law, at which the representatives of Germany, as well as of all other great nations, were present, it was decided as a firm principle that private vessels may not commit acts of hostility against the enemy and that they may defend themselves against the attack of an enemy vessel. (*American Journal of International Law*, X, 1916, p. 868.)

119. The right of American citizens to protection in their doings abroad and on the seas no less than at home was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. (Slaughter-House Cases, 16 Wall., 36.)

"Every citizen . . . . may demand the care and protection of the United States when on the high seas or within the jurisdiction of a foreign Government."

See COOLEY'S *Principles of Constitutional Law*, third edition, page 273 (standard authority).

Obviously a government which cannot or will not protect its citizens against a policy of lawless murder is unworthy of respect abroad or obedience at home. The protection of the lives of the innocent and law-abiding is clearly the very first duty of a civilized state.

127. Wars do not have to be declared in order to exist. The mere commission of warlike or unfriendly acts commences them.

Thus the first serious clash in the Mexican War took place April 24, 1846. Congress "recognized" the state of war only on May 11 of that year. Already General Taylor had fought two serious battles at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma.

Many other like cases could be cited; the most recent was the outbreak of the war between Japan and Russia. In 1904 the Japanese attacked the Russian fleet before Port Arthur, and only several days after this battle was war "recognized."

If the acts of Germany were unfriendly, war in the strictest sense existed when the President addressed Congress.

152. This estimate was exceeded many times over after the United States decided to throw all its strength into the conflict on the side of the Allies. Over two million men were already in France by the close of the war, November 11, 1918, and other millions were in the training camps at home or under call.

193 ff. On January 22 Mr. Wilson spoke in favor of a league to secure peace. On February 3 he announced he had broken diplomatic relations with Germany, but expressed the earnest hope that issues would not proceed to a clash of arms. On February 26 he asked for "armed neutrality," but still avoided an actual state of war.

207. Contrast these two standards. Bethmann-Hollweg, addressing the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, said:

"We are now in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law. Our troops have occupied (neutral) Luxembourg and perhaps already have entered Belgian territory. Gentlemen, this is a breach of international law. The wrong—I speak openly—the wrong we hereby commit we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained.

"He who is menaced as we are, and is fighting for his highest possession, can only consider how he is to hack his way through."

Frederick the Great, the arch prophet of Prussianism, speaking in 1740 and giving the keynote to all his successors, said, "The question of right is an affair of ministers. . . . . It is time to consider it in secret, for the orders to my troops have been given"; and again, "Take what you can; you are never wrong unless you are obliged to give back." (PERKINS, *France under Louis XV*, I, pp. 169–170.)

Against this set the words of the first President of the young American Republic, speaking at a time when the nation was so weak that surely any kind of shifts could have been justified on

the score of necessity. Said George Washington in his first inaugural address (1789):

" . . . . the foundation of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and the preëminence of free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world. I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire, since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness; between duty and advantage; between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity; since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained; and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty and the destiny of the republican model of government are justly considered, perhaps, as *deeply*, as *finally*, staked on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people."

218. When the crisis was precipitated late in July, 1914, there was a strong peace party in Germany, and earnest protests were made against letting Austrian aggression against Serbia start a world conflagration. In Berlin on July 29, twenty-eight mass meetings were held to denounce the proposed war, and one of them is said to have been attended by 70,000 men. The *Vorwaerts* (the great organ of the socialists) declared on that day, "the indications proved beyond a doubt that the camarilla of war lords is working with absolutely unscrupulous means to carry out their fearful designs to precipitate an international war and to start a world-wide fire to devastate Europe." On the 31st this same paper asserted that the policy of the German Government was "utterly without conscience." Then came the declaration of "war emergency" (*Kriegsgefahr*), mobilization, martial law, and any expression of public opinion was stilled in Germany.

It is clear in the light of later events that this stilling of public opinion was not final, and no doubt the constant separation of the rulers of Germany from the people of Germany in the speeches of President Wilson and of many of the allied spokesmen had much to do in encouraging the revolutionary sentiment in Germany.

250. The great humanitarian aims of The Hague peace conferences of 1899 and 1907 were the limitation of armaments and the

compulsory arbitration of international disputes. Unanimity among the world powers was essential to the success of both. None dared disarm unless all would do so. The great democracies, Great Britain, France, and the United States, favored both propositions, but Germany, leading the opposition, prevented their adoption. She agreed with reluctance to a convention for optional arbitration, but refused at the second conference even to discuss disarmament. (See JAMES BROWN SCOTT, *The Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907*, I, index "Armaments" and "Arbitration.")

251 ff. At the time the President was speaking, the first stage of the revolution in Russia was in progress. The Czar's government had been overthrown, and a government of moderate statesmen under Prince Lvoff was in control. Since then the changes in Russia have been so rapid and marked by such seeming chaos that it is difficult for the outside world to estimate correctly the situation. The moderates gave way to Kerensky, and he in turn to the Bolsheviki under Lenine and Trotsky, who established a proletariat dictatorship.

268 ff. The House of Representatives Committee on Foreign Affairs, when it presented the war resolution following the President's message, went on formal record as listing at least twenty-one crimes or unfriendly acts committed upon our soil with the connivance of the German Government since the European war began. Among these were:

Inciting Hindoos within the United States to stir up revolts in India, and supplying them with funds for that end, contrary to our neutrality laws.

Running a fraudulent passport office for German reservists. This was supervised by Captain von Papen of the German Embassy.

Sending German agents to England to act as spies, equipped with American passports.

Outfitting steamers to supply German raiders, and sending them out of American ports in defiance of our laws.

Sending an agent from the United States to try to blow up the International Bridge at Vanceboro, Maine.

Furnishing funds to agents to blow up factories in Canada.

Five different conspiracies, some partly successful, to manufacture and place bombs on ships leaving United States ports. For these crimes a number of persons have been convicted. Consul-General Bopp, of San Francisco, a very high German official accredited to

the United States Government, has been convicted of plotting to cause bridges and tunnels to be destroyed in Canada.

Financing newspapers in this country to conduct a propaganda serviceable to the ends of the German Government.

Stirring up anti-American sentiment in Mexico and disorders generally in that country, to make it impossible for the United States to mix in European affairs.

297. The famous "Zimmermann note" was addressed to the German minister in Mexico by Doctor Zimmermann, the German Foreign Minister. It is dated twelve days before Germany announced her intention to resume unrestricted submarine warfare. The note came into the hands of our Government, and when it was made public, Zimmermann admitted its authenticity, and only deplored that it had been discovered. Germany's only apology was that it did not intend to do anything unless we first declared war. The text of the note is as follows:

Berlin, January 19, 1917

On the 1st of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to endeavor to keep neutral the United States of America.

If this attempt is not successful we propose an alliance on the following basis with Mexico: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support, and it is understood that Mexico is to reconquer the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left to you for settlement.

You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico on his own initiative should communicate with Japan, suggesting at once adherence to this plan; at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

Please call to the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

(Signed) ZIMMERMANN

337. Austria had a serious clash with the United States in the "Ancona" case late in 1915, when Americans perished, thanks to the ruthless action of an Austrian submarine. In reply to American protests Austria promised to order her commanders to behave with humanity, and (compared, at least, to her German allies) she kept her word with reasonable exactness.

On April 8, however, Austria, probably acting under German pressure, broke off diplomatic relations with the United States

without waiting for action by our Government, and the same was done a little later by Germany's other obedient vassal, the Sultan of Turkey.

The United States declared war on Austria December 7, 1917, but the war closed without any declaration of war on the other allies of Germany, Turkey and Bulgaria.

Page 43. Flag Day Address

In his address on "The Meaning of the Declaration of Independence" President Wilson laid great stress on the importance of the "bill of particulars" constituting the list of grievances of the colonies. The "Flag Day Address" contains such a "bill of particulars" of our grievances against Germany. Its timeliness rested in the necessity of strengthening the general morale of the country in the face of the insidious peace propaganda of the German Government, a propaganda designed to secure peace on the basis of what Germany held at the moment.

The student should familiarize himself with maps III, VI, VII, X, and XI in order to follow the analysis of Germany's designs in the East. Map III is of special importance in showing the extent of the Pan-German scheme. Then follow closely the points of the address in the light of some such analysis as the following:

1. The significance of the flag (lines 1–33).
   - What the flag means.
   - How it gets this meaning.
   - What questions the carrying of the flag into battle forces us to answer.
   - Why these questions must be squarely faced and satisfactorily answered.
2. How we were forced into the war (lines 34–64).
   - Specific items of German aggression and intrigue.
3. Germany's military masters responsible for the war (lines 65–112).
   - The position of the German people.
   - Why the primary blame rests on Germany's military statesmen.
   - Their attitude toward weaker nations.
   - Why this attitude was especially iniquitous.
4. The Pan-German dream (lines 113–140).
   - Just what this scheme contemplated.
   - Why it could not have been accomplished peacefully.

5. The situation in June, 1917 (lines 141–156).
   To what extent Germany had succeeded in her Berlin-to-Bagdad plan.
6. The German cry for peace (lines 157–205).
   Why Germany was so anxious to have peace just then.
   What German success would have meant.
7. Methods of the German peace propaganda (lines 206–263).
   How carried on in Germany.
   The sinister element in the peace propaganda in the United States.
   Why these plans were doomed to fail.
8. The position of the United States (lines 264–272).
   As a result of studying the entire address, try to state briefly and clearly just what was the "one choice" for us.

Page 51. Program of the World's Peace

Take the points of this program one by one and try to make clear to your own mind how the acceptance of each point as a principle would contribute to the assurance of the world's peace. The maps will be of great value in understanding the points that deal with questions of territory. Points 1–5 and point 14 are of particular interest as emphasizing the conditions "necessary to the establishment of a new international order."

Page 56. Righteous and Triumphant Force

58. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed on March 3, 1918. Russia's military power had collapsed during the violent political struggles following the revolution in that country. The Bolshevik government found it necessary to get Russia out of the European War in order that attention might be concentrated on the working out of a new social order at home. "By this treaty (which included not only Germany but her allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey as well) the Bolshevik government renounced all the territorial conquests which Russia had made in Europe and Hither Asia since the middle of the 17th century. With one stroke of the pen the broad band of non-Russian peoples stretching from Finland on the Baltic to Transcaucasia on the Black and Caspian Seas was declared no longer subject to Russian sovereignty. These territories possessed in the aggregate an area of 700,000 square miles with a population of 60,000,000 souls. Furthermore, the Bolshevik government agreed to leave the ultimate disposition of these

territories to the decision of Germany and her allies and pledged itself not to conduct any agitation or propaganda in these territories against the Central Powers or such local governments as the Central Powers might there recognize. In fact, the Bolshevik government specifically pledged itself to recognize the existing governments of Ukrainia and Finland. Lastly, in a series of annexes to the treaty, general stipulations were formulated for the rapid and complete reëstablishment of economic relations between Russia and the Central Powers, details to be worked out by special commissions in the near future." (LOTHROP STODDARD in the *Review of Reviews*.)

Page 61. The Mount Vernon Address

Of special interest in this address is the parallel drawn between the aims of Washington and his associates and the aims of the United States in the present.

Page 66. The Issues of the War

The particular point of interest in this address is its insistence that the war had become a peoples' war and as such must be fought to an issue that will be in the interest of the peoples of the earth. Ambitious statesmen must yield up all thought of a conclusion that will mean either personal or national aggrandizement at the expense of others. As a means to a peace in the interest of peoples, the general principles of a scheme for a League of Nations are outlined.

Page 74. Democracy

James Russell Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819, and died there on August 12, 1891. He was educated at Harvard. He studied law but never practiced it, early devoting himself to a literary career. He succeeded Longfellow as a professor at Harvard in 1855. His fame as a poet was securely established in 1848, in which year he published "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and the first series of "The Biglow Papers." Lowell was the first editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and later for several years one of the editors of *The North American Review*. He served as United States minister to Spain (1877–1880) and to Great Britain (1880–1885). His essays and public addresses are distinguished by wide and accurate learning, and the capacity for appropriate and interesting illustration. "Democracy" may

be found entire in *Literary and Political Addresses*, published as Volume VI of the Riverside edition of Lowell's prose works.

14. **Theodore Parker** (1810–1860) was a prominent New England clergyman of pronounced and radical views on political and social problems.

24. **Thomas Dekker** (*c.* 1570–*c.* 1637) was one of the old English dramatists included in Lowell's lectures on that subject. The expression referred to is found in the passage:

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

27. **Jellaladeen** lived in the thirteenth century. His book, called the *Mesnevi*, is largely made up of stories illustrating moral maxims.

45. **Appenzell** has an area of 162 square miles and a population of about 70,000.

55 ff. The progress of the world in removing the **various limitations** restricting suffrage has been very marked since Lowell uttered this sentence. In many countries women now have the right to vote, and other limitations than those of sex have been modified, always in the direction of greater liberality.

69. The French undertook to make a clean sweep and to start in new with everything based on what they called the rule of reason. Not only a new system of government, but a new religion and a new calendar were adopted. To reinforce what Lowell says about the value of tradition, recall some of the points made in Lane's "American Tradition."

89. The stages of the French Revolution seemed to illustrate this commonly accepted view. Democracy developed into the excesses of the Reign of Terror, and the reaction from that enabled Napoleon to make his power supreme. This **accepted syllogism** has come to the front recently as a means of explaining some of the happenings reported as taking place in Russia. Such explanations should always be accepted with caution.

127. Robert Lowe, **Viscount Sherbrooke** (1811–1892), a prominent English politician, noted for his power of argument and use of striking phrases. As Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1868 to 1873 in the Gladstone ministry, he was responsible for a number of important financial reforms.

Page 79. The Problem of Democracy

Frederic Cook Morehouse was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1868. He is a prominent religious journalist and author, and since 1899 has been the editor of *The Living Church*, published at Milwaukee.

64. Frederick II (1712–1786), surnamed "The Great," became king of Prussia in 1740. In the first half of his reign the nation was engaged in almost constant warfare. In 1772 he took part with Russia and Austria in the partition of Poland, by which Prussia secured a large part of that unhappy country (see map VIII). Frederick had great military genius, and his skill as an administrator placed Prussia among the powerful states of Europe.

67. Their descendant of Potsdam is, of course, the ex-Kaiser, William II. At Potsdam, sixteen miles southwest of Berlin, is the royal palace which was used as a summer residence by William. Here on July 5, 1914, it is asserted, a conference of German and Austrian dignitaries determined to use the recent assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian throne, as a pretext to crush Serbia.

70. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig (1861–) became commander-in-chief of the British forces in France and Flanders in 1915. He was with Kitchener at Khartum in 1898, took part in the South African War, and served for some years in India. He reached the rank of major-general in 1904, lieutenant-general in 1910, general in 1914, and was created field marshal after the Battle of the Somme in 1916. His strategic skill in the face of the terrific German attacks in the spring of 1918 and his conduct of the great counter-offensive which brought the war to a triumphant conclusion in November, 1918, place his name high in the list of the great commanders of the war.

78. John Joseph Pershing was born in Linn County, Missouri, in 1860. He graduated from West Point in 1886 and has since been in constant military service. In 1916 General Pershing was placed in command of the force that pursued the bandit Villa into Mexican territory. After the United States had declared war against Germany in 1917, he was selected to command the American Expeditionary Force in France. The tremendous problems connected with this task called for executive power of the highest kind, and General Pershing has met his responsibilities with great tact and technical skill.

Page 82. Autocracy against Democracy

Frederick Dennison Bramhall graduated from the University of Chicago in 1902. After three years there as a graduate student, he spent one year in the New York State Library as a legislative reference librarian. Since 1908 he has been an instructor in political science in the University of Chicago.

Page 84. The Moral Value of Patriotism

Shailer Mathews was born at Portland, Maine, in 1863. He graduated from Colby College in 1884, attended Newton Theological Seminary, studied abroad, and became dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School in 1908. Doctor Mathews is a man of wide intellectual interests, and a writer of unusual clearness and force. Our selection is taken from a chapter in his very suggestive and stimulating book called *Patriotism and Religion* (New York: Macmillan and Co.).

18. **William H. P. Faunce** (1859–), an American clergyman and educator, has been president of Brown University since 1899.

34. **Das Deutschtum** means the combination of qualities that make up Germanism, what we refer to when we speak of the German spirit, or the German consciousness.

77. **Napoleon** (1769–1821) controlled Europe most completely about the year 1807. He was the head of a great confederacy of states. He had placed a number of his relatives on subordinate thrones. The policy of Europe was under his direction. England alone stood between him and complete domination.

104. **A social anachronism** is a scheme or plan for the organization of society that is entirely out of date.

137. Few words have been more prominently before the public eye in recent years than the word **Kultur.** For that reason the following passages are quoted as helps toward determining its significance:

"*Kultur* is a difficult word to interpret. It means 'culture' and a great deal more besides. Its primary meaning, like that of 'culture,' is intellectual and aesthetic: when a German speaks of *kultur* he is thinking of such things as language, literature, philosophy, education, art, science, and the like. . . . . Culture to a German is not only a national possession; it is also, to a degree difficult for us to appreciate, a State product. It is a national possession deliberately handed on by the State from generation to generation, hall-marked and guaranteed, as it were, for the use of

its citizens. When we use the word 'culture' we speak of it as an attribute of individual men and women. Germans, on the other hand, think of it as belonging to nations as a whole, in virtue of their system of national education. That is why they are so sure that all Germans possess culture. They have all had it at school. And it is all the same brand of culture, because no other is taught. It is the culture with which the Government wishes its citizens to be equipped. That is why all Germans tend, not only to know the same facts (and a great many facts too), but to have a similar outlook on life and similar opinions about Goethe, Shakespeare, and the German navy. Culture, like military service, is a part of the State machinery. . . . . The Prussian system is unsatisfactory, firstly, because it confuses external discipline with self-control; secondly, because it confuses regimentation with corporate spirit; thirdly, because it conceives the nation's duty in terms of 'culture' rather than of character." (A. E. ZIMMERN in *The War and Democracy.*)

"*Kultur* has come to indicate (since about 1880) the type of civilization for which Germany now stands sponsor, thanks mainly to the leadership of Prussia. And we have abundant German authority for its precise implications. The Kaiser has himself struck the keynote of *Kultur*. 'Great ideals have become for us Germans a permanent possession, while other nations have lost them. The German nation is now the only people left which is called upon to protect, cultivate, and promote these grand ideals.' These grand ideals peculiar to Germany are, as stated by one scholar, (1) national egotism, founded upon (2) obedience, induced by (*a*) a disciplined bureaucratic autocracy, (*b*) a disciplinary division into social classes wherein every man finds his place, and (*c*) a disciplinary system of professionalized instruction which produces multitudes of 'efficients' who labor in every conceivable line of activity; the whole scheme is completely justified by (3) material success and (4) military power; (5) on account of these successes, Germany has the right to force this system upon other peoples, who are either to be Germanized by 'penetration' or compelled to become economic vassals of Germany; that is, tools to be used for her 'world supremacy.' " (*War Cyclopedia.*)

158. Dr. Karl Peters, a well-known German geographer, explorer, and authority on colonial matters. He founded German East Africa in 1885. He is the author of many books on German colonial affairs and on his own discoveries and explorations.

207. The Spanish-American War (1898) was precipitated by the destruction of the American battleship "Maine," in Havana harbor on February 8, with a loss of 260 lives. The leading events of the war were the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila by American warships under command of Admiral George Dewey (May 1); the destruction of a Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera while it was attempting to escape from Santiago, by American vessels under command of Admirals Sampson and Schley (July 3); and the surrender of the Spanish forces at Santiago to the American army under command of General Shafter. By the treaty of peace signed December 10, at Paris, the United States secured the Philippines, for which a payment of $10,000,000 was made to Spain.

212 f. In 1863 a Japanese clan undertook to close the strait at Shimoneseki connecting the Inland Sea with the outer waters and fired upon an American vessel. A combined naval force of American, British, Dutch, and French vessels proceeded to bombard the town in 1864, and an **indemnity** of $3,000,000 was levied upon Japan. The United States held its share of this indemnity ($750,000) unappropriated in the treasury until 1883, when by action of Congress it was returned to Japan and used for educational purposes. The **punitive indemnity** from China has reference to the heavy indemnity levied as a result of the international expedition made necessary in 1900 by the Boxer rebellion. The Boxers were members of an organization which had as its object the destruction or expulsion of all foreigners. The United States returned its portion of the indemnity to be used for educational purposes.

Page 91. The Law of High, Resolute Endeavor

Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born October 27, 1858, in New York City. He was educated at Harvard and entered politics as a member of the New York legislature in 1882. He spent some time as a rancher in North Dakota on account of his health. He was one of the Civil Service Commissioners under President Cleveland. He organized the Rough Riders at the beginning of the Spanish-American War, was elected governor of New York in 1899, and vice-president of the United States in 1901. Upon the death of President McKinley in 1901 he succeeded to the presidency, and he was elected for the term beginning in 1905. He was awarded the Nobel peace prize for his services in connection with the close of the war between Russia and Japan. In the campaign of 1912 he led the Progressive

party. Colonel Roosevelt was a voluminous author of books on history and politics, on his hunting and exploring trips, and on miscellaneous subjects of general interest. He was a man of tremendous energy and multifarious interests, and it is practically impossible in any brief account to give an adequate impression of his activities. Colonel Roosevelt died suddenly, January 6, 1919, at his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

The speech given to represent Colonel Roosevelt's views is probably a little too conservative to make clear the later stages of his thinking. He came to advocate stronger legislation in behalf of the workers and those without vested interests.

2. Dr. Lyman Abbott (1835–), American preacher and editor, has been for many years the editor-in-chief of the New York *Outlook*. Among his more important books are *Christianity and Social Problems* and *The Rights of Man*.

25. One of the best of Colonel Roosevelt's books, *The Winning of the West*, deals with the great movement and type of men analyzed in these opening paragraphs.

155. Americans had not awakened in any complete sense to a conception of world duties at the date of this speech. That came first with the Spanish-American War, and, later, with the Panama Canal and the World War. The doctrine of "splendid isolation," so long the theme of patriotic oratory, has given way completely to another strain—a strain reflected in the selections composing this book.

224. The use of this old proverb is the basis of the well-known association with Colonel Roosevelt's name of the idea of "the big stick." Most persons forget the first two words of the proverb — which make all the difference in the world. "The big stick," "the square deal," and "the strenuous life" are three ideals commonly connected as constituting the Roosevelt doctrine. All three of them find expression in this speech.

382. William Howard Taft (1857–) was the first civil governor of the Philippines, serving from 1901 to 1904. After important public services during the Roosevelt administration, Mr. Taft became the twenty-seventh President of the United States (1909–1913). He has since been professor of law at Yale, and has been actively engaged in the work of the League to Enforce Peace.

405. The **Tagalogs** are a Malay people of the Philippines occupying mainly the middle provinces of the island of Luzon.

433. Greatheart was the valiant guardian who successfully

conducted Christiana and her children through the many difficulties of their journey, in the second part of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Many of the recent eulogists of Colonel Roosevelt have used Great-heart as a fitting type of his activity in behalf of the causes he had at heart.

Page 111. The Spirit of America

4. **Theodore Judah** was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1826. He was educated at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, New York. At the age of twenty-nine, he was selected to survey the route for the Sacramento Valley Railroad. The needs and possibilities of railroads in the West took hold of his mind, and he was the active spirit in the meetings that led to the organization, in 1861, of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. His death occurred in October, 1863.

5. **Herbert Clarke Hoover** was born at West Branch, Iowa, in 1874. He was educated at Leland Stanford, Jr., University, and entered upon a most successful career as a mining engineer and conductor of great mining enterprises. It is impossible to exaggerate the wonderful work done by his organizing genius as chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium and, after our own country entered the war, as Food Administrator for the United States. Great campaigns for the production, conservation, and distribution of food were conducted. Our Allies and the neutral nations were provisioned. Mr. Hoover's belief in voluntary action rather than in drastic regulation, except in cases of absolute necessity, was justified by the almost universal support given his efforts by the people. After the signing of the armistice in November, 1918, Mr. Hoover proceeded to Europe to continue his work as the head of an international commission for the feeding of that continent.

6. **Collis Potter Huntington** (1821–1900) was, at the time of his death, "president of twenty-six corporations, with over 9,000 miles of railroad track and 5,000 miles of steamboat line." **Leland Stanford** (1824–1893) was governor of California, United States Senator, and founder of Leland Stanford, Jr., University as a memorial to his only son. **Charles Crocker** (1822–1888) was born at Troy, New York, spent some years on a farm in Indiana, and achieved great business success in California following the discovery of gold. **Mark Hopkins** (1813–1878) was Huntington's partner in the hardware business, and seems to have been regarded as a man of unusually sound commercial judgment.

Page 113. My Debt to My Country

Frederick Gilbert Mutterer (1868–), born in Württemberg, Germany, has been for many years a member of the faculty of the Indiana State Normal School.

1. This address was given as a chapel talk.

10, 11. **Lessing** (1729–1781), **Goethe** (1749–1832), and **Schiller** (1759–1805), dramatists, poets, and critics, are the three great names in "the spiritual contributions of old Germany."

61. The **Black Forest** is a mountainous region, celebrated in romance and history, in western Württemberg, and eastern Baden.

103. **Otto H. Kahn** (1867–), prominent New York banker, was born in Germany. His speeches have been widely quoted as powerful expressions of the loyalty of a large class of German-born citizens.

Page 118. A Message from France

John Huston Finley (1863–), American scholar and educator, was born at Grand Ridge, Illinois, and graduated at Knox College. From 1892 to 1913 he was successively president of Knox College, professor of politics at Princeton, and president of the College of the City of New York. Since 1913 he has been commissioner of education of the State of New York. During the war he was active as an executive of the Red Cross, mainly in Palestine. Several impressive poems and addresses inspired by the war have come from Doctor Finley during this period.

43. **Camouflage.** "A blind or cover screening military movements and operations from the enemy air scouts, and other reconnoitering parties. The most practicable and convenient cover is made of small foliage-bearing trees and brush. Camouflage, in its fullest sense, is the art of reducing the visibility of objects, and of deceiving as to their nature." (FARROW'S *Dictionary of Military Terms.*)

55. The **lycées** are the French secondary schools to prepare for the university.

56. General **Joseph Gallieni** (1849–1916) began his military career in the Franco-Prussian War, serving later in the various French possessions in Africa and as governor of Madagascar. In 1914 he was made the military governor of Paris, and his skill in organizing and handling a new army had much to do with the failure of the Germans in the first Battle of the Marne. Later he served for fourteen months as Minister of War, increasing his

reputation for common-sense by cutting some of the red tape which seems inseparable from military matters.

103. The **croix de guerre** is a French military decoration awarded for special meritorious services. Further honors are indicated by a branch of a palm placed on the ribbon for each additional award.

125. Voltaire (1694–1778), famous French philosopher and writer.

Page 138 What England Stands For

James Bryce (Viscount Bryce) was born in Glasgow in 1838, and educated at the University of Glasgow and Trinity College, Oxford. He studied law and practiced as a barrister until 1882. From 1870 to 1893 he was regius professor of civil law at Oxford. He entered Parliament, was a member of the cabinet and chief secretary for Ireland. From 1907 to 1913 he was the British ambassador at Washington. As an author, he first achieved success with *The Holy Roman Empire* in 1862. His book on *The American Commonwealth* is a standard authority on the workings of our government. His liberal views, incisive style, and sound scholarship have given authority to his work and his writings.

Page 147. The Spirit of France

René Raphael Viviani, one of the most brilliant orators and radical leaders of France, was born in French North Africa, November 8, 1863. He was educated in Paris, studied law, and began a parliamentary career in 1893. In various cabinets he has been at the head of the departments of Foreign Affairs, of Labor, and of Justice. He became Premier of France a short time before the outbreak of the war in 1914, and remained in power until October, 1915. He was at the head of the French commission sent to this country shortly after our entrance into the war in 1917 to plan for closer coöperation. The address delivered at the Auditorium, in Chicago, May 4, 1917, has been chosen as fairly representative of his method in presenting the case of France to American audiences.

16. Alsace-Lorraine was taken from France by Germany at the close of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 as a part of the heavy price of peace. The province has been governed as an imperial territory. While given a constitution in 1911, Alsace-Lorraine has had "nothing even remotely resembling self-government" under German domination. The inhabitants constantly smarted under restrictive measures, and the recovery of the provinces has always been a prominent idea with France. The population in 1910 was 1,874,014.

The total area is 5,604 square miles. Lorraine is especially rich in iron ore. One of the first requirements of the armistice of November, 1918, was that Germany should immediately evacuate Alsace-Lorraine. (See Map II.)

24. The Morocco question has been a source of constant friction in recent years. As the result of establishing a sort of protectorate, France has been developing the resources of that country. **Tangier, Casablanca,** and **Agadir** are ports on the Atlantic coast of Morocco. The Kaiser landed unexpectedly at Tangier in 1905 and through his representatives recognized the sultan of Morocco as the source of power. In 1911, the German gunboat "Panther" put in at Agadir and entered into relations with the nominal rulers on the pretense of protecting German commercial relations. Germany's whole course in respect to Moroccan affairs was that of a threatening bully toward France, and on more than one occasion war seemed inevitable. In fact, France had to cede a great section of the Congo region to Germany to avoid war.

114. **Valmy,** a little village thirty-six miles southeast of Rheims, was the scene of the defeat of the Prussians by a French revolutionary army under Kellerman in 1792. The importance of the battle was out of all proportion to the numbers engaged, as it established the military morale of the new French armies. Creasy includes Valmy in his famous *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

117. In 732, the Saracen invaders of France were defeated by the French under **Charles Martel.**

Page 155. Pro Patria

Maurice Maeterlinck, Belgian mystic poet and essayist, was born in Ghent, August 29, 1862. He studied philosophy and law, but has followed the calling of a man of letters. Among his dramas are *The Blind, The Seven Princesses,* and *Monna Vanna.* The general unreality and weirdness of his characters and situations make his work in this field appeal to a special class of admirers. However, his charming fairy play, *The Blue Bird,* has been universally popular. In prose, Maeterlinck has written a number of volumes of essays which make a wide appeal on account of his fresh and poetic views of life and his marvelous style. *The Life of the Bee* is very generally regarded as the greatest of these volumes. Maeterlinck's addresses and writings growing out of the war are included in a volume called *The Wrack of the Storm* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co.).

16. The **great Asiatic invasions** took place under Darius and Xerxes, kings of Persia in the latter part of the fifth century B.C. The Persians were disastrously defeated at Marathon in 490 B.C., and on sea two years later at Salamis.

20. The famous incident at **Thermopylæ** belongs to 480 B.C. Thermopylæ was a very narrow pass next the sea on the eastern shore of Greece. It was the only gate through which an army could move from northern into southern Greece. For two days this pass was held by a small force under Leonidas, king of Sparta. When through treachery the Persians had found a path to the rear of the defenders, Leonidas sent all his supporters away with the exception of his three hundred Spartans, with whom he died fighting. The parallel between this exploit of ancient history and the heroic defense of the Belgians against the invading Germans in August, 1914, seems to have suggested itself to nearly all who have written of Belgium's part in the war.

26. **Albert I,** king of the Belgians, was born in 1875, and succeeded to the throne in 1909. He has always been an earnest student of all questions relating to the welfare of his country. The Kaiser seems to have brought enormous pressure to bear upon him before hostilities began in the effort to secure unmolested passage for the Germans. Albert is given the main credit for Belgium's determination to stand for her rights. The courage and unwavering mind with which he has led his small army in the years since the war started make him stand out as one of the great heroic figures of the conflict.

109. The inhabitants of northern and northwestern Belgium are mainly Flemings of Teutonic origin, while those of southern and southeastern Belgium are Walloons of French descent. During the years of German occupation special efforts were made to divide the allegiance of the people on racial lines.

159. Belgian Pride

Emile Verhaeren was born May 21, 1855. His native village of Saint-Amand, near Antwerp, was bombarded by German guns in the early days of the war. He was educated at the ancient University of Louvain, given over with its priceless manuscripts to destruction by the Germans. For years he was accustomed to spend the spring and autumn at a little farm near Mons, which lay in the track of the retreating British and the pursuing German armies. Verhaeren was one of the most national of poets. The spiritual

significance of Belgium received such expression in his verse as few poets have ever been able to give the land they love. It seems quite appropriate that he should be one to give immediate expression to Belgium's position as the "symbol of the German fury." This he did in a book of mingled poetry and prose called *Belgium's Agony* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Translated by M. T. H. Sadler).

41. Liège is a fortified city near the eastern frontier of Belgium, which commanded the gateway through which the German army had to pass to reach the plains of Belgium and northern France. The first attack was made on August 4, 1914, and the westernmost fort, with the heroic commander of Liège, General Leman, fell into German hands eleven days later. This delay, giving the French and British time to arrange their defense, is generally held to have been a very important contributing cause of Germany's failure to win quickly, and of her subsequent defeat at the first Battle of the Marne in September, 1914.

Page 163. Britain's War Aims

In studying this address make some such analysis of it as that of President Wilson's "Flag Day Address" on pages 503-504. Notice in particular whether Mr. Lloyd George differs in any important particular from the conditions laid down in President Wilson's "fourteen points." Is it clear just how Mr. Lloyd George proposes to settle the matter of the colonies captured from Germany? Does he agree with President Wilson in regard to the necessity of a League of Nations?

Page 179. Ennobling Tragedy

Gilbert Murray was born at Sydney, New South Wales, in 1866. At the age of eleven he came to England and received his education at Merchant Taylors' School, London, and at St. John's College, Oxford. Since 1908 he has been professor of Greek at Oxford. He is especially noted for his fine translations of the dramas of Euripides. His broad views and humanitarian interests, coupled with a literary style of first quality, have made him a most inspiring publicist. His various addresses and discussions on the war, including the one from which "Ennobling Tragedy" is taken, have been brought together in a volume called *Faith, War, and Policy* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.).

39. The Victoria Cross, one of the most coveted of all military

decorations, is given by the British for unusual instances of courage "in the presence of the enemy." It is a bronze Maltese cross, with the words "For valor," suspended from a bar. An additional bar is added for each additional citation. The decoration originated with the Crimean War. The Legion of Honor is a famous order instituted by the French government in 1802 under Napoleon. Membership is bestowed for meritorious services, both military and civil.

69. The Uhlans were the German cavalrymen who formed the screen thrown forward in the advance through Belgium and northern France in 1914.

98. The identification disk is a metal disk worn by soldiers, usually suspended around the neck. On it is the number by which the wearer can be identified in case he becomes a casualty.

118. For a splendid poetic expression of this idea, see Lieutenant A. E. Mackintosh's poem "From Home," in Part IV.

Page 183. The American Invasion of England

Rudyard Kipling, English story-teller and poet, was born at Bombay, India, in 1865. Educated in England, he returned to India to engage in journalistic work at Lahore. He achieved a great reputation by his stories and poems dealing with civil and military life in India. The vigor and audacity, so attractive in his early books, has softened into a no less attractive mellowness with the passing of the years. Kipling lived in the United States for a few years prior to 1896, since which time he has resided in England. By word and pen he rendered good service to the cause of England and her allies throughout the war.

5. The **Battle of Hastings** (1066) marked the complete victory of the Norman-French under William the Conqueror over the decaying Anglo-Saxon kingdom under Harold, "the Last of the Saxons."

77. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (1746–1825), of South Carolina, was sent to France by the United States Government as one of a mission to conduct negotiations with the Directory in 1796 at a time when a rupture between the two nations seemed inevitable. He was received with studied coolness, but it was finally suggested to him that a gift of money might lead to a chance for an understanding. It was in reply to that suggestion that he is said to have uttered the famous retort that the United States had "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Page 273. The New Crusade

Katharine Lee Bates (1859–) was born at Falmouth, Massachusetts, educated at Wellesley College, and since 1891 has been professor of English literature at Wellesley. Her scholarly work has appeared in editing many classics for use in schools, and in an excellent text on *American Literature.* She has written much poetry of more than average interest, her latest volume (*The Retinue, and Other Poems*) containing many poems called forth by the war.

"The New Crusade" is a splendid protest against the charge that America is merely a nation of traders.

Page 274. The Old Kings

Margaret Widdemer, who writes much for the magazines, was born at Doyleston, Pennsylvania. She has been much interested in the child-labor problem, and her poem "The Factories" has been widely quoted. All forms of injustice stir her spirit and give her poetry a vigorous, crusading force.

39. "The Old Kings" is based upon the conception of **Ragnarōk,** "the twilight of the gods," in Northern mythology. The forces of good and the forces of evil were to battle for the supremacy until the latter overcame and plunged the world into chaos once more. The closing stanza makes the poem a prayer that such a conclusion may not happen.

3. King Arthur of the famous Round Table of English legend was carried to Avalon, where he sleeps until the world is ready for him to come again.

4. Ogier, the Dane, one of the paladins of Charlemagne, is also fabled as sleeping in Avalon, whence he may again come when needed to defend the right.

5. Frederick I (1123?–1190) of Germany, Holy Roman emperor, was called Barbarossa (which means **Redbeard**) by the Italians.

6. Sigurd, the hero of Scandinavian story, was the greatest of the Volsungs, or kings of the Huns.

11. Sebastian, king of Portugal, slain in battle against the Moors at the age of twenty-four, was to come again, according to legend, and make his country one of the greatest on earth.

12. Charlemagne (742–814), say the romances, waits crowned and armed until the proper time, when he will wake up and deliver Christendom.

13. Harold, last of the Saxon kings of England, was killed at the Battle of Hastings in 1066.

14. **Roland,** nephew of Charlemagne, had a horn so mighty that it could be heard at a distance of thirty miles.

24. **Olaf** was a famous viking of the tenth century, who ravaged the coasts of France, Britain, and Ireland.

29. King Henry V won the battle of Agincourt with his English bowmen in 1415. (See Arthur Machen's "The Bowmen," p. 416.)

31. **Joan of Arc** has been constantly invoked as the inspirer of the French. As the English were responsible for her death, she must have now forgiven them, since French and English are allies.

Page 275. The Knights

Abbie Farwell Brown was born at Boston and educated at Radcliffe College. She was one of the editors of *The Young Folks' Library*, an extended and most valuable collection of material for children's reading. She has written several books particularly for children, and, as this poem shows, is able to write most stirring verse.

In spite of all the differences between the picturesque warfare of earlier days and the grim business of the modern, it still remains true that the knightly spirit has not passed away.

9. **Launcelot** was the greatest of all the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. Richard of the **Lion Heart** was a king of England in the twelfth century, a famous warrior and crusader.

10. For **Roland**, see preceding poem. **Godfrey** of Bouillon lived in the latter part of the eleventh century and was a leader in the first Crusade.

17. **Sir Philip Sidney** was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen (1586). "Then it was that, overcome with thirst, he called for something to drink. Presently a bottle of water was brought, and he hastily put it to his lips. But at that moment he saw a poor soldier who was being carried past, and the dying man set greedy, ghastly eyes upon the precious draught. Sir Philip drank nothing. He handed the flask to the soldier, saying as he did so, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' "

19. **Bayard,** "the knight without fear and without reproach," the most knightly of all the medieval knights. He was mortally wounded in the battle of Sesia (1524) while covering the retreat of the French army. He ordered his companions to place him with his face to the enemy, and then urged them to ride on and save themselves. The Spaniards, against whom he was fighting, tried to outdo the French in the honors paid to Bayard's remains and his memory.

Page 277. "Men Who March Away"

Thomas Hardy was born in Dorsetshire, England, June 2, 1840. He was educated as an architect, but after reaching the age of thirty devoted himself to literature. He is the author of a long list of powerful novels. Among the best-known are, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *The Trumpet Major*, *The Return of the Native*, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. About 1895, Hardy quit writing fiction and confined himself to writing verse. His poetry, like his fiction, presents, as a rule, the more serious and gloomy side of life. Hardy's home is near Dorchester, a few miles from the English Channel.

"Men Who March Away" was written in the early days of the war—it was dated September 5, 1914—and was very effective in the campaign then carried on to secure volunteers for the new English armies.

Page 278. Song of Liberty

Mrs. Louise Ayres Garnett, author and composer, was born at Plymouth, Indiana. Her present home is at Evanston, Illinois. Mrs. Garnett is also the author of the blank-verse play *The Fiery Pillar* and of the connecting narrative of *Peace with a Sword*, both of which are in Part VI of this volume. Most of her briefer poems have the lyrical quality so necessary for singing.

9. Read Lincoln's *Second Inaugural Address* (1865) with its well-known closing sentence: "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Page 279. Tecumseh and the Eagles

Bliss Carman, poet and essayist, was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, and continued his studies at Edinburgh, Scotland, and at Harvard University. In connection with the lamented Richard Hovey, he published early in his career three little volumes of *Songs from Vagabondia*, containing some of his most attractive work. His many small volumes of verse finally reached the dignity of *Collected Poems* (1905). The fresh breezes seem to blow through all of Carman's verse.

1. **Tecumseh,** chief of the Shawnee Indians (1768–1813), made a great effort to unite all the western Indians against the whites. The second section of the poem tells what the eagles taught him was necessary for the success of his dream; the third section tells why his dream of a great league failed; the fourth section applies the story to the present and indicates something of the spirit necessary if the nation which is fighting for freedom is not to fail even as Tecumseh did.

Page 282. Memorial Day

Theodosia Garrison was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1874. Her verse and stories are constantly met in the magazines. One of her three published volumes of poetry is called *The Joy of Life*, a title which suggests the abounding and dramatic life found in all her writing.

In "Memorial Day" we are led to see more than the vivid picture of the old veterans. The years roll back and they are as "alive and young and straight again" as the marching columns of the new citizen army that so recently filled our streets, the embodiment of "the spirit of America."

Page 283. The White Ships and the Red

Joyce Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886. He was educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. After a brief experience as a high-school teacher of Latin, he took up editorial and journalistic work in New York City. As a popular lecturer on literary topics he was in much demand. Two small volumes of poetry, *Trees and Other Poems*, and *Main Street and Other Poems*, were widely read and favorably received by the critics.

Following the torpedoing of the liner "Lusitania" in May, 1915, with the loss of 1,154 lives, Kilmer wrote "The White Ships and the Red," and it is said that the sinking of the "Lusitania" was the impetus that caused him to enter the army. He went to France with the Rainbow Division as a sergeant in the 165th Infantry. He put into his work as a soldier the same "relentless energy and enthusiasm" as had characterized his work as a journalist. He was killed in action on July 30, 1918, during the great Marne advance. Sergeant Esler, who served side by side with Kilmer in this advance, related the incidents of his death in the New York *Times:*

"Joyce Kilmer met his end in the heroic performance of his duty. . . . . Being attached to the Intelligence Department, it was the duty of Kilmer to precede the battalion and discover the possible location of enemy guns and enemy units. The last time I saw him alive was on the morning after he had crept forth alone into No Man's Land and had come back on a brief errand into the village. He was full of enthusiasm and eager to rush back into the woods where he and others had suddenly discovered enemy machine guns. A party of us moved out with him, the battalion slowly following. Then the commander sent forth a patrol with Kilmer in the lead to establish the location of the machine guns. I lost sight of Kilmer, and a couple of hours later, when the battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy, I suddenly caught sight of Kilmer lying on his stomach on a bit of sloping ground, his eyes just peering over the top of what appeared to be a natural trench. . . . . We called to him but received no answer. Then I ran up and turned him on his back only to find that he was dead."

A memorial edition of Joyce Kilmer's works has recently been published, with a memoir by his friend, Robert Cortes Holliday. Kilmer's death, said Edwin Markham, "is a great loss to the forces of idealism in the nation. . . . . Every line from his pen is an honor to his mind and to his manhood."

In "The White Ships and the Red" the ghosts of all the ships lost at sea are gathered in "sunless waters" waiting the Judgment Day. They wear robes of white because they met their destiny "by storm or rock or fight." In their midst is the "grim 'Titanic,'" the great White Star liner lost (1912) on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic through collision with an iceberg, with a toll of 1,513 lives. The ghost ships are startled by a mighty vessel coming to join them, "not white, as all dead ships must be, but red, like living flame." Questioned by the "Titanic," the blood-red ship (the "Lusitania") tells of the "loathly deed . . . . without a name" which turned the world into "a shameful place," and cries out for vengeance.

Page 286. The Declaration of Independence

In this poem we are taking the pledge to answer a tyrant even as the gentlemen who signed the famous declaration. It will help in understanding it to recall some of the points made by President Wilson in his address on the "Meaning of the Declaration of Independence" (p. 24).

Page 286. America, To Arms

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, writer of essays, plays, and poems, was born in New York City in 1888. As a member of the Vigilantes she had a part (as this poem exemplifies) in stirring up the patriotic spirit of the nation.

Page 287. The Great Blue Tent

Edith Wharton, born in New York in 1862, has many volumes of high-class fiction to her credit. Her books are marked by clean-cut analytic powers in the presentation of character and by distinction of style. *The Greater Inclination* and *The House of Mirth* may be mentioned as characteristic. Mrs. Wharton is in close sympathy with the French spirit and has done most valuable service for that gallant nation during the recent years. Three books growing out of that experience are *Fighting France; Summer, 1917;* and *The Marne.* The French Government has recognized her service by making her a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"The Great Blue Tent" was written in the days when the United States seemed intent upon remaining neutral in its attitude toward the warring nations, and is given here as one of the best and most powerful of the many poems written to bring about a change.

The following analysis, quoted from *The Outlook*, will make clear the poem's meaning:

"In the first four stanzas the American Flag tells how it has always stood for Freedom, and how it has sheltered beneath its peaceful folds all those who have fled from the tyranny and crushing militarism of Europe.

"But while our Flag is thus boastfully reviewing the fifty years of peace and plenty in the United States suddenly it hears a cry from across the seas.

"This cry of the flags comes afar from the Union Jack of the great Motherland, which shares with us the political and moral ideals that are the common heritage of the English-speaking races; it comes from the Tricolor of France, the chivalrous people that gave us such timely assistance during our own War of Independence; and it comes from the Flags of martyred Belgium and the Italy of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour.

"The Flags of those nations in Europe that had learned the lessons of our own Lexington and Concord, and that are to-day desperately struggling to ordain that freedom shall not perish from the earth, are now calling to the Stars and Stripes. Their rousing and

reproachful appeal, it will be seen, begins with the third line of the fifth stanza.

"The ninth stanza opens with Old Glory's reply. Its mood has changed. At last it has caught that ardor for liberty which once shook it out to 'the winds of war.' And the concluding five stanzas voice the American Flag's noble and indignant appeal to the American people to awake from the sordid and shameful slumber into which they have fallen and to align themselves openly and effectively with the European democracies in the tremendous fight which they are making against the militaristic autocracies of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey for the freedom of the world."

Page 289. Shoulder to Shoulder

Clinton Scollard was born at Clinton, New York, in 1860. He was educated at Hamilton College, where for many years he has held the chair of English literature. He is the author of several volumes of simple and delicate verse, strong in its popular appeal. *The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War* and *Italy in Arms and Other Verses* contain his poems of the war.

Page 289. The Avenue of the Allies

Alfred Noyes was born in Staffordshire, England, September 16, 1880. He was educated at Oxford University, and though still a young man has many volumes of poetry to his credit. His wife is an American, and for several years Mr. Noyes has been a most popular lecturer on literature at Princeton University. He is a delightful oral interpreter of his own poems and has interested audiences all over the United States. He does not depend upon startling innovations to attract attention to his work and is not afraid to write in the manner of the great popular poets of the past. "The Barrel-Organ" is very generally regarded as his masterpiece. "This poem," says Professor Phelps, "affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lilacs, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet. Nor has any one ever read this poem without going immediately back to the first line, and reading it all over again, so susceptible are we to the romantic pleasure of melancholy." Another of his more popular poems is "The Highwayman." Throughout his work courses a delightfully fresh and optimistic spirit, radiating the old-time Elizabethan joy of life. Mr. Noyes has written some of the finest poetry called forth by the war.

The inspiration for this poem came from the decoration of Fifth Avenue, New York City, for the Fourth Liberty Loan drive in October, 1918. Instead of the hodge-podge decoration so commonly seen, the matter was placed in the hands of the artists of the city. The window displays were worked out by individual artists. The blaze of color for the outer decoration "was obtained entirely by an arrangement of flags — the flags of the Allies in successive groups with everywhere the 'Buy a Bond' banner to strike a rich recurrent note of red. No one who looked up or down the splendid street during the weeks of the loan can forget this blaze of color between the rows of palaces, under the October sky — not a crude blaze, but a rich flaming, like the fires of gold and scarlet, of dahlia and chrysanthemum, in an autumnal garden." This street, thus decorated, was called "The Avenue of the Allies," and Mr. Noyes uses the name as the title of his poem.

Page 292. Pro Patria

Sir Owen Seaman, English poet, humorist, and editor, was born in 1861. After completing his education at Cambridge, he was for several years professor of literature at Durham College, Newcastle. Later he joined the staff of the famous humorous and satirical journal, *Punch*, and in 1906 became its editor-in-chief. He has published several volumes of verse.

"Pro Patria" appeared in the early days of the war. It is a very dignified expression of the Englishman's faith in the justice of his country's cause, and particularly impressive in its enumeration of what those who cannot fight may do to serve that cause most effectively.

Page 294. America

It is worth noticing that just as the very serious poem preceding appeared in the great English humorous weekly, so this equally serious poem by Eleanor Duncan Wood appeared in the American humorous weekly, *Life*. Many people need to revise their impression that the business of a "humorous" journal is merely to be "funny." Such periodicals very largely use humor as a means of attacking and putting to flight all sorts of real or likely abuses, shams, and follies. Thus we find in this poem an appeal to those who have been welcomed from other nations to realize that the obligation of loyalty to America rests upon them no less than upon America's "own children."

Page 294. The Union

This splendid apotheosis of the United States as the realization, already accomplished, of what the war is to do for all men, comes with special force and graciousness from a poet who is the citizen of another nation.

Page 295. To the American People

Lawrence Binyon, English author and poet, was born at Lancaster, England, in 1869. While at Oxford University he won the Newdigate prize for poetry. He already has some dozen volumes of verse to his credit. Since 1893 he has been connected with the British Museum. His war verse has been published in this country under the title *The Cause.*

"To the American People" was inspired by the sight of the first columns of American soldiers marching through the London streets. As in the preceding poem, we have here the meaning that such an event carries to the mind of an Englishman who knows something of America through direct contact.

Page 297. Here: and There

Francis William Bourdillon, English poet, was born in 1852. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford.

These contrasted pictures of English scenes of beauty and joy and of the dreadful horror across the channel in those terrible days of 1914 are an illustration of Mr. Bourdillon's power to achieve a great effect within a small compass. Notice the striking value of the final line of each stanza.

Page 297. Young and Old

Henry Allsop, an English poet, is the author of a volume of verse called forth by the war, *Songs from a Dale in War Time.* The selection chosen indicates that the changes wrought by war are not all in the devastated districts. The young person of the dialogue is conscious of the external changes, the old of the human element back of these changes.

Pages 298–304

The poems on these pages reflect the ties, mainly domestic, which unite the members of the citizen armies and those who stay at home and follow with affectionate memory and imagination the loved ones abroad.

Lon Brier, an American writer, allows us a glimpse, in "The Empty Coat," into the hearts of the lowly parents of a boy in France—a mingling of pride with a sense of loss and loneliness not to be denied.

Lieutenant **Eric P. Dawson,** in "Letters from Home," shows us vividly how important the messages of cheer and hope are in the soldier's despondent and trying moments.

Strickland Gillilan expresses the "fear and heartache" mingled with overmastering patriotic pride of the mother who watches the boy of yesterday go marching off, "a six-foot man in soldier-clothes." Mr. Gillilan, born in Ohio in 1869, is a well-known writer of humorous stories and verse, for many years on the staff of *Judge.* His name is most familiarly associated with his famous "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnegan" story.

Edgar A. Guest presents the father whose small, selfish purposes in life have been transformed by the crusading spirit of his son. Mr. Guest, born in Birmingham, England, has for several years conducted a column of verse and humorous sketches in the Detroit *Free Press.* His poems constitute a sort of "glorified journalism" and are republished in many papers and read daily by thousands.

Jessie Pope lets us see what passes through the mother's mind—reminiscences, fears, wonderings, assurance—as she engages in the homely, practical art of socks. And how clear it is that those socks will be perfect! Jessie Pope is an Englishwoman, born at Leicester, whose work appears often in *Punch* and whose humorous column, "Slips of the Pen," in the London *Evening Standard,* has been widely entertaining. She has written many verse books for children.

Clinton Scollard in one of his characteristic and beautifully simple poems shows us the dweller in the protected Homeland contrasting his own comfort with what is true in Flanders or in Picardy.

Again in **Frank L. Stanton's** "A Boy Over There" the parental attitude is set forth. Again "the heal for the hurt" is found in the pride of the knowledge that "he came when his country called sons to her side."

"A Girl's Song" is a mourning song, a dirge for the lover who will not return. It deals with one of the painful themes of war, but its exquisite beauty and tenderness cannot fail to find a response in the reader. **Katharine Tynan** (Mrs. Hinkson) is an Irish novelist and poet who lives in County Mayo. Her first volume of verse appeared in 1885. She is especially sympathetic in her interpretations of

the young, and some of her best work is in the volume called "Flower of Youth."

Page 305. Things That Were Yours

Lieutenant Dyneley Hussey of the Lancashire Fusiliers, one of England's soldier-poets, is the author of some fine poetry inspired by the war. A collection of his verse has been published under the title *Fleur-de-Lys*. "Things That Were Yours" deals with the powerful associations that cluster around even the simple things that belonged to those who are gone. The mention of these things produces a sort of cumulative effect as it progresses.

Page 305. When I Come Home

Sergeant **Leslie Coulson** was a brilliant young London journalist, born in 1889. He enlisted as a private in the London Fusiliers in September, 1914. He saw service at Gallipoli and in Egypt, and in 1916 was transferred to the battle front in France. He was mortally wounded, October 7, 1916, in the forefront of an attack on a German position. His war verse is in a volume called *From an Outpost and Other Poems*. These poems constitute one of the best expressions of what is in the hearts of the fighting men. This particular poem is full of longing for the quiet, peaceful affection and comfort of the English countryside, "wistful, never-to-be-realized dreams."

Page 306. High Heart

Aline Kilmer (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) has given a voice to the heroic spirit that has existed unsung deep in the hearts of millions of her countrywomen as well as of other millions in other lands. "High Heart" has the supreme merit of not saying a word too much, and thus gains poignant force from its vivid definiteness.

Page 307. In France

Francis Ledwidge is very generally regarded as standing near the head of the soldier-poets of the war. Lord Dunsany "discovered" him as a road mender in County Meath, Ireland. His first volume of verse, *Songs of the Fields*, was published in 1914, a few weeks before the beginning of the war. He served in Gallipoli, in Saloniki, in Serbia, and finally on the Western front. Wounded once, he recovered and went back; and he was killed by the fragment of a shell, July 31, 1917. While he had seen much of the war, his

poems were always about home. He wrote to a friend: "I am always homesick. I hear the roads calling, and the hills, and the rivers, wondering where I am." This quotation forms the best commentary on the little poem chosen to represent his work.

Page 307. Cha Till Maccruimein

Lieutenant **E. A. Mackintosh** was a student at Oxford when the war broke out. Rejected at first on account of his eyesight, he finally secured a commission in the Seaforth Highlanders. He served in France from July, 1915, to August, 1916, when he returned to England as the result of a wound. He went back to France in September, 1917, and fell in action, November 21, 1917, while carrying on observations under heavy shell-fire. He was twenty-four at the time of his death. He had published one volume of war verse, *A Highland Regiment.* Since his death a second collection has appeared called *War the Liberator, and Other Poems.*

"Cha Till Maccruimein" is the name of an old Gaelic lament, the sentiment of which is indicated by the quoted lines at the end of each stanza. The poem is built around the contrast between the brave parade of the Highlanders as they march to war and the dark forebodings of the old lament which insists on occupying the poet's consciousness. MacCrimmon was a famous old piper and composer of pibrochs (bagpipe music).

Page 308. The Spires of Oxford

Winifred M. Letts, novelist and poet, was born in Ireland in 1882. Her war verse has been published in this country under the title *The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems.* The title poem was inspired by the early events of the war when practically all of the young men of the universities immediately entered the service. Passengers on the Great Western Railway, which passes through the outskirts of the city, have a most attractive view of the many spires and towers of the various colleges and churches. It was not surprising that a sensitive nature in the presence of such beauty should think of the contrast between its quiet happiness and the tragedy of war. The simplicity and sincerity of the poem have made it one of the most popular of those growing out of the war.

Page 309. At the Wars

Robert Nichols, a young English poet, who had hardly entered upon his work at Oxford when the call to war came, was born in

1893. He has published two volumes, *Invocations* and *Ardours and Endurances.* The latter contains some of the most realistically powerful verse of the war. Especially effective and original are the poems dealing with the successive stages of a battle. "At the Wars" opens with an expression of that love of country that symbolizes itself in the beautiful reminiscences of the English landscapes. Then (lines 35 ff.) he is "suddenly aware that the last self-sacrifice, after all, is but the price that is due for the beauty of England inwrought inextricably in his being. . . . . Also he sees, in the self-same moment of vision, that the bravery of her lost sons will add to the beauty of the land adored."

Page 310. Home Thoughts in Laventie

E. Wyndham Tennant was a schoolboy at Winchester, England, when the war began. As a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards he went to the front and, at the age of nineteen, was killed in action on the Somme, in September, 1916. He is said to have finished the proofs of his little book of poems, *Worple Flit, and Other Poems*, on the eve of his last battle.

Laventie is a town within the battle region of northern France. A little garden was left in the midst of the wreckage, and its beauty and perfume sent the heart questing, as in so many of the English poems, to scenes across the channel.

Page 312. While Summers Pass

Aline Michaelis is an American journalist, on the staff of the Beaumont (Texas) *Enterprise.* She has written a number of poems distinguished for their delicacy of sentiment and evident sincerity. "Never-ending remembrance," to use Poe's term, is the theme of "While Summers Pass." It is a threnody for one who left the quiet blossoms of peace to pluck the laurels of conflict, but who also plucked Death's lilies.

Page 313. Sympathy

One of the strange qualities in human nature is that we can generally reconcile ourselves to whatever discomforts our own lot may bring us, while remaining keenly conscious of the discomforts of those in other conditions. No doubt the men in the trenches would have been unwilling to change their lot for storm and sleet on the deck of a tossing destroyer. **The Day** (line 5) refers to the time of the long-expected coming out of the German fleet for the great

sea battle for which the Grand Fleet of England stood always ready for more than four years. The actual "coming out" at the end of November, 1918, was very different from *Der Tag* of which the Germans had long boasted.

Page 314. Our Hitch in Hell

A sense of humor is a preservative of sanity. The various discomforts of the soldier's lot were, at least, materially lightened by turning them into jokes. In this delightfully whimsical set of verses, **William Childs,** an American soldier in a machine-gun company of the 104th Infantry, finds consolation, when inclined to gloomy comparisons, in the conviction that they are certain of heaven after what they have gone through.

Page 315. Yanks

James W. Foley, journalist and humorist, was born in St. Louis in 1874. For some years he has been on the staff of the Bismarck (North Dakota) *Tribune.* His verse has been widely popular. The composite nature of our nation is the source of the fun in the selection of this group of fighters for a skirmishing party. The names are sufficient evidences of their origin, and Mr. Foley scores for the Irishman by giving him the leadership as well as equal representation in the ranks.

Page 317. Marching Song

Dana Burnet, American poet and journalist, was born in Cincinnati in 1888. After graduating from Cornell University College of Law in 1911, he went to New York and became connected with the *Evening Sun* as a special writer. His poems have received most favorable attention.

The "Marching Song" is an expression of the thrill that went through American hearts when, in the gloomy days of the great German offensive in the spring of 1918, the news came that General Pershing's troops were marching up to take their places alongside the veteran allied armies. The cable told us that General Pershing said to Marshal Foch:

"I come to say to you that the American people would hold it a great honor for our troops were they engaged in the present battle. I ask it of you in my name and in that of the American people. There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, aviation—all that we have are yours

to dispose of them as you will. Others are coming which are as numerous as will be necessary. I have come to say to you that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history."

Page 319. The Road

Gordon Alchin, English poet-soldier, is the author of an attractive little book of verse, *Oxford and Flanders.* His work is often signed "Observer, R. F. C." The fact that men remain the same though conditions may change is illustrated by three pictures at intervals of a thousand years. Outwardly the appearance of the armies, the modes of transportation, the language, are all different, but what the men say about the road comes to the same thing.

Page 320. Kilmeny

The stirring and largely unheralded part played by the English trawlers in the warfare against the submarines is fitly celebrated by Mr. Noyes. These steam fishing boats were used as "submarine chasers." The **drifters** (line 1) were the boats used in handling the great nets of steel used to protect harbor entrances against submarines.

Page 321. "Form Fours"

Frank Sidgwick, a young English soldier, has given humorous expression to the "nightmare" result that follows a new volunteer's efforts to adapt himself to new and unusual discipline. "Form Fours," a disciplinary drill not in the American manual, is explained in the poem itself. It seems easy, but in the troubled sleep of the tired recruit the "nightmare" makes sad havoc of it.

Page 322. Half-Past Eleven Square

C. Fox Smith is an English writer, whose ballad-like verses on the war have appeared in many periodicals, particularly in *Punch.* A "Tommy," in his vivid dialect, gives a striking picture of a ruined town in Flanders, with its clock, as in the old custom, marking the hour of death.

Page 324. M-U-D

John Oxenham is a very popular English writer of fiction and verse. After several years devoted to travel and business, he entered upon a literary career, his first great success, the novel called *God's Prisoner,* appearing in 1898. From that time he has

produced an average of more than one novel a year. In the last few years, particularly since 1914, he has published several volumes of poetry. These verse volumes have had a remarkably wide circulation. They are unpretentious, very sincere and unaffected, full of a devotional spirit, expressions of the heart of common humanity. Of his single poems, the most widely circulated has been the "Hymn for the Men at the Front." One of his latest books is *High Altars*, a record in mingled prose and verse of the impressions gained from a visit to the front.

The terrible mud of Flanders has been duly execrated in letters and books from soldiers and observers alike. No form of exaggeration seems quite equal to the work of expressing it. In this poem, which is from the last book mentioned above, a London cockney is quoted. His picturesque dialect, his humorous sense of the muddiness of this muddiest of all mud, and above all the way he manages to make clear that M-U-D is no respecter of persons, all contribute to our pleasure. And what a breath-taking list of accusing epithets he flings at it in the close! The cockney's pronunciation is indicated for us in the spelling. His *a*'s have a habit of becoming long *i*'s; thus in line 30, where he bakes (the mud) with each cake that he makes.

Page 325. The Half-Hour's Furlough

Joseph Lee, English soldier in the Black Watch regiment, is the author of a most attractive book of poems called *Ballads of Battle*, illustrated by himself. In one of these ballads, "The Half-Hour's Furlough," the tired soldier's mind takes him in sleep on a journey to familiar scenes of the past. The shock of the contrast between this picture of love and peace and the battle sounds of his rude awakening is very effective. The dropping into the old Scotch expressions (in lines 39–54) is in keeping with the return to the past. "Strath" (line 54) is a word of Gaelic origin meaning valley.

Page 328. On Leaving Ireland and *To My Daughter Betty*

Thomas M. Kettle, born in 1880, was a prominent Irish lawyer and journalist, professor of economics in University College, Dublin, and a member of Parliament. He left for France in July, 1916, a lieutenant in the Dublin Fusiliers, and was killed in September of the same year. Kettle's friends all bear testimony to his personal charms and his fascinating powers of humor and satire. A small body of essays and poems bears out this testimony.

Prefixed to "On Leaving Ireland," Kettle placed the following note: "The pathos of departure is indubitable. I never felt my own essay 'On Saying Good-Bye' so profoundly *aux trefonds du cœur* (from the depths of the heart). The sun was a clear globe of blood which we caught hanging over Ben Edar, with a trail of pure blood vibrating to us across the waves. It dropped into darkness before we left the deck. Some lines came to me, suggested by a friend who thought the mood cynical." In the light of after events, the last line of the poem seems prophecy.

"To My Daughter Betty" is dated from "the field, before Guillemont, Somme, September 4, 1916." The poet is concerned that his daughter should know, when she comes to maturity, that her father endured privations and gave his life for no common reason, but for a splendid "dream, born in a herdsman's shed, and for the secret Scripture of the poor." No one has given simpler expression to the disinterestedness of the soldier of the new armies than Kettle.

Page 329. The Cricketers of Flanders

James Norman Hall was born at Colfax, Iowa, in 1887. He graduated at Grinnell College. From 1910 to 1914 he was with the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. At the outbreak of the war, he was traveling in England, and immediately enlisted in the Kitchener Army. From May to November, 1915, he saw service in France. Transferred to the Franco-American Flying Corps, he became a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille. He was wounded and captured by the Germans in the final campaign of 1918, his release following the signing of the armistice. Mr. Hall is the author of two widely read books on the war, *Kitchener's Mob* and *High Adventure.*

"The Cricketers of Flanders" pays tribute to the British Tommy as Mr. Hall knew him. The game of cricket is a favorite one in England, and the sportsman-like quality developed by it seems to the poet so characteristic that he suggests a symbolic statue of the British soldier posed in the act of throwing a hand grenade. This would be the position of the cricketer when "lobbing them over," that is, when pitching a slow underhand ball with a spin.

Page 330. What Can I Do?

Lee Wilson Dodd, poet and dramatist, was born in Franklin, Pennsylvania, in 1879, graduated at Yale, studied law, and about 1907 devoted himself to literature. He is perhaps best known by

his play *His Majesty Bunker Bean.* His writings have been characterized as an "excellent combination of fancy and humor." Mr. Dodd has seen service in France.

Page 331. Easter, 1918

John Richards, the author of this Easter chant, is a young American soldier, grandson of Julia Ward Howe. One of the interesting things about the poem is the absence of rhyme.

Page 332. Dawn

Daniel M. Henderson, American writer, is the author of several striking poems on war themes for various current periodicals. For one of these, "The Road to France," he was awarded a prize of $250 by the National Arts Club, in 1917. In "Dawn" he expresses the soldier's state of mind as he prepares to carry out the general orders quoted as a motto. The second stanza pierces to the inner meaning of it all.

Page 332. The Lads of Liege

Percy Mackaye, American dramatist and poet, was born in New York in 1875. He graduated at Harvard and studied abroad. He has been much interested in the problems of the literary drama and of the community pageant. Among his plays may be mentioned *The Scarecrow, Mater,* and *To-Morrow.* His elaborate civic masque *Saint Louis* was given in 1914 by several thousand performers at the one-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that city.

"The Lads of Liege" is an enthusiastic tribute to the Belgians who stayed for a few days the onrush of the German armies in August, 1914. The poem makes use of Cæsar's famous saying, "Of all these the bravest are the Belgians," as of equal force to-day as when spoken two thousand years ago.

Page 334. Belgium the Bar-Lass

A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Duclaux) is an English writer. In this poem she retells the story of the famous Scottish heroine Katherine Douglas who tried to save the life of King James I of Scotland when he was attacked by assassins. The incident took place at Perth in 1437. The poet Rossetti makes this same incident the basis of his fine poem "The King's Tragedy."

It is interesting to observe that Belgium is not mentioned in the body of the poem. It was written at a time when people were

thinking only of the Belgian resistance, and would easily make the application. For us the title gives the clue needed.

Pages 335–340

The four poems on these pages pay tribute to the aviators.

E. D. Gibbs, an American writer, gives the impression of the man on the land as he observes the man-birds "doing the things that the eagles do."

Gilbert Frankau lets us look at the matter from the standpoint of the flying man engaged in the hazardous task of directing the fire of the artillery. Mr. Frankau, an English author, was born in 1884, and at the beginning of the war was a lieutenant of infantry. He saw extended service in France, and in October, 1916, was promoted to the rank of staff captain in the Intelligence Corps.

James A. Mackereth, an English poet, tells of the thrills of combat high in the air with "splendid foemen."

Blanche M. Kelly, an American, writes a dirge for the Italian aviator, Resnati, who was killed in the fall of his machine in May, 1918. The accident happened in America while Resnati was helping to train our army aviators.

Pages 340–344

Four American poets pay tribute to France in these pages.

Grace Ellery Channing (Mrs. Stetson), poet and miscellaneous writer, was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1862. In her stirring "Qui Vive?" the flags of France pass by as leaders of the spirit of man in its advance toward freedom.

Henry van Dyke (1852–), preacher, poet, essayist, publicist, was our minister to the Netherlands and Luxembourg from 1913 to 1917, when he resigned. In 1918 he entered the navy as a chaplain. His poetic toast in honor of France was read at the close of his Lafayette Day Address in New York City in September, 1917.

Richard Butler Glaenzer published a collection of verse in 1917 under the title *Beggar and King.* His "Vive la France!" gives the proper answer to Von Hindenburg's remark prefixed to the poem.

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852. After boyhood experiences as farmer, blacksmith, and herder, he became a teacher. He sprang into favor in 1899 with his poem "The Man with the Hoe." "The Fate of France" gives expression to the apprehensive fears of the days of the spring and summer of

1918 when that fate literally seemed to hang in the balance as the Germans lunged successfully toward Paris.

Page 345. The Green Estaminet

A tribute to the lowly, conscientious French girl who amid sordid surroundings and a hard life inspires the soldiers whom she serves with something of her high spirit. An **estaminet** is a public house. **Soixante-dix** (line 2) means "seventy," and refers to the war between France and Germany in 1870, of which the old Frenchmen tell great stories to the young English soldiers. The author of the poem is an Englishman.

Page 346. Edith Cavell

Someone has spoken of this as the only poem on Edith Cavell worthy of its theme. Miss Cavell was an English nurse, born in 1872, in Norfolk. In 1906 she took charge of a nursing institute in Brussels, to train nurses in the new English methods. When the war broke out her school was transformed into a hospital for sick and wounded soldiers. Friend and foe alike received her services. In August, 1915, she was arrested on the ground that she had helped French, British, and Belgian men to escape from Belgium in order to join the allied armies. In spite of the earnest efforts of the American minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, and the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Hugh Gibson, Miss Cavell was tried and condemned to death by the Germans and executed at 2:00 A.M., October 13, 1915. The callousness of the German military officials in the whole of the proceedings shocked the entire civilized world.

Page 348. Joan of Arc to an English Sister

"I. M." in the subtitle is the abbreviation for *In Memoriam.* The prefixed French motto may be freely translated " 'Tis pity that it should happen in the kingdom of France." The spirit of fighting France, Joan of Arc, recognizes and welcomes a sister spirit in Edith Cavell. Full of compassion, neither had received pity, but the fire of their bosoms armed their folk with "a quenchless might."

Page 349. Kitchener's March

Amelia Josephine Burr, an American writer, was born in New York in 1878, and graduated from Hunter College. She has published some half-dozen volumes of plays and poems.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener, Earl Kitchener of Khartum, one of England's greatest modern soldiers, was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1850. He first achieved great distinction in the Khartum expedition in 1898, when he established the authority of Great Britain over the Sudan by defeating the dervishes at Omdurman. He played a distinguished part in the South African War, being commander-in-chief in 1900–1902. Later he commanded the English armies in India. When the world war broke out in 1914, he was immediately made Secretary of State for War, and foreseeing a long conflict began and carried on successfully the organization of the new English armies long known as "Kitchener's Army." He was lost at sea in the destruction of the cruiser "Hampshire" in 1916 while on a special mission to Russia. The general mystery surrounding the loss of the cruiser, which went down with practically all on board as a result of being torpedoed or mined off the Orkney Islands, gave rise to a legend that Kitchener still lives.

Page 350. "All the Hills and Vales Along"

Charles Hamilton Sorley, son of Professor W. R. Sorley of Cambridge, England, was born in old Aberdeen in 1895. His preparatory education was completed at Marlborough College in 1913, and he received a scholarship at University College, Oxford. He crossed to France in May, 1915, as a lieutenant in the Suffolk Regiment, was gazetted captain in August, 1915, and killed in action near Hulloch, in October, 1915. He early displayed great ability in verse and had "a charm of personality that is likely to become a tradition." His poems have appeared under the name *Marlborough and Other Poems.* In the selection chosen from this volume, the young soldier passionately appeals to the marching men to go "to the gates of death with song," thus joining the great of the past in contributing to the natural gladness of earth — a contribution that "earth will echo still" though marching foot and singing voice be forever mute.

Page 351. A Lark above the Trenches

Sergeant **John William Streets** of the York and Lancaster Regiment was a miner in Derbyshire, England, before the beginning of the war. He saw service in Egypt and France. He was reported wounded and missing in July, 1916, and was officially recorded as killed in May, 1917. His poems appeared in a little volume called *The Undying Splendor.* "The naturalness of their feeling, their

unstudied simplicity of expression, the courage and spiritual exaltation they breathe . . . . give them power and distinction."

Pages 352–355

The young soldier who writes verse is almost certain to formulate a prayer or simple confession of faith as he faces in serious mood the chances of battle. The four poems on these pages are good examples of this tendency.

"Richard Raleigh" is the pen name used by an English lieutenant of infantry.

Sergeant Joyce Kilmer has been spoken of at length on page 522.

William I. Grundish, at the time his poem was published, was a private in Company C, 15th Engineers, while **John Fletcher Hall** was a sergeant in Company A, 161st Infantry. The poems by both these authors were submitted in a poetic contest conducted by *The New York Herald* to which members of the American Expeditionary Force in France contributed.

Page 355. Death and the Fairies

Patrick MacGill was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1890. Between the ages of twelve and nineteen he was a "farm-servant, byre-man, drainer, potato-digger, surface-man, navvy, etc." His power of composition secured him a position on the London *Daily Express* in 1911. His writings were mainly realistic accounts of the lowly life of which he had been a part. He enlisted in the Irish Rifles and was wounded in the battle of Loos in 1915. His *Soldier Songs* is one of the most interesting volumes of war verse. Very recently he has published a piece of fiction called *The Doughboys*, which centers around members of the American army, as its title indicates.

Page 356. I Have a Rendezvous with Death

Alan Seeger was born in New York, June 22, 1888. He studied at Harvard and went to Paris in 1912. He was living in the Latin Quarter, writing and studying, when the war began. In its third week he enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. He fell in action, while charging with his company, at the village of Belloy-en-Santerre on July 4, 1916. From the first his fiery spirit moved him to uncompromising support of the France he loved, and in his poems and letters his gallant spirit finds clear expression. Undoubtedly his poems will rank near the top among those produced by

men engaged in the actual fighting. His "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" has profoundly impressed itself upon the hearts of all its readers. "He was," says Professor W. L. Phelps, "an inspired poet. Poetry came from him as naturally as rain from clouds. His magnificent 'Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen in France' has a nobility of phrase that matches the elevation of thought. Work like this cannot be forgotten."

Page 357. Alan Seeger

Lieutenant **Grantland Rice** of New York, and more recently of Pershing's army in France, is a native of Tennessee. For several years he has been a widely read writer on sporting topics. "He is almost the only man I know," says Irvin Cobb, "who has made literature of the sporting department of a daily paper — not merely smart journalism, but actually literature — matter that has good diction, swift, sharp, crackling metaphor, deft phrasing, smooth clarified English. And his jingles very frequently are more than rhyme. They are rhythm." His baseball stories in the magazines catch the reader with their strong human interest. Mr. Rice's *Songs of the Stalwart* is a collection of his best verse, and includes the memorial poem on Alan Seeger.

28. "They Shall Not Pass!" (Ils ne passeront pas) was the rallying cry of the French armies defending their land against the German invaders, and particularly of those holding Verdun against the furious attacks in 1916.

Page 358. From Home

Lieutenant Mackintosh, while in England convalescing from a wound received at the front, read in the papers an account of an action in which his old regiment was engaged. How he felt about it is the subject of this poem. Many other soldiers invalided home have borne witness to a similar feeling. Having shared the dangers and discomforts of the trenches, they could not bear to think of themselves in comfort while their recent companions were going over the top. Hence the common insistence of wounded men that they be allowed to return as soon as possible.

Page 359. The Soldier

Rupert Brooke was born in Rugby, England, in 1887. He was educated at Cambridge, studied and traveled abroad, and in 1913 became a fellow of King's College, Cambridge. He enlisted at

the beginning of the war, was in the Antwerp expedition, and later went to the Dardanelles. He died aboard a French hospital ship on April 23, 1915, and was buried in the Greek island of Skyros. Brooke's tremendously vital personality and the promising character of his work threw around him, as a result of his early death, a certain glamor that has caught the attention of the whole world. Some of his sonnets, particularly "The Soldier," are among the best poems produced by the war. Its patriotism is not of the flamboyant kind, but a rich inner glow of the beauty and peace of England.

Page 359. The Volunteer

Herbert Asquith, son of the ex-Prime Minister of England, was in almost constant service throughout the war. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Royal Marine Artillery in 1914, was wounded in 1915, and transferred to the field artillery in 1916. His poems, published as *The Volunteer, and Other Poems*, interpret in attractive and convincing manner the mind of the civilian soldier. The title poem is the epitaph of an ordinary man in a commonplace situation, who thought his chance for heroic deeds would be limited to dreaming of them, and whose dreams are suddenly brought to realization by war.

Page 360. In Flanders Fields

John McCrae, physician, soldier, and poet, was born in Guelph, Ontario, in 1872. He was educated at the University of Toronto, graduating in arts in 1894 and in medicine in 1898. His scholarly work in the field of pathology was widely recognized. He served as professor of pathology in the University of Vermont, and for several years before the outbreak of the war held important positions as lecturer in McGill University and in the Alexandria Hospital, Montreal. He served in the South African War (1899–1900), and in 1914 was appointed surgeon in the Canadian artillery in France. Many continuous months of service with the guns undermined his health, and while he was finally prevailed upon to accept a post at a base hospital, he continued to spend more energy than he could afford in looking after the welfare of the men. He died of pneumonia, January 28, 1918.

Dr. McCrae is, of course, best known to the layman by his poems and general essays. "In Flanders Fields" at once gained and has still held a wide popularity. It is the voice of the dead who will not sleep if the living break faith and do not carry on to victory the

enterprise for which they gave their lives. Its striking imagery and its sincerity made it a clarion call to strengthen those who were to come after.

Page 361. The Star-Shell

Star-shells were used to light up "No Man's Land" and enemy positions at night. They were thin iron shells filled with stars, and were used with light muzzle-loading guns.

Page 361. Release

Lieutenant **William Noel Hodgson,** who wrote under the name of "Edward Melbourne," son of the Bishop of Ipswich, was killed in action in the Battle of the Somme, July 1, 1916. His writings have appeared as *Verse and Prose in Peace and War.* "Refined and idealistic in temperament," a critic says, "his battle songs are consecrations." At the end of a severe experience in the hell of battle he finds that the heart of things is good, and though he has seen men broken, he knows that "man is divine."

Page 362. The Fallen Subaltern

It has been noted that the soldier-poets are generally at their best in the many elegies or memorial poems composed for their fallen comrades. This poem is a good illustration of such generous tributes.

Page 363. "—But a Short Time to Live"

This poem is a fine type of the more serious meditations of the soldier as he faces the probable immediacy of death.

Page 364. The Red Cross Bloke

The fact that the speaker had been among the scoffers adds much to the force of this tribute to the work of the Red Cross.

Page 366. Death Song of the Ninth Lancers

J. Laurence Rentoul, Australian, writes this song of the heroic action of one of the organizations making up the contingent from England's great over-seas dominion. The poem is a modern "Charge of the Light Brigade." One of the most notable features of the war was the immediate and constant support given to England by all her colonial dominions.

Page 366. In the Morning

This poem is interesting as a realistic picture of the results of battle as seen by a soldier who took part in the charge preceding the entry into the ruined town of Loos in September, 1915.

Page 368. Courage

Lieutenant Hussey's sonnet, singing in brave fashion the "joy of courage," forms an appropriate introduction to the two poems that follow, both of which deal with the soldier's feeling as he prepares to go into action.

Page 369. Before Action

One of the fears that seemed to haunt the minds of many of the men who were not professional soldiers was that when the final test arrived they might not be able to play the part expected of them. Lieutenant Hodgson voices this feeling in the form of a prayer that he may be a soldier and a man, and if the necessity arises may die as befits both.

Page 369. Into Battle

Captain the Hon. **Julian Henry Francis Grenfell** was the only professional soldier who wrote a poem of wide general appeal. He was born in 1888, educated at Oxford, and became an officer of the 1st Royal Dragoons. He won the Distinguished Service Order. He died on May 26, 1915, from the effect of wounds received near Ypres a few days before. (The spirit of Grenfell is admirably suggested in the extract from Frederick Palmer, page 104.)

"Into Battle" should be read as an "ecstasy," an expression of the joy of the trained soldier at the opportunity of doing that which he has been trained to do. But it is more than mere ecstasy; there is in it "a sense that wrong within can be defeated by braving evil abroad. The strain between worldly custom and that passion for good which begets spiritual insight finds relief in fighting, looks for peace in death."

Page 371. Rouge Bouquet

This poem, first printed in *The Stars and Stripes*, was written in memory of nineteen members of Company E, 165th Infantry, who were killed by a shell striking the entrance of a dugout and burying them under an avalanche of earth. The final lines of each part of the poem are to imitate the bugle notes of "Taps" sounding from

a distance. Lines 40–43 are explained by the fact that this regiment was made up of Irishmen.

Page 373. "This is the Last"

Lieutenant **Gilbert Waterhouse,** English writer, of the Second Essex Regiment, was reported wounded and missing, July 1, 1916. His poems were published under the title *Railhead and Other Poems.*

Page 373. The Anxious Dead

This poem may be regarded in the light of recent events as answering the fear expressed in "In Flanders Fields" to the satisfaction of the questioning dead. On this note of "the quiet dawn" and a faith kept, the poetry of the war may fittingly close.

Page 383. Extra Men

Harrison Rhodes, playwright and short-story writer, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1871, and graduated at Harvard. His stories, which appear in the best magazines and other periodicals, are attractive because they are so clearly imagined and expressed.

For an interpretation of the story see page 377.

69. Lowestoft china was made at the town of Lowestoft on the eastern coast of England during the latter half of the eighteenth century. "What our great-grandmothers used for their best 'chaynie' was this very ornamental porcelain, which may be found to-day all through New England. . . . . The styles of decoration were various, but the most familiar are those with dark blue bands, or dots, or other figures heavily overlaid with gold . . . . ; or decorations in one color, showing landscapes, figures, flowers and sprigs; and, most familiar of all, flowers and sprigs in natural colors, with delicate borders in color and gold." (MOORE'S *The Old China Book.*)

Page 393. A Hymn of Hate

Boyd Cable was born in India. In 1900–01 he served as a scout in South Africa. According to the accounts of his career he has been a teamster and a tramp in Australia, a farm hand in New Zealand, a manager and a partner in commercial work, a sailor before the mast, a trimmer, fireman, and greaser on steamships. His career has been sufficiently varied and has covered enough of the world to give him exceptional opportunities for knowing his fellowmen. In 1914 he went to France and served with the British

forces. His books are remarkably successful presentations in the form of short stories or sketches of what goes on at the front. *Between the Lines*, *Action Front*, *Grapes of Wrath* are titles given to three collections of these stories.

For an interpretation of "A Hymn of Hate" see pages 377–378.

60. Soho. The name of a district in London largely occupied by foreigners of various nationalities.

72. Schweinhund, "swine hound," "pig dog," a German term of execration.

136. R. I. P. *Requiescat in pace*, or "Rest in peace."

171. "Deutschland über Alles" (Germany over [superior to] all) is the title of a popular German song, which reflects "the belief among many Germans that their Germany is to dominate the world."

288. Lissauer's **"Hymn of Hate"** may be sufficiently illustrated by quoting the lines which the Tower Rifles sang:

> But you will we hate with a lasting hate!
> Hate by water and hate by land,
> Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
> Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
> Hate of seventy millions, choking down.
> We love as one, we hate as one,
> We have one foe and one alone —
> ENGLAND!

Page 402. What We Owe to France

Major **Ian Hay** (John Hay Beith), English novelist and journalist, was born in 1876. He had his university training at St. John's College, Cambridge. With the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, he went in the first of the new Kitchener armies to France, where he won the military cross. The story of "K (1)" as told in Major Beith's *The First Hundred Thousand* constitutes one of the best books of the war. Ian Hay is well known in the United States, where he has been very successful in extended lecture tours.

For an interpretative note see page 379.

25. Subalterns, junior officers, below the rank of captain. **Grenier,** loft, granary.

36. Fermière, woman farmer.

67. "I am not little Jean; I am Maurrice!"

70. Ecossais, Scotchman.

99. "Bonne chance!" Good luck!

111. Pas de Calais, the district of Calais.

Page 412. The American Pioneer

For an explanatory note on this selection see page 380.

15. The **conquistadores** were the Spanish leaders in the conquest of Mexico and Peru in the sixteenth century.

28. Homer's *Odyssey* tells the story of the adventures of **Ulysses** in his ten years of wanderings while he was trying to return to his island kingdom, Ithaca, after the close of the Trojan War.

41. **Trekked** is a South African word referring usually to the trip to a new home made with ox-teams.

43. The **Titans** were gigantic deities in ancient myth who were said to have piled mountains upon mountains in their efforts to scale Olympus, the home of the gods.

81. The Panama Canal was opened to commercial traffic in August, 1914.

111. The famous church of St. Peter's is in **Rome**; the beautiful cathedral of **Rheims,** the historic place of the coronation of the kings of France, is now in ruins as a result of German bombardments; the cathedral at **Salisbury** is regarded as "the most beautiful of English ecclesiastical monuments"; the cathedral at **Seville,** Spain, is one of the largest and grandest of Gothic structures.

Page 416. The Bowmen

Arthur Machen, English author and journalist, was born in 1863. His famous story of "The Bowmen" appeared first in the London *Evening News* under date of September 29, 1914.

See page 380 for explanatory paragraph.

1. **The Retreat of the Eighty Thousand** has reference to the retreat following the battle of Mons in the early weeks of the war. The author uses a form of expression intended to make us think of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," the story told by Xenophon of that Greek army that made its way through Asia Minor.

18. **Sedan** is used to imply a crushing defeat and surrender. There the forces of the French surrendered to the Germans in 1870, as a result of which the Empire fell and France became a republic.

103. **Bisley** Common, about thirty miles from London, is a meeting-place of the National Rifle Association.

133. The Kaiser is said to have spoken of "England's **contemptible** little army." The survivors of that army have adopted the phrase as a term of praise and speak of themselves as "the old contemptibles."

Page 421. Yokels

Mr. Seton's clever sketch is interpreted on page 381.

Page 423. The Man with His Hat in His Hand

Clark Howell, American orator and journalist, has been for many years an editor of *The Atlanta Constitution.*

See page 381 for an interpretation of Mr. Howell's sketch.

68. Henry Grady (1851–1889), journalist and orator, made a great reputation as an interpreter of the New South. He was born at Athens, Georgia, and educated at the University of Georgia. From 1880 until his untimely death, he was part owner and editor of *The Atlanta Constitution.* In 1886 his remarkable speech on "The New South" was given before the New England Society in New York City. It was copied throughout the country and fixed his position in the public mind as a great orator.

Page 426. Americanus Sum

Edward A. Steiner was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1866. Since 1903 he has been professor of applied Christianity at Grinnell College, Iowa. His studies and writings have been mainly concerned with the flood of immigrants coming to our shores. *On the Trail of the Immigrant* and *The Immigrant Tide—Its Ebb and Flow* are noteworthy contributions toward the understanding of a difficult problem. They were written out of a sympathy gained by wide first-hand experience and observation. Our selection is taken from a volume of short stories called *The Broken Wall: Stories of the Mingling Folk* (New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.).

For an interpretative note see page 381.

26. Carrara marble is the finest and whitest of statuary marble. The quarries are in northern Italy, near the western coast.

106. Lire is the plural of *lira*, the name of an Italian coin equal to about twenty cents in our money.

189. Giuseppe Garibaldi (1807–1882) was one of the most celebrated of the Italian patriots struggling in the middle years of the nineteenth century for the unity of Italy and its liberation from Austrian domination. While in exile, he became a naturalized citizen of the United States and lived from 1850–54 on Staten Island, New York, where he worked as a candle maker. His most famous exploit took place in 1860, when he descended upon Sicily with a force of 1,000 red-shirted volunteers and for some time carried

all before him. He fought with the French against Germany in 1870–71. At the beginning of the present war and previous to Italy's entrance into it, several of Garibaldi's grandsons were enlisted in the French Foreign Legion.

191. Young Italy was the name of a secret revolutionary society of Italian republican agitators, particularly active about 1834 under the leadership of Mazzini. The watchwords of Young Italy were "liberty, equality, and humanity." Its flag was the white, red, and green tricolor which became the flag of the new Italian nation.

Giuseppe Mazzini (1805–1872) was one of the most uncompromising political idealists of modern times. He spent most of his life in exile, partly voluntary, refusing to the last to have anything to do with a monarchical Italy.

194. The Italians defeated the Papal troops at **Castelfidardo** on September 18, 1860. The victory was an important step in the unification of Italy.

Page 434. The Soldier Who Conquered Sleep

Pierre Mille (1864–) is a brilliant French author and journalist. He has had a wide experience in official missions which took him to Madagascar, West Africa, the Congo, Indo-China, and British India. The material stored up as a result of his travels serves in good stead in creating the many types of his short stories. The technical skill so highly valued by the French in work of this kind abounds in a high degree in Mille's stories. Four of his short stories dealing with the war are in *Tales of Wartime France* (New York: Dodd Mead & Co.), translated by William L. McPherson.

For an interpretative note see page 382.

2. Young conscripts are said to belong to the class of the year in which they reach the age for military service.

Croix de Guerre (cross of war), the French decoration for unusual instances of bravery in battle.

60. Chic, a French word meaning stylish, of good form.

66. Tir de barrage, a wall of shell fire, or curtain of fire.

89. "Varnished," invulnerable, fated to escape injury.

129. Sorbonne, the University of Paris, so called after the original foundation of Robert de Sorbonne.

134-135. This passage is in Book II of the *Aeneid*, lines 9 and 10. Cranch translates:

> "Now too the humid night from heaven descends,
> And all the sinking stars persuade to sleep."

Page 440. The Soul of Flanders

Hendrik Willem van Loon, lecturer, scholar, and journalist, was born at Rotterdam in 1882, graduated from Cornell University in 1905, and later studied at Harvard and in Europe.

2. Cadzand is a town of Holland on the sandy point south of the Scheldt River. (For the setting of this sketch, see Map 1.)

6. The Valkyrs, in northern mythology, are the handmaidens of Odin, who ride through the air and designate those who are to fall in battle. They are known as "the choosers of the slain."

13. Zeebrugge, a town near the northern limit of the Belgian coast, an important submarine base of the Germans during the war.

54, 55. Jan Breidel, master of the butchers, and **Pieter de Coninck,** master of the cloth-weavers, at Bruges, were prominent leaders of the Flemish popular party at the beginning of the fourteenth century. These "men of the claw" (*Clauwaerts*), so called because their coat of arms was the black Flemish lion, won an important victory over their more aristocratic opponents in the Battle of the Golden Spurs in 1302. The battle received its name from the many hundreds of gilt spurs, worn by the Knights of Artois, which were found on the battlefield. The **van Arteveldes,** Jacob and Philip, father and son, were popular leaders in the second and third quarters of the fourteenth century. **Rubens** (1577–1640) was the most celebrated of Flemish painters. His most familiar painting is "The Descent from the Cross."

65. The collection of jokes and legends centering around the buffoon, **Tyl Ulenspiegel** (or "Owlglass"), constituted what middle Europe found amusing in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. When Charles de Coster was hunting a hero of Flemish legend, this buffoon, who was said to have been buried in the village of Damme, suggested himself. Some chapters of the first book of the resulting epic of Flanders, *The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel,* are borrowed from the old collection, but most of the story was newly invented. "It is the golden legend of a people which suffers silently in the hands of its tormentors and never despairs, which laughs in its misery, and whose hope and valor never fail." "Ulenspiegel and his love, Nele, are the very spirit and soul of Flanders, and it is more than an intuition, it is a prophecy that when at the close of the book an attempt is made to bury them, they rise from the grave on the seashore, shake themselves free and set out on a new voyage through the land 'singing their sixth song, and none knoweth where the last was sung.' "

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